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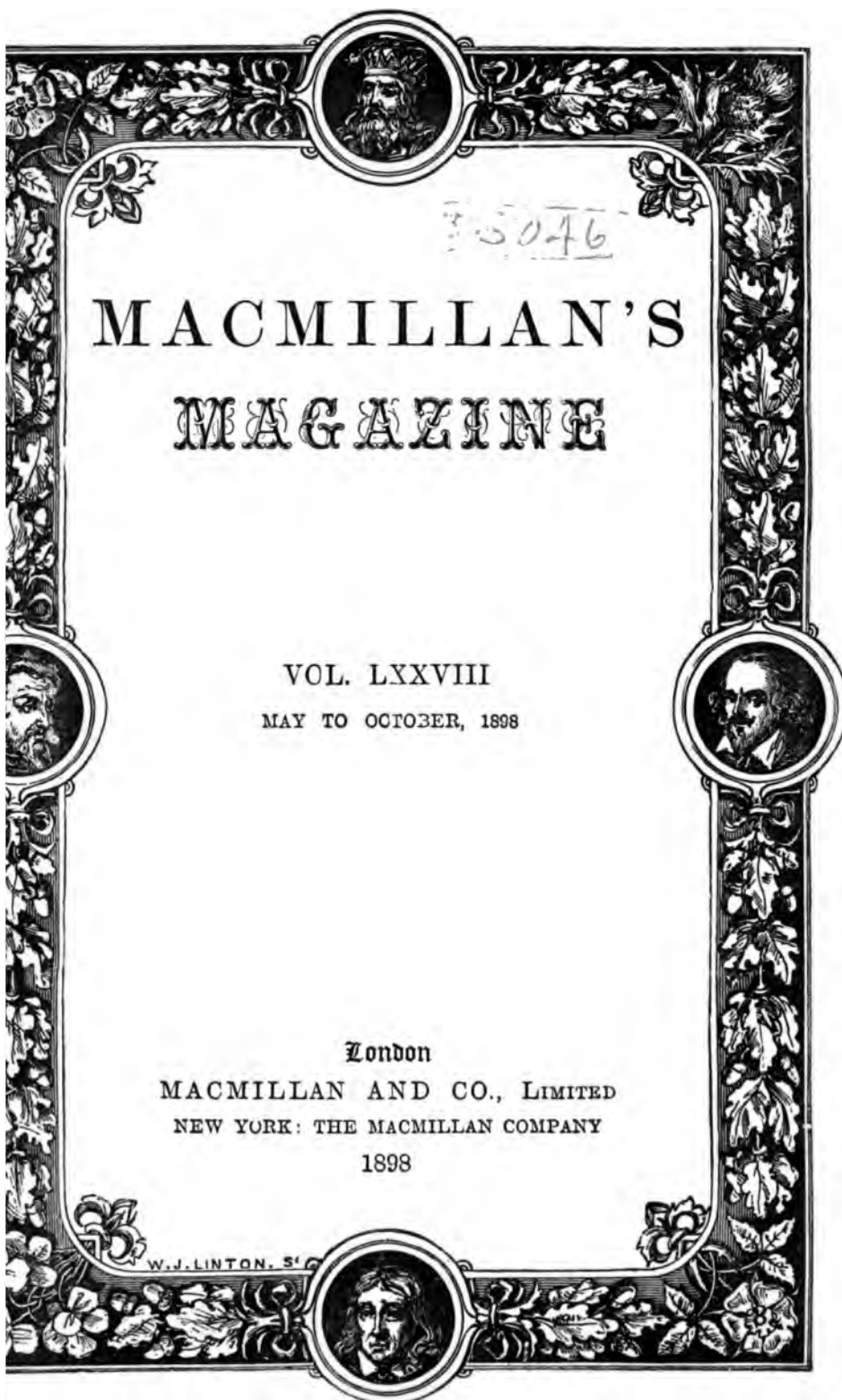
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Index.

	PAGE
Philosopher's Romance, A ; by JOHN BERWICK	
Chapters XVI.—XVII.	1
Prayer of Cervantes, The ; by LEONARD WILLIAMS	381
Private Hook, V.C. ; by A. E. BONSER	452
Private Soldier in Tirah, The ; by ONE WHO SERVED WITH HIM	70
Rhyme of May, A	273
Rosanna	458
Shepherds of Olympus, The	284
Siege of Denbigh, The ; by A. G. BRADLEY	471
Spanish People, The ; by CHARLES EDWARDES	205
Speaker Trevor's Disgrace ; by JAMES SYKES	444
Story of Ram Singh, The ; by HUGH CLIFFORD	361
Story of the Uganda Mutiny, The ; by MAJOR MOCKLER-FERRYMAN	308
Theocritus ; by J. W. MACKAIL	103
Two Chapters of Irish History ; by H. F. HALL	840
Two Radicals of the Old School ; by C. H. ROYLANCE-KENT	82
Treasury-Officer's Wooing, The ; by CECIL LOWIS	
Chapters I.—III.	49
Chapters IV.—VI.	81
Chapters VII.—IX.	161
Chapters X.—XI.	241
Chapters XII.—XIV.	321
Chapters XV.—XVII.	401
White Witches of Port Naválo, The ; by H. A. VACHELL	391
William Morris ; by STEPHEN GWYNN	153
Words for Music ; by G. H. POWELL	486

INDEX.

Alphonse Daudet; by A. F. DAVIDSON	175
American Historian of the British Navy, An	13
Anthony Hamilton; by STEPHEN GWYNN	28
Basis of International Law, The; by THOMAS BATY	279
Bastille, The; by CHARLES WHIBLEY	845
Blackbird in May, To a; by JOSEPH TRUMAN	224
Clever Mick Moriarty; by C. K. BURROWS	274
Comedy of Piracy, A; by A. H. NORWAY	212
Country Notes; by S. G. TALLENTYRE	
III. The Inn	181
IV. The Workhouse	219
V. The School-House	855
VI. The Common	466
Cousin of Pickle, A; by ANDREW LANG	118
Cycling, The Gentle Art of; by AN AMBLER	
II.	41
III.	265
Discipline in the Old Navy; by H. W. WILSON	94
Eton Tutor, An	102
French Academy, The	145
Generation of Vipers, A; by ANDREW LANG	196
Gentleman of Spain, A; by DAVID HANNAY	186
George Thomson; by G. H. ELY	62
Goorkha Soldier, The; by MAJOR PEARSON	225
Grandmother's Tales, A	425
Home of the Black Dwarf, The; by A. F. ROBERTSON	881
Jules Michelet; by H. C. MACDOWALL	254
Letter to the Editor, A	238
Messer Cino and the Live Coal; by MAURICE HEWLETT	296
My First Mountain; by A. P. HILLIER	416
Napolcon and Josephine; by LIEUT.-COLONEL HILL JAMES	185
New Edition of Don Quixote, A; by DAVID HANNAY	290
Old German Divine, An; by W. GOWLAND FIELD	122
Oxford in the Eighteenth Century; by A. D. GODLEY	370

Index.

	PAGE
Philosopher's Romance, A ; by JOHN BERWICK	
Chapters XVI.—XVII.	1
Prayer of Cervantes, The ; by LEONARD WILLIAMS	881
Private Hook, V.C. ; by A. E. BONSER	452
Private Soldier in Tirah, The ; by ONE WHO SERVED WITH HIM.	70
Rhyme of May, A	273
Rosanna	458
Shepherds of Olympus, The	284
Siege of Denbigh, The ; by A. G. BRADLEY	471
Spanish People, The ; by CHARLES EDWARDES	205
Speaker Trevor's Disgrace ; by JAMES SYKES	444
Story of Ram Singh, The ; by HUGH CLIFFORD	361
Story of the Uganda Mutiny, The ; by MAJOR MOCKLER-FERRYMAN	308
Theocritus ; by J. W. MACKAIL.	103
Two Chapters of Irish History ; by H. F. HALL	840
Two Radicals of the Old School ; by C. H. ROYLANCE-KENT	82
Treasury-Officer's Wooing, The ; by CECIL LOWIS	
Chapters I.—III.	49
Chapters IV.—VI.	81
Chapters VII.—IX.	161
Chapters X.—XI.	241
Chapters XII.—XIV.	321
Chapters XV.—XVII.	401
White Witches of Port Naválo, The ; by H. A. VACHELL	391
William Morris ; by STEPHEN GWYNN	153
Words for Music ; by G. H. POWELL	486

INDEX.

Alphonse Daudet; by A. F. DAVIDSON	
American Historian of the British Navy, An	
Anthony Hamilton; by STEPHEN GWYNN	
Basis of International Law, The; by THOMAS BATY	
Bastille, The; by CHARLES WHIBLEY	
Blackbird in May, To a; by JOSEPH TRUMAN	
Clever Mick Moriarty; by C. K. BURROWS	
Comedy of Piracy, A; by A. H. NORWAY	
Country Notes; by S. G. TALLENTYRE	
III. The Inn	
IV. The Workhouse	
V. The School-House	
VI. The Common	
Cousin of Pickle, A; by ANDREW LANG	
Cycling, The Gentle Art of; by AN AMBLER	
II.	
III.	
Discipline in the Old Navy; by H. W. WILSON	
Eton Tutor, An	
French Academy, The	
Generation of Vipers, A; by ANDREW LANG	
Gentleman of Spain, A; by DAVID HANNAY	
George Thomson; by G. H. ELY	
Goorkha Soldier, The; by MAJOR PEARSE	
Grandmother's Tales, A	
Home of the Black Dwarf, The; by A. F. ROBERTSON	
Jules Michelet; by H. C. MACDOWALL	
Letter to the Editor, A	
Messer Cino and the Live Coal; by MAURICE HEWLETT	
My First Mountain; by A. P. HILLIER	
Napolcon and Josephine at Baycelne; by LIEUT.-COLONEL HILL JAMES	
New Edition of Don Quixote, A; by DAVID HANNAY	
Old German Divine, An; by W. GOWLAND FIELD	
Oxford in the Eighteenth Century; by A. D. GODLEY	

Index.

	PAGE
Philosopher's Romance, A ; by JOHN BERWICK	
Chapters XVI.—XVII.	1
Prayer of Cervantes, The ; by LEONARD WILLIAMS	381
Private Hook, V.C. ; by A. E. BONSER	452
Private Soldier in Tirah, The ; by ONE WHO SERVED WITH HIM	70
Rhyme of May, A	273
Rosanna	458
Shepherds of Olympus, The	284
Siege of Denbigh, The ; by A. G. BRADLEY	471
Spanish People, The ; by CHARLES EDWARDES	205
Speaker Trevor's Disgrace ; by JAMES SYKES	444
Story of Ram Singh, The ; by HUGH CLIFFORD	361
Story of the Uganda Mutiny, The ; by MAJOR MOCKLER-FERRYMAN	303
Theocritus ; by J. W. MACKAIL	103
Two Chapters of Irish History ; by H. F. HALL	840
Two Radicals of the Old School ; by C. H. ROYLANCE-KENT	82
Treasury-Officer's Wooing, The ; by CECIL LOWIS	
Chapters I.—III.	49
Chapters IV.—VI.	81
Chapters VII.—IX.	161
Chapters X.—XI.	241
Chapters XII.—XIV.	327
Chapters XV.—XVII.	401
White Witches of Port Naválo, The ; by H. A. VACHELL	39
William Morris ; by STEPHEN GWYNN	15
Words for Music ; by G. H. POWELL	41

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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A PHILOSOPHER'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XVI.

It took much less time than I had imagined possible to reach the grotto again, for in my previous exploration I must have made a considerable round before gaining Padre Cristoffero's dwelling. The accustomed feet, however, of the priest and his servant took the most direct way to the haunt of the ancient saint, where we arrived to find Iridé watching with some consternation the expiring flicker of the candle in her lantern. She was shivering violently from enforced inaction after her battle with the Bora, and I much feared something serious; but old Anna administered warm milk, rubbed the girl's feet, and forced her afterwards to rise and feel that she had some strength left; and thus we got her up the stairs and out into the open air.

She shrank for a moment and cowered before the awful blast that was still abroad; then bravely gathering herself together, and supported on either hand by the peasant and myself, we set forth once more. Padre Cristoffero went first, and it must be confessed presented a singular appearance, being, by reason of the thickness of his garments, almost as broad as he was long, and moreover having occasionally to make sudden involuntary advances or digressions from side to side, in obedience to the force of the wind. At any other time it would

have been almost impossible not to be merry at the Padre's expense, but the present was no occasion for mirth, and I for one was very thankful when we all four arrived safely within the walls of the rough dwelling.

My venerable host and I retired to his study, where, with the aid of plenty of blankets, I was made comfortable upon a wooden sofa, or rather wide bench; and here, knowing Iridé safe, and knowing too that for several hours no further steps with regard to her could possibly be taken, I fell fast asleep; for now that rest was allowable I felt very weary and exhausted. Anna was tending my charge by the kitchen-fire, and Padre Cristoffero had retired to his own room. There was no sound but the crackling of the wood in the stove and the ceaseless roar of the Bora without; it reached me of course more or less faintly, but it was always there, producing much the same impression as the applying of a big sea-shell to the ear. It seemed every now and then to die away in a series of fantastic cadences, and then to advance once more as with the sweep of huge wings above the shuddering roof. But all this external turmoil only added to my sense of repose, and I lay and rested in a splendid languor of content, presently succeeded by the unconsciousness of a slumber that must have lasted several hours, for when I woke the sun was bright and the wind somewhat

abated. Padre Cristoffero's benevolent countenance was peering in at the door, and became irradiated with a smile when he saw that I was stirring.

"I trust you have rested, Romagno," he said. "The lady is well, Anna tells me, but very much exhausted; she must remain quiet for many hours yet before she will be fit for further travelling, and, in the meantime, when we have had some breakfast, you will perhaps accompany me as far as the village where I have business at the inn."

I stole into the kitchen before eating, and was greeted by Anna with a finger on her lip to enforce silence. Iridé, fast asleep, lay upon a couch similar to the one I had occupied; her pale face shone lovelier than ever among the coarse homely coverings, and her hair streaked all the pillow with its silky filaments, while her long black lashes lay motionless on the melting Southern round of her cheek, and the breath came so quietly through the delicate curve of her lips that I was fain to stoop nearer to reassure myself that she was really breathing at all. For a long time, the peasant told me, she had been restless, and spoken much of someone to whom she alluded as "Tome"; but half an hour previously she had fallen into this peaceful slumber in which youth and health were re-asserting themselves. So far so good, and I prepared to escort Padre Cristoffero to the village with a sense of present ease, although I could see but a short way into the future and by no means determine the best course to pursue; philosophy, however, bade me be of good cheer, and not seek to pry too far forward, since those who do so are often foiled by circumstances yet unknown.

Padre Cristoffero's errand was simple enough. He went to St. *o*lo's village to take up his abode

with the priest there, thus, as he pointed out to me, ensuring perfect quiet and Anna's undivided attention for Iridé. When she was able to travel he could return; until then all my remonstrances were useless to dissuade him from his purpose.

"And listen, Romagno; I cannot tell lies about any matter concerning the young lady, so it is best that I should know nothing; then, if awkward questions should be asked me, I can truthfully plead ignorance."

I ate a plateful of hot polenta and drank half a pint of wine at the inn before returning. As I mounted the hill again I was joined by Anna's husband, on the way to ask his wife for her commissions for Soloporto, to which place he proposed to go by train that evening, as the Bora was now slightly abating.

My charge was much better, so far recovered indeed that she had begun to fret over the trying position of her lover, who must be in Vienna without any news, and naturally anxious to know what had become of us.

"If this man is going to the station surely you could give him a telegram to send to Vienna," she said; "then at any rate Tome [she had never been able to pronounce Willoughby's name in proper English fashion] would know I was safe with you. As it is, he may fancy my father has caught us, and come suddenly back to Soloporto to find out about me."

Upon reflection it appeared to me that this proceeding was one which Willoughby might very reasonably adopt, and certainly nothing could be much more disastrous than for him to show himself in Soloporto; but in the meantime what was I to do with Iridé? I said to myself (prompted by philosophy) that the time had come for Willoughby to manage his own affairs, my success in which, I was fain to confess, had

been inconspicuous, though no one could accuse me of not having done my best. Accordingly I wrote the following telegram, addressing it to Thomas's hotel in Vienna, but dating it from Borst, a village outside Soloporto, whence I had thought it best that the peasant should send it: "Come at once to St. Servolo, to fetch what you value most." I did not sign at all for transmission, thinking it possible, though not probable, that the telegraph-offices had been warned; and having seen my messenger depart I prepared to pass the time as best I could.

It was hard work! Padre Cristoffero's library, consisting chiefly of ecclesiastical books of reference, afforded me but a barren field in the way of literature. I had neither cobbling nor tailoring materials with me, or I would gladly have occupied myself upon the repairs which were obviously needful in various garments and shoes, perhaps tossed into the corner where I found them in anticipation of my possible arrival. You have no idea how trying it is to a person of my disposition to see a shoe or a coat in need of attention and to be quite unable, however willing, to attend to the need. At last I found a Soloporto paper (a month old), and steadily concentrating my attention I read it through, advertisements and all, from beginning to end. It took me exactly one hour and a half by the very noisy clock on the table, and by a tremendous effort of will I fixed my mind upon words which possessed not the slightest shred of interest for me. Then I sat still for a time, wondering what Thomas would do when he returned, as would undoubtedly be the case, to fetch Iridé. Would he still propose flight to England, or what would be the alternative? And then I reflected that, once he was in charge of his

innamorata, I should be free!—free to accomplish the purpose which had grown into half my life, free to take vengeance upon Moses Lazarich, free—and here my musings came to a sudden end. What, I asked myself, was I waiting for? Once Baron Mancini was out of the way, no one would oppose the marriage. Zia Bianca had been favourably enough inclined, and was not likely to offer any objection, and Iridé had no other relatives in a position to dictate to her. As I thought of all these things I felt the old hatred wake out of its uneasy slumber; I felt my nerves stir and thrill; a thousand recollections of long past days crowded upon my memory; I remembered the man's cunning greed, his abjectness in my prosperity, his insolence in my adversity; I remembered how long Time had thwarted my desires, and how long in deference to friendship I had held my hand. And now reason cried that no more delay was needful,—nay more, that it might be dangerous, inimical to the interests of those I wished to serve, if I postponed my enemy's fate. I felt for my knife, or rather poignard, a weapon I had bought years before in Calabria; and as I clasped the haft I remembered that I had gone dinnerless the day I paid for it, in order to make up a sum I could ill afford. There were letters scratched on the blade too; I had marked them myself, *J. E. to M. L.*, — Joseph Egerton to Moses Lazarich. I had sworn that one day the Jew's blood should wash those letters, and now,—now,—it was to be done!

The fact that my enemy was Iridé's father troubled me not at all. He was a comparative stranger to his daughter, having seen her only at rare and irregular intervals until he came to Soloporto; since which event she had certainly had

but little reason to love him. Besides philosophy bade me detach Lazarich's actions from everyone but myself. Against Thomas Willoughby's prospective father-in-law I had nothing, but against the man who had ruined me I had many things. I fell to thinking, and presently to striding up and down the tiny room with such energy, not to say violence, that the windows rattled and the planks, protesting against such usage, creaked under my tread. Then I suddenly paused in my pacing to consider any needful preparations; this I did purely from the conventionality which gradually crystallises round us all, and often prevents the realisation even of our own most intimate circumstances. The philosopher, as a momentary reflection convinced me, has no particular preparations to make for anything; his mental attitude produces, or should produce, complete detachment from all outward relationships; to weal or woe, blessing or cursing, life or death, his cultivated neutrality should present the same aspect. Nothing should please or shock him; nothing should excite his emotions; he should be an abstraction in human shape, impervious to change, knowing no sorrow because joy also is equally unknown.

This of course is the ideal philosophical attitude, and one to which, I fancy, few, if any, people have ever attained. The intelligent reader will hardly have failed to realise how very far short I myself fell of this counsel of perfection, which would have forbidden any ill feelings towards the Jew, and quite prevented my active good will in Thomas Willoughby's cause. But then I have never laid claim to be more than one of the humblest of philosophy's disciples, being, like most other men, before all things human; and humanity, my friends, is an irreconcilable quantity. However,

my few minutes' musing told me that the time was ripe. I was ready, so was my poignard; and, so far as I knew, Moses Lazarich was in his house in Soloporto, where I had resolved that my deed would be most speedily and certainly accomplished. I was strong after my rest: I would go on foot to the town, and my arm would not fail to strike home; but first I must have food, and I went to the kitchen to find old Anna for that purpose. She sat near the hearth, her withered face working as her old mouth mumbled prayers and her beads slipped fast through her lean fingers; the leaping flames threw her wrinkles into strong relief, and made her sunken eyes look yet more cavernous, while her stiff grizzled hair stood out under the white starched kerchief that was tied round her head. Iridé had gone to sleep again, and as her guardian rose to reach me bread and a bowl of milk set to keep warm near the embers, she raised her hand to enjoin silence, looking like some witch who had cast her spell over a beautiful fairy. I was not sorry to leave a message for Iridé instead of speaking to her myself before my departure.

"Tell her," I said to Anna, "that I have gone to the town to see how things are, that in case I do not return to-morrow she is to remain quietly here with you and not try to go away. Tell her that the friend whom she calls Tome will certainly not delay in fetching her, and that I leave her my best and most enduring wishes for happiness."

By walking quickly in ordinary weather one could reach Soloporto from St. Servolo in four and a half or five hours; but I was making the journey in a Bora which, if its decreasing force rose again, as was only too likely with the fall of darkness, might compel me to shelter as best I could for hours before being able to

go on. I dared not travel by rail from the station at which we had arrived, as I felt almost certain that my description must have been circulated among the railway officials; and besides, the latest train would land me in the town at an earlier hour than at which I wanted to arrive, for until midnight or later there might be people abroad in the streets if the wind was not too violent. Before my purpose was accomplished I had no mind for arrest or delay; as to what might come afterwards I was profoundly indifferent. All my hopes and seekings and strugglings for many years past had been more or less directly centred on this one object; a few brief seconds would serve for the culmination and satisfaction of my hope and vengeance, and afterwards—afterwards—I felt so little interest in the afterwards that my mind did not exert itself in any thought for the near future. At the worst I could only be hanged; a man can die but once, and having accomplished his life's purpose should not shrink from the laying down of that humanity which has been design and instrument in one.

The gaunt grey ruins of the old castle stood, only a quarter of a mile from Padre Cristoffero's cottage, on the sheer edge of the rocky rim, as it were, of the higher Karst, whence there was an abrupt fall to the slope that rolled gradually down to the sea-level far beyond. This rim or crest was broken at intervals along its many miles of length by large cracks or passes, down the steep defile of one of which lay the narrow footpath to the village. As I gained the head of this and stood to look abroad for a moment, a strange exultation, a kind of triumph, took possession of me, and I was overwhelmed by a mysterious sense of Nature's kinship. The fierce freezing wind sang shrilly past my ears, and swept away in measured

moanings over the broad and desolate plains below; there was power, relentless power, in every surge of its strong straight breath. The crimson glare of the last light was half muffled in dark and angry clouds that served to heighten its colour, for the blood-red glow was caught upon the grey and stormy mantle of the darkness that was closing round that winter day. The barren rocks were rosy with it, and a strange light lay over the land, while a last gleam from the sunken sun pointed like a finger of flame across the ocean, broken landward into a thousand fiery sparkles that tinged the white foam-crests on the unquiet waters. Murder spoke to me from the sky; it was echoed from the crags; its message came hoarsely whispered from the hollows of night that were beginning to brood over the earth; its finger beckoned me over the sea, and its voice rang clear and clean in the biting wind. There was no sign of life in the scattered red-roofed villages; what living thing would go abroad in such weather? The birds had fled: no glancing wing broke across the troubled clouds; and as I stood upon that lonely height, gazing beyond the unpeopled wilderness and out over the limitless ocean, I alone seemed living in the world, I and my red-handed brother that men call Vengeance. The spirit that came with Odin across the northern snows was within me now; the pulse that stirred mankind without let or hindrance, ere the White Christ was preached, throbbed through all my nature; the lust for blood was upon me, and swift of foot, light of heart, I went on my way to meet the old, old curse of Cain.

Of the hours that followed my memory is but confused. My feet carried me mechanically forward, and my heart was ever ahead of my pace. Sometimes I passed among trees, their leafless branches making a black and

moving medley of shadows by the light of the drifting moon ; sometimes my tread rang hard on the bare high road, a rigid line showing faintly far ahead ; sometimes I stumbled among frozen tussocks and frosted stones. But always I went on, ever onwards, while the torn clouds fled across the midnight sky, and the terrible icy wind screamed upon its desolate way among the solitudes. Sometimes the murmur of the storm-tossed sea reached my ears, even above the Bora's blast ; once or twice I heard the deep booming hum of the wind harping roughly upon the telegraph-wires. How many hours I spent upon my journey I do not know, nor can I even guess ; suffice it to say that at length in the pitchy darkness of a winter morning, when the moon had set, I found myself among the straggling houses and market-gardens that form the outskirts of Soloporto, whence in a very short time I gained the principal thoroughfares of the town.

The Bora moaned and shrieked in the empty streets, wide and narrow ; it hurtled among the roofs and chimneys, and shook the hanging leaden labels attached to each lamp-post, with a fierce persistence till the insensate things rattled like castanets. As I crossed the *Piazza Grande*, with its two groups of handsome gas-lamps arranged like candelabra upon stone columns, the heavy ornamental chains hanging among the metal work swayed in the wind like hempen ropes. Half way between the two groups a fiercer blast brought me to my knees for a moment, during which I heard the sudden ring of iron, and when I had risen to my feet once more and reached the further cluster of flickering lights, one of the great looped chains swung, a forlorn fragment, while the rest of its links strewed the ground.

I went on, under the great archway beneath the *Municipio*, and so into

the narrow street where Thomas Willoughby had first come into my life ; but this was no time for pause or sentiment. I went straight on, and never stopped until, five minutes' walk from the *Corsia Giulietta*, I halted for a moment in a deep-set entrance to seek in my pocket for the duplicate key of Baron Mancini's door. It did not take long to find it, together with a latch-key which fitted the door of his own flat upon the first floor, and I was ready to go on when a faint little cry reached my ears. I stooped, and found a miserable, half frozen kitten nearly dead of cold. I picked it up and rubbed its soft head against my cheek ; for a second I hesitated, then, feeling I could not leave it to perish, I tucked it down inside the breast of my thick coat, and buttoned up that garment once more as I started forward. From sheer habit I tried the lock of the door before inserting the key ; to my amazement the handle turned, and I entered without difficulty. The substitute procured during my unexpected absence had done his work with amazing, if convenient, carelessness !

A dim light was burning, according to custom, in the lamp that swung from the ceiling, and by its help I silently opened my lodge, and taking off my coat and boots I put the former on the floor, first tucking up the kitten in its warm folds. Then I went on up the stair, and stood calm and nerved for the deed of my life before Moses Lazarich's door. The latch-key was in my hand, but as I gently put it into the keyhole the whole door gave, and I saw that it was merely closed, not even properly shut. All hinges in this house were kept well oiled, therefore my entrance was perfectly noiseless ; but as I stood inside the vestibule a sudden thought occurred to me. So far Fortune seemed to have been lavishly, miraculously kind ;

but what if the whole thing was a trap? What if I walked within the next thirty seconds into the arms of a *gendarme*? The idea made me pause to draw my poignard, and thus prepared I crept on once more.

Half way down the passage a heavy swing door shut off the Baron's private rooms from the rest of the house, and as I pulled it open and, slipping through, closed it behind me, even my seasoned heart beat a little higher at the near prospect. Just beyond the swing door was the entrance to the study and smoking-room, and through this again, I knew, opened the dressing and bedrooms; both had external doors into the passage, but I preferred to take the inner road, and therefore pushed open the door of the smoking-room which, like all the others, was ajar.

There was neither lamp nor candle here, but a couple of logs, still flaming on the hearth, threw out mysterious dancing shadows. The light struck upon the polished silver smoking-service, and the yellow cover of the French novel that lay near; it brought out sensual glints and gleams in the many large pictures, and I thought that Iridé's sombre eyes shone from her portrait and watched me as I came to the door of the dressing-room.

Here there was a nightlight burning, and here for the first time I hesitated, for a new feeling began to stir in me, or rather I should say to overpower my will, and take possession of me. I felt as though my intention was being swept forward towards an affinity yet more powerful. No tinge of mercy, no shade of gentler feeling made itself felt, and if such a thing could have happened I could not have given it rein. I was anxious to go into the next room and do that which I had come to do; and yet, because a stronger will than my own seemed at work within me, I held back, and would have gained a moment's pause.

The atmosphere was warm from a hidden stove in the corner, and the nightlight shone upon the bright brass fittings of a recently emptied bath whence came the scent of the heavily perfumed soap which the Jew, with true Oriental taste, always used; the carpet was soft and deep as the thickest moss; my feet sank into it at every step, as, mastering the strange emotion which threatened to enervate me, I crept stealthily forward. There was no door between this room and the next, only an entrance, closed with a heavy *portière*, and holding this aside I slipped round its folds and peered forward. The bed was to my left, its head, with costly curtains, against the wall, the foot towards the centre of the room. The white quilt was disordered by the sleeper, and by the faint rays of a nightlight cunningly contrived to cast no glare, I thought it was brodered with great dark arabesques. I looked at the pillow, still without advancing, and saw the thick mass of dyed black hair that Lazarich wore, but to that side of the bed I would not steal; my enemy should know me before he died. I was no assassin to stab in a man's back. I would meet him face to face; I would say: "I am here, I, the man you ruined; look at me while you are dying; look your fill, while I watch my reward."

I walked round the foot of the bed and came forward to the other side. I was quite calm now, not a nerve fluttered. The curtains cast a deep shade over the Jew's face, so that I did not see his features distinctly, but could only make out that his head was thrown back and his coarse chin and heavy wrinkled throat thrust upwards. In that tense moment I fancied the curtain moved, and for an infinitesimal space I paused and looked sharply round. There was nothing, however, and making ready the poignard in my right hand I laid my left upon the

sleeper's shoulder, in order to rouse him.

As I did so a thrill of surprised horror seized me at the contact, an amazing repulsion, an apprehension; the touch impressed me with a strange inertness and irresponsiveness, and I stooped nearer towards the huddled form, the upturned face. Would the eyes never open? Would no sound come from those silent lips?

The next second I gave a stifled shriek of terror,—a hand grasped my arm, the curtain was flung aside, and once more for the last time I and my familiar came face to face. The angular form, in its spare black clothing, stood beside me; the lean yellow fingers clutched my sleeve; the cavernous eyes blazed out of their depths into my very soul.

"Too late!" cried the maniac, with an exultant scream that must have rung through the house. "Too late! I waited, I set all the doors open for you, but you never came. I had thought we should do it together; but the man stirred and moaned in his sleep and I feared he might wake, so I did it! His blood was mine at last! See!" and she dashed away the drapery that shaded the pillow.

Again that strange sense of possession by a stronger will came over me, and my eyes, following the line of her outstretched finger, looked at her handiwork in the full light of the unveiled lamp. The dark embroidery on the white quilt was blood; it was everywhere; its deadly soakage had worked even in the few moments since I had entered the room; its ghastly creeping had a foul semblance of life. Moses Lazarich lay dead before me,—dead, with his stiff white face a mask of pain and terror, dead,—and my useless poignard slipped from my hand to the ground.

"Look, look!" shrieked the woman, clapping her hands; "Look!"

Then I heard no more, saw no more. I struck fiercely at the terrible creature beside me, I felt myself thrust her away, then blindness and deafness came over me, and a whirling darkness swallowed me,—I felt myself sinking—sinking—

CHAPTER XVII.

I WILL not tax the patience of the reader with any precise recital of what followed during the few weeks immediately succeeding the death of Moses Lazarich. I was tried for murder of course, as, although the real criminal laid unhesitating claim to the deed, yet she was considered too obviously insane to be relied on, and was at first regarded as my tool and accomplice. It might have gone hard with me but for a singular circumstance. The reader will remember that on my way to the Corsia Giulietta on the night of the crime I stopped for a moment to befriend a stray kitten. It belonged to the *portinaio* of the house in whose doorway I had paused, and its master, having heard its mewling, was on his way to let it in when I planted myself on the threshold. The door was of the kind frequently found in Soloporto, which possesses a small square peep-hole, grated and closing inside with a tiny shutter. On opening this the visitor can easily be inspected before admission; and the *portinaio*, hearing someone just outside, hid his candle and took a good look at me through the little grating. A street-lamp close by cast a full light on my face, and the man decided to wait till I chose to pass on before opening the door to let in his cat. To his surprise he saw me take up the little animal and walk away with it, buttoned inside my coat. Barely half an hour after, the nearest doctor to Lazarich's abode was hastily

summoned by a policeman, and the medical man chanced to live in the same house whence I had taken the kitten. The *portinaio* naturally accompanied the doctor in order to see what might be seen, and under plea of escort was admitted to the entry of the house in the Corsia Giulietta, at the door of which a policeman was already on guard. The first thing he saw was his own stray kitten, and putting this and that together he told the guard what he knew. All these circumstances might have only served to confirm my guilt, but for the fact that the doctor pronounced life to have been quite extinct for at least an hour, or more probably two. The short half hour which the *portinaio* swore was all that had elapsed since I had taken away his kitten, rendered my complicity in the deed so extremely doubtful that Pepe Romagno was presently discharged, a free man. I was literally guilty of nothing. Not of burglariously entering another man's house, since I was one of Mancini's servants, and in that capacity provided with pass-keys, and even with a special permit of absence, which was found upon me and which had barely expired. I was not guilty of attempted murder either, since you cannot either intend, or attempt to murder a corpse.

How the real criminal found her way into the house was, and will always remain, a mystery. Though she refused to give any reason for her action she freely confessed that she had for years watched and waited for an opportunity to kill Moses Lazarich, and entered with all a lunatic's baleful glee into the details of her finally successful attempt upon his life; but upon the means whereby she had gained access to the house and to its master's private rooms she was obstinately silent, and the point was never cleared up.

Thanks to Thomas I was furnished with the best legal aid procurable. The young man had, as I had foreseen, come flying back to St. Servolo immediately on receipt of my telegram, and after a rapturous interview with Iridé had made his way to the village to see Padre Cristoffero, whom he found overwhelmed with distress at the news of my crime, which had just reached him in the columns of a Soloporto paper. Priest and lover at once resolved that Iridé should never know of my supposed share in her father's death, the nature of which was not broken to her for some days afterwards, when she had been placed by Thomas, with old Anna as duenna for the journey, once more under the protection of Zia Bianca at Ancona. My trial, with that of Isabel, as the mad woman called herself (she resolutely declined to give any other name), was scarcely over when I fell ill of brain-fever, or something very like it, and lay at death's door for many weeks.

When I look back at those weeks, which seemed to me much more like centuries, I begin to realise more clearly that a very finite division of the span of life is represented by Time, as mankind understands it. In my fever and delirium I lived once again all those long, weary, bitter years of toil and hardship, of keen longing and baffled search, of changeless hate and unflinching courage; all manner of trivialities, of unremembered nothings came back to my memory that for years past had taken no account of them. Every detail of my existence as Pepe Romagno was lived over again by me within some six short weeks. Nearly twenty years in forty days! No wonder that when I woke once more to present things I was aged and worn and feeble.

I told Padre Cristoffero all the story of my life in so far as it con-

cerned Lazarich, not, I think, because of any religious tendencies in myself, nor because of any special faith in the power of the priest, or of his brethren, to awaken such within my heathen bosom. I did it because there is much moral truth in the saying that "open confession is good"; moreover, I fancy that Padre Cristoffero during my illness, when his kindly ministrations were unceasing, must have guessed at any rate something of the truth from my ravings; besides he was a gentle, humble, righteous and merciful man, and contact with such is always good, even for those who, like myself, see by the light of another's faith and not of their own.

I spent many weeks up at St. Servolo when I was convalescent, and gradually fell into my old ways of cobbling and tailoring. My benevolent host used to beam with pleasure at the, to him, magical transformation of old garments and shoes into new, or at any rate wearable ones; and something like peace of mind came over me once more as I sat at work looking out over the barren wilderness, where the lithe little lizards crept among the stones, and the shrill crickets tried to scream each other down in rival concerts. Under the blue skies of spring I began to forget a little the angry winter sunset that had reddened my path to Soloporto on that stormy night when vengeance was snatched from my ready hand. Every morning the priest suggested as in former days that, as he was going to say mass, perhaps I should like to accompany him; and every morning I assented and we went together to the darksome grotto, where, though I did my best to fix my attention, I confess it sometimes wandered, and I thought of Iridé and our walk through the Bora together, and of how we had stumbled panting and weary down those self-same steps

and rested upon the very stones where I was kneeling. Memory wandered still further, and recalled all the details of our final rescue and haven in the Padre's house. I used to permit my recollections to travel on till they reached my own rest and sleep; but after that I checked them, for Padre Cristoffero, finding himself regretfully unable to change my views of certain past events, had strongly suggested the desirability of allowing myself to dwell upon them as little as possible. Time goes forward very quickly, and it is impossible that many more years of life can remain for me; but I am beginning to think that by perseverance I may, before I die, be able to feel relief, and not regret, that Moses Lazarich met his fate by another hand than mine.

Strange to say I have written this story (for his patience in perusing which a garrulous old man thanks the kindly reader) in the old Italian palace and garden whence the greed and cruelty of the Jew drove me so many years ago,—in fact at the time I adopted philosophy. Though I have now attained to that state, so desirable in the case of a nation, of having no history, and nothing interesting left to tell about myself, yet as concerns others perhaps it is well that I should add a few words.

Mrs. Willoughby came to Ancona a few months after Baron Mancini's death, to be present at the marriage of her son and lovely dark-eyed Iridé, who, strange to say (for I should hardly have predicted it myself), got on admirably with her mother-in-law. The honeymoon, which lasted nearly a year, was spent in England, whence at last Thomas wrote to beg my help in inspecting and reporting upon the Campagna Gertone, which his wife had inherited among other property from her father, and where she had expressed a wish to live, for at any

rate a part of every year. Would I go to this place and see if it was in habitable condition, and take steps to have it prepared for the arrival of his wife and himself, which would take place as soon as I reported things ready?

Truth is stranger than fiction; and I confess that, philosopher as I am, I walked about my own old gardens and went in and out of empty chambers full of my youth's memories, feeling as if I were in a dream. The early summer twilight fell over the deserted rooms and the weed-grown walks, the choked fountains and the mossy statues, till to me at least they were all as I had last remembered them. Every little detail came clearly back again as I mused alone; twenty years of my life rolled away, and I almost felt my limbs strengthen and my blood run faster as the ghosts of my vanished youth crowded thickly round me. I heard the light ripple of songs long silent; I saw the flash of eyes long closed in death; I clasped warm hands that must now be cold; I watched in the dry fountain the gleam of the silver water tossed and falling in the moonlight, and the heavy scent of the magnolias recalled with yet more magical clearness many a detail of my long-hushed revellings. I was even conscious that my respectable, philosophical, present self yearned with reprehensible affection over the splendid season when the sober delights, the frugal satisfactions of philosophy were all unknown; and feeling such reflections undesirable, I retired to rest.

The next few weeks I spent in a most delightful manner, liberally dispensing Thomas's money in paying good workmen who, under my directions, rapidly restored much of its past beauty to the Campagna Gertone. I even carried out one or two little

improvements, planned when I was the owner of the place and was more rich than philosophical, improvements which both Thomas and his wife appreciated so highly that they begged me as a personal favour to accept the position of steward in charge of everything, with a house of my own in the grounds, and a seat at their table whenever I was pleased to take it. There seemed nothing unphilosophical about accepting this offer, and now I live, and hope to die, where I nurtured the brilliant dreams of my earlier days. Philosophy is really a splendid thing! I know not what my youth had not intended to achieve in one way or another, and here I am, an old man,—but a philosophical, mind you—quite content to be steward to the Englishman who married my enemy's daughter, quite content to see others occupying my place, quite content to be busy planning a new rosary, or a plantation, or superintending the re-tiling of the tool-house, or the fixing of an extra row of bee-boxes. Nay more, I insist (in spite of Iride's protestations) upon mending many pairs of little boots and shoes, for Thomas has a large family, and I desire to make some little return for the generous income which he and his wife would be sadly hurt if I refused.

Padre Cristoffero has left his eyrie at St. Servolo and, thanks to Thomas Willoughby's interest, has now the spiritual charge of the little village here. He often comes up to the Campagna Gertone, and no more welcome visitor ever enters its gates. He is an immense favourite with the children, who have much love but not the slightest respect for him, and with their father and mother at whose wedding he officiated; while Pepe Romagno, the steward, listens to the Padre's gentle admonitions and faithful little sermons with that grateful

and affectionate patience wherewith philosophy has endowed him.

On one or two occasions I have been somewhat tempted to tell Thomas Willoughby of my kinship, as for instance one evening when during a stroll he suddenly began to talk about the Campagna Gertone. "I wonder where it got the name?" he said. "It is not one I have ever heard in this part of the country."

"It once belonged to a man called Egerton," I answered, taken off my guard, "and the villagers softened the name into Gertone."

Thomas looked at me curiously, evidently a little startled. "How did you know that?" he asked. "Were you ever here before?"

"I used to know the man Egerton slightly many years ago," I said, for really I felt that in my prime my own knowledge of myself had been very superficial indeed.

"I have heard my mother speak of a cousin of hers named Egerton who ran away to Italy when he was quite young," said Thomas with some animation. "I wonder if by any chance he ever had this place. It would be an odd coincidence. What was the Egerton like that you knew?"

"It is so many years ago," I answered steadily, "that I cannot tell you much. I remember, however, that he was rich and reckless, and exceedingly prone to amusing himself; he was a handsome man too in his way, and not so fond of England as—Wakefield, for example." I forgot to say that the faithful Wakefield, now rather more reconciled to life abroad, is also an inhabitant of the Campagna Gertone.

Thomas laughed. "Wakefield is a regular Briton certainly," he said, "and I fancy it is only his attachment to me personally that keeps him out here; he gets on very well on the whole, though I really think he is

a bit jealous of Iridé. Let us take a turn through the orchard and look at those new peach-standards, and by the way, I wish you would let me know if you can hear anything about this man Egerton who was once here."

I have never been able to supply Thomas with any information on this point, for people of my age and experience never do anything they can help to disturb a satisfactory state of things. My day and generation are of course fast passing away, and very likely the younger and more enterprising beings who are now beginning to inhabit the earth may think that philosophy has after all yielded but a poor return for my devotion. To begin, failing that guide, with almost every brilliant worldly possibility open to you, and to end an unknown philosopher in an obscure Italian *campagna*, content to plant trees and mend shoes, seems truly somewhat of a fall; yet I, who have drunk Life's cup from its sweet and brimming froth to its bitter dregs, have found in the fragrant quiet of this ordered garden an enduring satisfaction which all the glitter of my golden youth could not bestow. To be amply conscious of the limit of sufficiency, to chew the bitter-sweet herb of experience with its rough and wholesome flavour, to take each day's sun and wind and rain as Heaven's own gifts and not as matters of course, to feel, when Nature binds the brow with the popped crown of sleep, that it is a Heaven-sent balm and not a familiar phenomenon,—these things are for the occupation and the solace of such as I. I am certain of the unchanging regard of those I serve; I know the laughter and love of little children; I feel that Life's turmoil lies far behind me, and the rest of Death close in front,—and the truth and the beauty of these things, my friends, hath philosophy taught to Pepe Romagno.

THE END.

AN AMERICAN HISTORIAN OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

IN the course of his patriotic controversies with American writers on the war of 1812, the naval historian (or, to be strictly accurate, chronicler) James had occasion to fall upon one D. B. Warden, "late Consul of the United States at Paris." Mr. Warden, who appears to have been an American of the order of John Paul Jefferson Jones, "titularly attached to the American Embassy and correspondent of *THE NEW YORK DEMAGOGUE*," had written a patriotic book on the sea-affairs of the United States, and had contrived to get it published in Edinburgh. James wrote to prove that it was grossly unfair, and while doing so he pointedly asked Warden, what answer would have been given to him, James, if he had offered a corresponding piece of work to an American publisher. The question might perhaps have been put with more justice to Constable who had brought out Warden's work in the way of trade, but it was not an idle inquiry. We revive the memory of this minor passage in an ancient dispute because the case has arisen for putting a very similar question, and that in connection with the writing of our naval history, and this very same war of 1812.

There has just appeared the second volume of what is designed to be a monumental history of the Royal Navy and indeed of even more than this great subject, for the work includes discovery.¹ Following a fashion rather prevalent of late years, though

¹ *THE ROYAL NAVY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT*; by William Laird Clowes. Vols. i.-ii. London, 1897-8.

almost incompatible with the production of literature, it is the work of a society of gentlemen, whose chief and director is Mr. Laird Clowes. In the list of his assistants appear the names of Captain Mahan and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. Now we profess a genuine respect for Captain Mahan, and we have no prejudice against Mr. Roosevelt. The first has done solid work of general interest, and the second is the author of a good American account of the war of 1812.¹ But what, we ask, are they doing in a list of the authors of a history of our Royal Navy, and what in particular is Mr. Roosevelt doing there as the writer of yet another record of the struggle which he has described already? Captain Mahan takes the great operations of the naval wars in a part of the eighteenth century in which his country had no share. No doubt he will repeat the substance of his previous works acceptably enough, and as an impartial student. Yet it is surely somewhat strange that we should go even to him, to write for us on the achievements of our fathers, while it is neither more nor less than monstrous that recourse should have been had to Mr. Roosevelt. Captain Cesareo Duro has written well of the Armada; it would no doubt be possible to find Dutchmen who have things worth hearing to tell us about the wars of the seventeenth century; while France has students

¹ *THE NAVAL WAR OF 1812, OR THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES' NAVY DURING THE LAST WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN*; by Theodore Roosevelt. New York, 1882.

very capable of doing capital studies of the sea-fighting of the eighteenth. But a nation which has any self-respect writes its own history. It reads foreigners on the subject, when they happen to be competent, with profit, but it does not apply to them. No doubt there are reasons sufficiently indicated by the words *copyright* and *American market* which make the presence of these names among the authors of a history of the Royal Navy quite intelligible. Nothing indeed is easier to understand from the publisher's point of view. But there is the reader's point of view also, and when we look at the prospect of seeing Mr. Theodore Roosevelt writing on the war of 1812 in a national history of the Royal Navy, we perceive good reasons why Englishmen should decide to leave the publisher severely to that American market which he has in contemplation.

This would be the case even if Mr. Roosevelt were as impartial as it is possible for human nature to be when the glories of one's own country are concerned, that is, if he told the tale with rigid fairness as to the facts, though with a pardonable, or, let us say, with a commendable desire to do his best for his own side. By all means let every man stand firm for his own people, and his father's house. When Don Cesareo Duro shows how much valour, how much even of skill, wasted and misapplied but real, there was among our enemy,

When that great fleet invincible against
us bore in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the
stoutest hearts of Spain,

we can applaud, for after all it is to our glory that we triumphed over no mean enemy. When Admiral Jurien de la Gravière reminds us how much the French Revolution did to make the victories of Nelson possible, he

is doing more than excuse the defeats of his country. He is rendering us a service in pointing out what we will do well to remember, namely, that we must not rely on finding our old enemy dislocated by social and political revolution when we meet him again, and must take care to be the better ourselves for that very reason. Yet their place is to write for Spain, and for France, and though it is our part to study them, they are not to speak for us. Neither ought Mr. Roosevelt, be his ability and impartiality what they may. The ability we do not dispute; but concerning his impartiality there is something to be said which ought to give Englishmen a particular, as well as general, reason for protesting against being called upon to go to him for their naval history.

As we wish to be quite fair to Mr. Roosevelt, we begin by acknowledging that he compares very favourably both in style and in spirit with many of his countrymen. He very rarely shows any sign of the baser kind of American vulgarity, or the more stupid sort of American ignorance. Once, in the course of a comparison between the American (the product, it seems, of freer institutions) and the British sailor, he bursts out with a reference to "the Britain of the drunken Prince Regent and his dotard father." This use of the madness of George the Third belongs to the lowest order of Yankee controversy in point of taste. The silliness of the phrase is glaring when we remember that the Britain of this time was the Britain of Pitt, and the Marquess Wellesley, of Nelson and Wellington, of Scott, Shelley and Byron, of Sir William Hamilton and of Bentham, and of innumerable men of the second rank with whom the best of America would not bear comparison. Mr. Roosevelt can hardly be so ignorant as never to have heard

of these men. We are forced to conclude that one of two things must be true,—either that he is capable of flattering the underbred and provincial self-consciousness of the more foolish among his countrymen, or that his reasoning powers are far from strong. A little thought would have led him to doubt the virtue of those “freer institutions” which he considers as capable of accounting for the superiority of the Yankee sailor. It is strange at least that their wonder-working powers should have stopped with him. Freer institutions failed to produce either statesmen or men of letters, and left the free Yankee militiamen liable to behave with much cowardice, as Mr. Roosevelt himself has to confess. Yet this is a nearly solitary example of the John Paul Jefferson Jones tone. As a rule our author’s style is commendably sober. He not only abstains from the “spread-eagle” manner, but quotes a rather fine example from Niles for purposes of derision. Niles, he tells us, describes “The Immortal Rodgers, balked of his natural prey, the British, as ‘soaring like the bold bald eagle of his native land’ seeking whom he might devour.” We do not know that his book gains in readability by this sobriety, for the Pogram Defiance manner is, at least for a few pages, irresistibly delectable to every man who has been endowed with the blessed sense of the ridiculous. Yet we cannot blame Mr. Roosevelt for not being absurd for our amusement. Then, too, there is a constant and, as we fully allow, praiseworthy, effort to maintain at least the appearance of impartiality. Mr. Roosevelt does not deny that the American ships were generally heavier than the English, and he can bring himself, without great apparent effort, to allow that under favourable circumstances the British seamen might be

made about as good as the Yankee, which, considering that the second started with the advantage of those “freer institutions,” is obviously much to our credit. It might even be tortured into a confession of our greater natural aptitude for the sea. He gives high praise to individual captains, to Broke of the Shannon, to Manners of the Reindeer, and to Hillyar of the Phoebe. It is a small matter, but one not unworthy of notice, by the way, that Mr. Roosevelt habitually calls this officer Hilyar. We would not mark so small a point if he did not go out of his way to ask, in a footnote, why the British habitually speak of van Tromp. It is an excusable slip as one could easily explain,—a very much smaller error than to talk continually of “Lord Howard Douglass” as Mr. Roosevelt does, when he ought to say Sir Howard Douglas. These be tithings of mint and anise, and not the weightier matters of the law; yet it is permissible to insist on them as against the Pharisee who himself thinks them important.

On the whole we may allow that Mr. Roosevelt is relatively fair,—more fair not only than his own countrymen, but than our own James, who could barely mention an American without sneers and insinuations in the most acrid tone of the slashing reviewer. This second superiority is creditable, but not so very wonderful. James wrote under the provocation of the insolent bluster of American papers, to which was afterwards added foul personal abuse of himself. A cooler contempt for the polemics of the gutter would have become him better; but the man was human, and lived in a time when controversies were habitually savage. Mr. Roosevelt had no such provocation, and so far from being abused for his patriotic version of the story, he has been generally accepted among us

as fair, and is even asked to write history for Englishmen. The acceptance he has gained here is not surprising, since it is a rather rare experience with us to find an American who takes the trouble to be decently polite to "the British;" and yet the impartiality of Mr. Roosevelt, as we propose to show, is very much akin to the specious fairness of the skilful barrister who knows that a little safe show of justice tells with the jury.

Leaving aside for the moment what may be called questions of detail, relative to size and strength of ships, weight of armament, and so forth, which though important are subordinate, Mr. Roosevelt's history is vitiated all through by his steady determination to ignore one most essential consideration which ought never to be forgotten by a writer who aims at giving a fair account of this war of 1812. He insists much on the flattering contrast presented by the "thousand" British warships, and the little handful of American frigates and sloops. The *thousand* is of course rhetoric. The total number of cruising vessels of the Royal Navy for 1812 was five hundred and eighty-five, including gunboats, fireships, and cutters. By adding hospital-ships, receiving-ships, and the like, a grand total of six hundred and twenty-one vessels may be reached. But we allow that a thousand is only used in an Oriental way as meaning a great number, and no doubt there were many more British than American ships, and they carried many more men. The number of seamen and marines voted for 1812 was one hundred and forty-five thousand. Nor can this figure be fairly estimated if it is allowed to stand alone. At the same time we had to find men for a merchant-shipping which had doubled during the war. We suspended the Navigation Laws, and encouraged the

employment of foreigners, but all these vessels had to carry apprentices of English birth and were largely manned by Englishmen. Meanwhile there were the armies in India and the Peninsula, the reserve troops at home, and the embodied militia to be provided out of a population of some eleven millions in Great Britain and four millions in Ireland. The total force under arms was four hundred and sixty thousand by land and sea, without including the local militia, who were not embodied, the volunteers, and the European regiments of the East India Company. Now a really fair writer with these figures before him, and noting, as he would do, that England had no regular system of conscription and was bound to find hands for a rapidly growing manufacturing industry, would ask himself how all these men were obtained, and how far it was possible to secure good crews for so many vessels out of a population of this size subject to so many peremptory calls. He would, if he reasoned accurately from the facts, be constrained to ask himself whether the very number of our commissioned ships was not in itself a cause of weakness,—whether, in fact, the obligation to have numerous fleets in every sea did not compel us to sacrifice the quality of our crews. Then he would ask himself whether any equivalent burden was laid upon the Americans. His estimate of the relative faculties of the combatants, and of the credit respectively due to them for the actions of the war, would be controlled by the answers he gave to these two questions.

Now there can be no sort of doubt that we had been compelled to sacrifice the quality of our crews, and that the Americans had not. It was only by having recourse to desperate make-shifts that we found crews for our ships at all, by accepting large num-

bers of landmen, by shipping a great proportion of boys, and even by drawing on the jails. In 1812 the power of Napoleon was still unbroken by the retreat from Russia ; even in the following year he made a vast display of force in northern Germany. Meanwhile he was building line-of-battle ships from the Scheldt round to Venice, and these we had to blockade. It may be that we over-estimated the danger, and did not take the best measures for our own protection. James is of opinion that we could safely have diminished the number of line-of-battle ships in the blockading fleets, and could then have been more exacting about the quality of our crews. As quality is always of more importance in war than quantity (as this very struggle of 1812 proves) he is probably right. But even if our policy was mistaken, the practical question remains where it was. We were compelled to procure numbers by taking inferior men. Our captains were always complaining of the bad composition of their crews. If one of them did contrive to get together a fine ship's company, he was always liable to see twenty or forty of his best men swept off by order of the admiral, who thought him "too well manned," and who was compelled to maintain a certain average of efficiency in his squadron. Nor was this all. The Admiralty, which thought that the real danger lay in the fleets which Napoleon was constantly increasing in his ports, always sent the best men to the blockading squadrons. In 1812 the flower of our seamen were with Strachan outside the Scheldt or with Pellew in the Mediterranean. We cannot say the Admiralty was wrong, since even the failure to win a complete victory in the North Sea would have done England more harm than fifty defeats on the ocean in sloop and frigate actions. Still the fact re-

mains that, while the blockading squadrons were well manned, captains who were ordered to distant seas were compelled to put up with what they could get.

A very striking example of this is to be found in the story of the *Java*. She was commissioned to carry out some officials and stores to India, and was manned, from the guardships, the jails, and by the boys of the Patriotic Society, so badly that Captain Lambert protested. He was told that, as he was going on a long voyage, he would have time to lick his crew into shape before he reached his destination. Unfortunately the *Java* fell in with the *Constitution* when only six weeks out, and was taken after a prolonged and gallant fight, in which the seamanship of Captain Lambert (who fell), and of his First-Lieutenant Chads, and the bravery of everybody, were as conspicuous as the badness of her gunnery. The question of the quality of the crew is so pressing in this case that Mr. Roosevelt is forced to give it some notice. He does so in a note, and after a fashion which is assuredly not candid. After quoting James as saying that the crew of the *Java* was "unusually bad," he cites Brenton's statement that it was "like the generality of our crews." Now this is as good an example as one could wish for, how not to quote. What Brenton really says is this : "She [the *Java*] was newly equipped with a crew composed of different portions of the men of other ships, and a sad mixture from the guardships at the Nore, and in Hamoaze ; such at the close of the war were the generality of our crews. She had but a small proportion of seamen, and nineteen of her men were away in a prize." Quotation of this kind is on a level with the text of the Puritan preacher in the venerable old story. He denounced female vanity

in the words "Top knot come down," and when it was pointed out to him that the words stand "let him who is upon the house-top, not come down," replied that all words of the Bible being equally inspired, the order in which they were taken was of no importance. Captain Brenton manifestly confirms James, and the average of which he was thinking was the average of an overtaxed navy fighting at a great disadvantage.

Mr. Roosevelt is of opinion that "It is worth while explaining the reason that such a crew was generally better than a French and worse than an American one." Most of us will agree with him, and will further see reason to regret that he has either not done what he thought worth doing, or has made a show of doing it by seeking the apparent explanation most agreeable to national vanity. Putting aside the comparison with the French, which would lead us far from our immediate subject, the comparison with America is easily made. Mr. Roosevelt dwells with gratification on the rapid development of her shipping during the wars due to her fortunate position as a neutral. Whether all the men required for this enlarged shipping, and afterwards drawn upon for the crews of her warships, were native-born Americans, and in how large a proportion they were naturalised Englishmen, are questions we shall not discuss at any length. No American, and certainly not Mr. Roosevelt, denies that they came in part from the latter source. This being so, it is hardly worth while to reopen the old debate as to how far the crews of the American warships were of English birth. In the first place we are not at all proud to think that Englishmen could be found who would fight against their native land. In the second place the truth is now beyond our reach. Mr. Roosevelt

argues that the crews were native Americans because they said they were; but men who were capable of fighting against their native country were equally capable of saying they were born at Salem, when as a matter of fact they had first seen the light in Wapping. The emigration and naturalisation are not disputed, and the probability that men who wished to escape being pressed into an English man-of-war would lie is great; and these things being thus we may be pardoned for doubting how far all the men pressed by our warships were native-born Americans, and for declining to take Mr. Roosevelt's word for it that the deserters from our warships found serving under the Stars and Stripes were all Yankees of the purest strain. For the rest it does not matter much. That the Yankee sailors were first-rate sailormen all competent witnesses allow. A crew formed of them would be a good crew.

Before, however, we allow him to talk of average American and British crews, we want to know how the respective averages were reached. Had America been fighting for her life during twenty years with an unscrupulous enemy of immense power at her very gates? Was she burdened with a great standing army? Had she to maintain squadrons in every sea? Was one field of the war so much more important to her that she sacrificed to it the quality of the forces employed in those less vital? Was it her inferior crews which she opposed to us? Unless all these questions are to be answered in the affirmative it is mere sophistry to talk of average American and British crews. Mr. Roosevelt, for obvious reasons, does not attempt to answer them in the affirmative. He takes the easier course of ignoring them altogether. The simple truth is that when the United States set about

forming a navy they decided with admirable sense that, since they could not have a great one, what they had should be good. They not only built their ships stronger, rate for rate, than those of other Powers, but they aimed at forming good crews, first by tempting the best men by high wages, and then by practising them at the guns continually. It is also the case that, after France was fairly beaten at Trafalgar, our officers became somewhat careless of gunnery. The enemy they expected to have to deal with was so inferior in this respect, that they turned their attention mainly to making seamen of their heterogeneous crews, and to what the Navy calls "spit and polish,"—the never-ending attempt to make their ships a model of smartness. The Americans reaped the due reward of their foresight, and we suffered for our mistake, but the causes of both were temporary. A historian of real impartiality would not ignore them. When we keep these facts in mind we are able to estimate the uncandid character of a practice of which Mr. Roosevelt is very fond. He insists, for example, that if the *Java* had been only six weeks in commission when she met the *Constitution*, the *Constitution* had been only three weeks in commission when she met the *Guerrière*. This, however, is only half the truth. To get the whole we have to learn how the crews were originally composed. If, as we have every reason to believe, the *Constitution* was manned by prime seamen who had mostly served in warships before, while the *Java* was manned by mere makeshift, as she undoubtedly was, then the comparison is grossly unfair. There is all the difference in the world between a crew new to the whole business of the sailor and man-of-war's man, and another which is only new to a par-

ticular ship. It were well to keep the distinction in mind when Mr. Roosevelt insists on the rawness of the crew of the *Chesapeake*. The great majority of them were already trained men. To sum up this part of the question; in the war of 1812 a few American warships of exceptional material strength, manned by the best of a large seafaring population, partly native, partly naturalised, were opposed to the less well-appointed vessels of our overworked navy, at a time when our military training had been unwisely allowed to fall rather behind-hand. In the few actions in which this was not the case,—in the fights between the *Pelican* and the *Argus*, the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, the *Phœbe* and the *Essex*—the Americans were well beaten.

A similar determination to ignore a governing general consideration is found in Mr. Roosevelt's comparisons of the respective force of the ships engaged. We allow that he is incomparably more candid than his predecessors in America had been. He does not deny that his countrymen had a great superiority in the size of their ships, and the weight of their broadside. Far be it from us to say that the advantage was unfair. A country has a perfect right to every superiority it can gain by foresight and intelligent preparation, and it is childish for Englishmen to say, as we have known a countryman of ours do, that the Americans behaved after the manner of the disloyal duellist who fights with a concealed breastplate. This is mere nonsense. They went to open war, not to a duel, with a thicker breastplate, and after more practice with the sword, as they were perfectly entitled to do, and as the Elizabethan seamen had done against the Spaniard of the sixteenth century. Mr. Roosevelt, again quite fairly,

quotes this greater force of the American ships as a proof of the sagacity with which his country had gone about to form its navy. But for that very reason, if for no other, and there are others, he ought to estimate the superiority of the American ship at its full value. It may not in the opinion of foolish persons be patriotic to do so, but it is both wise and honest. A superiority of that sort is easily lost when a nation overlooks the need for it, and its opponents have learnt from experience. When you have won mainly by means of it, there is rashness in concealing the whole truth from your countrymen. We have no objection to giving America all the credit she deserves on this point, since we have learnt from experience, and have not the least intention of opposing *Guerrières* to Constitutions of any nation in the future, nor yet of neglecting our gunnery for "spit and polish," important as that is within rational limits. Therefore we propose to be more just to America than Mr. Roosevelt has been. Its rulers knew well what they were doing. In 1798 the Secretary at War stated the policy of the day in very good terms. "It appears," he said in a report, "that the first estimate rendered to Congress was for frigates of the common size and dimensions, rated at thirty-six and forty-four guns, and that the appropriations for the armament were founded upon this estimate. It also appears that, when their size and dimensions came to be maturely considered, due reference being had to the ships they might have to contend with, it was deemed proper so to alter their dimensions, without changing their rates, as to extend their sphere of utility as much as possible. It was expected, from this alteration, that they would possess in an eminent degree the advantage of sailing; that

separately they would be superior to any single European frigate of the usual dimensions; that if assailed by numbers they would be always able to lead ahead; that they could never be obliged to go into action but on their own terms, except in a calm; and that in heavy weather they would be capable of engaging double-decked ships."

This was the aim, and it was fully attained. To begin with, these ships were of heavier scantling than ours, that is, they had thicker sides, an immense advantage, of which Mr. Roosevelt takes no notice, or at best a notice which is very rare and casual, thrown in now and then, as if to guard against the objection of a possible critic without insisting on what the reader might not like to have brought forcibly to his notice. This use of something brief between brackets and in a note is well known to the controversialist, but it is more artful than candid. Things should be stated with a prominence proportionate to their relative importance. Now it is quite obvious that a vessel which is twenty inches thick (as the heavy American ships were) is less easy to pierce than another which is only fifteen. When in addition to this she carries heavier guns,—24-pounders to 18-pounders was the difference between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière* and *Java*—it is, or ought to be, equally obvious that the passive power of resistance of the larger vessel must be taken in with her powers of active offence when estimating her superiority. It is not enough to take broadside weight and tonnage alone into account; allowance must be made for respective vulnerability. Would it be fair when describing an action between an armoured and an unarmoured ship, to consider only their displacement and the number of their guns? Armour gives one the greater

power of resisting blows, the greater chance of lasting; and, as between wooden ships, greater thickness of side is of the nature of armour. Then there is another detail of no small importance to be taken into account in a fair estimation of the ships. In our quotation from the Secretary at War's statement it will be seen that the fine American frigates were expected to be able to engage a double, or two-decked ship in heavy weather. What this means is that the frigate carried her guns so high that she could fight them when the liner could not run the risk of opening her lower-deck ports. In such circumstances as this it was that Pellew, when captain of the *Indefatigable*, was able, with the help of another frigate, to drive the *Droits de l'Homme* ashore. Yet on that occasion the *Indefatigable's* men were up to their waists in water on her gun-deck. If she had been opposed to another frigate which carried her guns at from eight to ten feet above the water line, as the American forty-fours did, she would have been at a great disadvantage. Now this was precisely the case as between the *Constitution* and our *Guerrière* and *Java*. Putting it all together then, the lesser liability of the American to be pierced, his heavier armament, and his greater freedom in the use of his weapons, we should expect to find that the damage he inflicted was far greater than that which he suffered, and was in fact on the square, or even the cube of the difference in tonnage and weight of guns. The mere fact that he could conveniently fire as his side was going down, while the vessel which carried her guns nearer the water was sorely tempted, or even forced, to fire as the side was going up, or when the ship was on the crest of the wave, would make an immense

difference. The fire of the larger ship would tend to hit the hull, while the fire of the smaller would have a constant tendency to fly high, into the enemy's rigging or even over it. Mr. Roosevelt takes no notice of this. He looks to tonnage and broadside weight of fire alone, which, even if they were always given with rigid accuracy, would be misleading because insufficient tests.

Such as they are, however, Mr. Roosevelt handles them much as he does his quotation from Brenton. We have no intention to go through all his figures of the tonnage, which have been fully discussed by Mr. H. Y. Powell in an appendix to his edition of James's book, published in 1886. It is enough merely to ask why he put the *Guerrière* at 1,332 tons? When she was taken by the *Blanche* in 1806 her measurement was made by us to give 1,092 tons. That is the figure given by James when he records her capture by us, and repeated when he describes her engagement with the *Constitution*. By what mysterious process does 1,092 become 1,338? It was not by American measurement which made tonnage less than ours. Mr. Roosevelt nowhere explains. He does once say that he wishes he had better authority than James on the matter of the tonnage of British ships, and then, without going into details at all, rides off on a succession of quotations all going to show, not that the English historian was inaccurate in such matters, but that he said rude things about certain American naval officers, and had indeed a great loathing of Yankees in general. But this is not very creditable to Mr. Roosevelt's candour. There is no need to tie his faith to James. Apart from the official lists, such well-known authorities on ship-building as Knowles and Fincham will give him our measure-

ments and tonnage. Besides, the *Guerrière* was a French-built ship and her size can be got from her first masters. Mr. Powell got it, and it confirms James. Of course one can quite understand that it sounds better to tell how an American frigate of 1,576 tons took an English frigate of 1,338 than it does to give the numbers as 1,576 and 1,092 respectively. But then that is not what can be called a fair and impartial way of writing history. With the broadside weight of fire Mr. Roosevelt takes a different course. He deducts seven per cent. from the weight of the American broadsides, because certain American shot were found to be to that extent inferior to English of the same rate in specific gravity, owing to inferior casting. Yet in one place he allows that this would be of little importance at close quarters, since the damage done by a shot will be in proportion to its diameter, not to its specific gravity, except at long range. James had said as much before, and it is odd that Mr. Roosevelt should agree with him, for he devotes a note to remarking that this proposition of the English writer's, if "carried out logically would lead to some astonishing results." The result of Mr. Roosevelt's proposition, whether the carrying out is logical or not, is that by exaggerating the tonnage of the English, and making

deductions from the broadsides of the Americans, he manages to represent the two as being more on an equality than they really were. One would like also to have rather better evidence to prove that the experiments were exhaustive.

It would be easy to go on multiplying examples, but it is not necessary. As Mr. Roosevelt deals with the *Guerrière* so he deals with the *Java* and the *Macedonian*, and as he treats the frigates so he treats the brigs. It is always the same story of additions to our tonnage and deductions from their broadside. But we have not the least wish in the world to quarrel with Mr. Roosevelt. On the contrary we cheerfully allow that his book contains much useful information and many shrewd remarks, that it is by comparison fair, and is nearly always free from the uneasy self-assertion and underbred measuring of themselves with others which is an unpleasant feature of much American writing. Our objection is not to Mr. Roosevelt as a writer for Americans and in America; it is to his appearance in the list of contributors to a history of the Royal Navy, and, following the example of a great writer, we hereby firmly declare that no portion of our small floating capital shall be embarked in the business so long as this continues to be the case.

ANTHONY HAMILTON.

ONE cannot exactly class the *MÉMOIRES DE GRAMMONT* among the popular books of the world. Perhaps it would be better to say with Gibbon that it is a favourite work with all persons who have any pretension to taste ; for the truth is that the general public, who do not care greatly for old memoirs and who do not appreciate that exquisite literary flavour which is its distinction among all similar chronicles, have no very profound interest in Grammont or his biographer. There are no doubt also many genuine lovers of literature who are so much shocked by Hamilton's levity and lack of moral indignation, that they exclude him from the list of their familiar acquaintances on the shelves. It is a pity when this happens. Hamilton accepted the code of his day without comment ; but in so far as his own behaviour was concerned, we have no report of him that does not show him as a loyal and courageous gentleman, tolerant indeed of the shortcomings of others but not in himself an offender. He may have been loose in morals, but if he was, he is not the braggart of his own vices, and no one else has been at the pains to record them. And though it is a vice to acquiesce easily in the immoralities of our neighbours, Hamilton, when he seems most acquiescent, often puts a sting of irony even into his praise. Indeed this subject could not have been handled with decency unless ironically, in so far as it is a biography. The Count was in no way a heroic figure, and his biographer does not pose him for a hero. He cheated at cards, and he

was a coward ; yet Hamilton tells you of his indiscretions and lapses with so easy and irresponsible an air that you are bound to take them as a very good joke. So skilful indeed is the handling that Grammont has come down through the generations with his grand air unaltered, his impudence unabashed, and his wit in all probability considerably embellished ; and we know ten times as much about him as about the man to whom he owes this curious immortality. Yet of the two men Hamilton was incomparably the abler, and not the less well born : he had shown courage and capacity in military and civil employment ; but the world took him at his own valuation, and he shone merely with a lustre reflected from the engaging reprobate whose panegyrist he had constituted himself. Horace Walpole flies into a perfect ecstasy when he discovers Grammont's picture ; one does not trace in him any such enthusiasm for the writer of his favourite book. The aim of this article is to redress in some measure this injustice and make the figure of Hamilton a little more distinct. He is a curious and by no means unimportant personage, whose apparent effeminacy is partly the result of circumstances, and partly nothing more than a pose.

Anthony Hamilton was by birth-place an Irishman, by blood half Irish and half Scotch. His father was Sir George Hamilton, younger son of the first Earl of Abercorn. Anthony was the third son. His mother was sister to the first Duke of Ormond, and under Charles the Second both An-

thony and his brother George were continually at the Duke of Ormond's house. The date of Anthony's birth is uncertain; but in 1651, when Sir George Hamilton was forced to leave Roscrea for France, he was aged somewhere between five and ten. At all events English was the first tongue that he learned to speak, and he learned to speak it with a brogue. He was one of six brothers, of whom the eldest James and another, Thomas, seem to have been Protestants, since they were employed in the English navy and army respectively, when Romanists were prohibited from serving. James Hamilton was killed in action against the Dutch in 1673. Anthony was a Roman Catholic, like his father, and with his three other brothers he entered the army of Louis the Fourteenth. At the Restoration the Hamiltons returned with the King; but the Parliament's legislation precluded the Catholics from employment, and Anthony at all events was inactive for some time at Court. His brother George, however, obtained permission from the King to levy secretly a regiment of fifteen hundred men in Ireland for the French service. Whether Anthony accompanied him to France or no cannot be told. But in 1671, the year when this regiment was raised, he was certainly in Ireland as is proved by a passage in the State Papers which has hitherto escaped the notice of biographers. On the night of May 19th a great fire broke out in Dublin Castle. The whole storehouse with its supply of arms was burned to the ground, and there was a hard struggle to keep the fire from spreading. To this end it was necessary to blow up some buildings adjoining, and the only powder available was in two or three barrels in the burning storehouse. "Lord John Butler" says the writer, "made himself useful, for with Mr. Anthony

Hamilton he rashly rushed in, brought out one of the barrels, notwithstanding the fire, and put it under the other building that was to be blown up." Beyond the record of this gallant action nothing is known of Hamilton during the reign of Charles, except what we can gather from the Memoirs. That indeed is little or nothing. They deal with these years 1662-1670, and terminate with Grammont's marriage to Miss Hamilton. If Anthony was born in 1646, he must have been a very young man when the scenes which he describes so brilliantly were passing. But there can be no doubt that he assisted at them; though he pretends to be merely Grammont's mouthpiece, the description is obviously his own; and in one famous episode of the period, which the Memoirs significantly omit, he was a chief actor. Grammont, who came to the English Court because he was banished from that of France, had at last obtained from Louis the Fourteenth the recall which he had so long desired, and instantly set out for Paris. George and Anthony Hamilton heard of his departure and rode after him hot-foot. At Dover they came up with him, and with a civility which one cannot sufficiently admire, assured him of their respect and explained that they had taken the journey to enquire if he had forgotten nothing. "Ah," said the Count, "true; I have forgotten to marry your sister;" back accordingly he went with them, and was duly married to Miss Elizabeth Hamilton. Her praises are eloquently written in the Memoirs, and her portrait hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, among the other flaccid and exuberant ladies of that time, whose counterfeit presentments compare so ill with Hamilton's attractive category of their fascinations.

With the reign of James came a more hopeful season for Catholics.

Anthony Hamilton took service in the Irish army and obtained a colonelcy. He was made a Privy Councillor on Lord Clarendon's strong recommendation, and subsequently promoted to be governor of Limerick. When the war broke out, he may have had chances of winning distinction, but we only hear of him in bad luck. He led a regiment of dragoons at Newton Butler, shared in the discreditable rout and was severely wounded; a galling experience. His brothers were not more fortunate. John was killed at Aughrim, and Richard, after accepting a mission from William, went over to James; a piece of bad faith not to be redeemed by the gallantry which he displayed at the Boyne. After the downfall of James's hopes, Anthony followed his sovereign to Saint Germain, where he seems to have spent the rest of his life an impoverished exile at a court which was itself dependent on charity. It was in these circumstances that he took to literature, being then over forty years old.

Literature, or at all events literary trifling, was very much the fashion in those days. Ladies and gentlemen corresponded with each other in terms of mythological compliment, and there was an enormous manufacture of epigrammatic verse. Hamilton complains bitterly of the fiend *Impromptu*, in whose presence he declared himself helpless. However, when he was given time he could produce the desired frivolities with the lightest of pens, and we have masses of them left to us. These verses, written in his own name, or (quite as often) on behalf of some fair lady or less gifted courtier, are now somewhat unreadable, and most deservedly forgotten, except the ingenious compliment beginning "*Celle qu'adore mon cœur n'est ni brune ni blonde.*" As for his letters, they are enough to make those who care for

old letters gnash their teeth in sheer rage. If ever a man was born to be a letter-writer and chronicle with an easy gossiping pen the daily life of his surroundings, that man was the author of the *MEMOIRES DE GRAMMONT*. Yet the imbecile fashion of the day demanded that, instead of telling us those little personal details which make the past alive for us, he should relate how *Phœbus Apollo* or the Muses appeared to him and the flattering remarks which they dictated for the benefit of his correspondent. Perhaps the most surprising example is an epistle from *Sceaux*, July 1st, 1705, to *M. de Mimure*, then in the army which was opposing *Marlborough* in the Netherlands. One may quote the beginning to serve as an example of Hamilton's ingeniously rhymed badinage.

Mimure, qui dans la carrière,
Où vous ont engagé l'honneur et le devoir,
D'une constance singulière
Brave du matin jusqu'au soir
La mort, la crotte, ou la poussière :
Vous qu'il fait souvent si beau voir,
Dans l'oubli de toute glacière,
Appaiser votre soif guerrière
Sur le bord de quelque abreuvoir
De quelque bourbeux rivière,
Ou bien de quelque réservoir :
Qui passez mainte nuit entière
Sans vous coucher, sans vous asseoir,
Sans avoir fermé la paupière,
Et le matin sur la bruyère,
Animé du flatteur espoir
D'une rencontre meurtrière,
Sans buffet, sans nappe, ou salière,
Mangez benignement un morceau de pain noir.¹

¹ I append a rough rendering, keeping the proportions of rhymes and suggesting, so far as I could, the tone of the original; but it is done with the flat and Hamilton's scarcely shows a trace of the finger.

Mimure, who, loyal, firm and bold,
Following fame and honour's high decrees,
From morn to night your person hold
In readiness, if fortune please,
To meet your death or catch a cold;
You, whom the rapt admirer sees

After about sixty or seventy lines, with only six or seven rhymes in the whole, Hamilton relapses into prose, but only to start fresh with a tirade against impromptus, to avoid which, he declares, he was driven into the woods for shelter. There he was accosted by three figures, a lady and two men, all strangely caparisoned. They explained that they were Eloquence, Erudition, and Elegance; and after a dialogue in verse, they requested Hamilton to travesty himself as a dwarf and present a paper (here follow more rhymes) to her Highness the Duchess of Maine, the great centre and supporter of this sort of literary fooling. At this point a burst of laughter broke down the comedy, and the actors were recognised for three gentlemen of the Court. Their attire was symbolic: Eloquence draped herself in "rich expressions," which took the form of a sheet of paper with certain verses of Boileau's written on it, and her veil had a fringe of Antithesis, materialised by the same method. Hamilton told them with some truth that, if they looked like anything, it was the personification of Pedantry; and so they parted, and the whole thing, described in sixteen pages duodecimo, went its way to Villeroy's camp. Mimure's answer is positively touching. Writing from the camp before Louvain on July 22nd, 1705, he explains how he had been racking his brains for two days after the letter reached him, and had

Slaking your martial thirst at ease,
Not from the streams that glaciers freeze,
But at the trough of some sheep-fold,
Or from a gutter's muddy lees:
Who often, scorning luxuries,
Have for a whole night long patrolled,
And never dozed beneath the trees;
Then in the morning's chilly breeze,
If hope a flattering tale has told
Of bloody wars and butcheries,
Sans cruet, plate, or cloth unrolled,
Consume with appetite black crusts a
fortnight old.

almost finished his "pitiable production," which he would certainly have sent but for the "occurrence of the 18th," when Marlborough attacked the French in their lines and drove Villeroy and the Elector of Bavaria back on Louvain. After this considerable disaster Mimure has the sense to perceive that badinage is not in season; happier times may come, he writes, but for the moment he assures Hamilton that his letter shall be known by heart. These are certainly strange preoccupations for a gentleman on active service even in those days of easy-going warfare.

These elaborate absurdities are spread through the whole correspondence. Hamilton's chief intimacy at Saint Germain was with the Duke of Berwick and his family. Three Miss Bulkeley's lived with their sister the Duchess; many of Hamilton's letters are addressed to them, and to Henrietta Bulkeley he sent the pretty compliment that if he composes a portrait of her, as she has desired him to do, she will certainly be angry, for any portrait of her must look like flattery. But the best of the letters by far are those addressed to the Duke then campaigning in Spain. One, after picturing him in the land of Don Quixote, sketches the ladies at home in Saint Germain, "They mend their lace, go and hang their nightcaps on strings in your garden, smarten up a few ribbons, or fall asleep gently over the canvas of their embroidery. They say that lively Nanette [the Duchess] keeps all her charms in retreat, and that Tallyho your dog sheds tears for your absence; but, between ourselves, there's not a word of truth in either."

All these letters have more verse than prose in them, but there is a larger allowance of gossip, and less mere compliment in the prose, and in the verse too, than elsewhere. There

is a deal of chaff about the Duke and his nickname Pike, apparently earned by his long figure. This is the sort of thing,—written, be it observed, when Berwick was driving the English and Austrians before him. The Pike has offended one of the ladies by a message in his last letter, so there are no two ways about it; he must commit suicide. But he should beware of hanging himself, for a butcher-boy, who had recently hung himself at Saint Germain, looked deplorably lanky in that posture. The best way would be for Berwick to sit down at table with things comfortable about him, and die genteelly of an apoplexy. In the meanwhile he must not think that all the fighting is being done in Spain. Several foraging parties have been conducted at Saint Germain, one notable one on the counterscarp of the terrace. The ladies returned with enough hay in their pockets, their bosoms, their shoes, and their stockings to victual the place for some time. A haycock, which they met in their expedition, was stormed and taken with much gallantry. In the meanwhile Hamilton, with his big wig and his bushy eyebrows (not unlike Swift's), walks about with his hands behind him, taking mental notes and criticising the ladies' ankles (after the frank fashion of the times) as they push each other down from the haycock. All this is duly set down, but there is not a word of compliment for the successful general. Nanette no doubt wrote him her solicitudes; but Hamilton drops the soldier altogether, and, if he mentions military terms, it is to upbraid the Duke jokingly for talking about such barbarous things instead of writing them pretty verses. Only here and there in each letter some little word peeps out, as if by chance, of indirect

commendation, more often than not ironically expressed: "Adieu, dear Duke. Have you eaten plenty of strawberries this season? [for some reason this was a standing joke]. But by the way, since Nimeguen, I suppose you are like honest Cavery, and live on nothing but counterscarps."

All this nonsense seems strange stuff to write to a Commander-in-Chief; but the extraordinary part of it is that Berwick answered in kind, —even with verses, which Hamilton, with the same ironical turn, blames for being spoiled by "certain conjugal tendernesses very much out of favour in these parts." Another letter describes the continual uneasiness of the ladies at every message from the army. Alarms affect even their toilettes, and one has only to look at their *coiffures* to know the latest news from the Rhine. But to remedy this, certain gentlemen of the Court organised picnics, and with the help of cheesecakes, syllabubs, tarts, and a judicious exhibition of sackposset successfully consoled the disconsolate. The last of the set is an epistle congratulatory on the victory of Almanza and the Spanish honours that were very naturally heaped on the victor. Hamilton rambles on for a couple of pages about Berwick's description of Spain and the probable whereabouts of Don Cupid, before he condescends to mention the victory. When he does, it is only to break into burlesque verse picturing the victor knocking at the gates of Lerida, mounted on an ugly jade, and bawling for his aide-de-camp at the top of his voice. Then, relapsing into prose: "Adieu, dear Pike. The fair Nanette was in a fume at the Marly ball and the Saint Germain masquerade, because you had not the courage to plead orders from His Majesty and push on to join us. If your absence lasts

a little longer I do not know what will become of the poor lady; she is getting so stout."

It was a curious state of society which reigned at this mimic English Court, and singularly unlike the good sense which characterised the surroundings of Queen Anne. Nothing also could have been less like the Court of Charles which Hamilton's pen busied itself with describing. James the Third, to give him the title by which Hamilton knew him, was exceedingly devout, either from conviction or in imitation of the French King, whose splendour was now eclipsing itself in a gloomy religiosity; at all events some of Hamilton's verses describe the tone of Saint Germain's as highly depressing. The correspondence in which they occur is characteristic of the time. It begins with a compliment to Madame d'Artaignan on the promotion of her husband who, as most people know, furnished not only a name but many traits to Dumas's famous Musketeer. This letter is written in verse and signed *De Plance*. Back comes a reply, also in verse but written for the lady by Malézieux, which ends with a compliment to Hamilton. It is in his reply that he protests that Saint Germain's is no place for poets: "Hymns are only in fashion here on high days and holy days with the other ecclesiastical music."

However, they do not seem to have amused themselves so badly at Saint Germain's, though it was not so gay as the English Court when Grammont gave water-parties on the Thames, and pretty Miss Jennings and her companion sallied out in disguise to sell oranges at the theatre. Hamilton relates, with his usual mixture of prose and rhyme, a stag-hunt which the whole Court attended. The stag broke away in front of the ladies, who expressed the utmost sympathy

for his fate, but were very impatient to see the dogs after him. After another half-hour he was again driven past, panting and lolling his tongue out pitifully, and the compassion of the ladies was redoubled. "Poor stag!" they all cried out; "I would give anything for him to get away. But," they added, "the rogue was going at a good pace still; it is to be feared they won't catch him." When the beast disappeared again into the wood there was much discussion: some thought he had escaped more of them were of opinion that he had met his fate in the wood, and were delighted to have been spared the spectacle; but none the less they thought the gentlemen might have remembered to send for them to see the finish. At that moment up came a messenger to say that the stag was at bay, and instantly the coachman got orders to drive his hardest. When the ground became impassable for the carriage, out they jumped without waiting for their grooms and hurried away with the most surprising strides, "though it was marshy ground where no divinities had ever set foot before, and these divinities were over the ankles in mud." "Flowers," says the poet, lapsing into verse, "sprang up as usual under their feet; but they were in too great a hurry to stop and acknowledge the compliment." When they got to the village they saw the stag at bay, with blood bubbling out of two great wounds in his sides and a crowd of dogs yelping about him. "Then turning his head nobly in every direction, without seeing a single friend in this crowd of spectators, he looked with a firm countenance on death, and also on a multitude of men, women, and children, whom he had never injured, yet who seemed as eager for his destruction as if he had been the

greatest ruffian in the universe." All the ladies burst into tears; but not one of them would deny herself the sight. And so they had their will, and the moralist rounds off the account with a page of frigid verses to show that the unhappy stag is less unhappy than a sighing lover.

Certainly Voltaire was right when he said that this foreigner was the first to discover the essential genius of the French language. This description of the hunt, with its mixture of real sentiment, keen irony, and rhetorical commonplaces, might stand for a type of the Frenchman's point of view. It suggests Rousseau almost as inevitably as Voltaire. It is a good example too of the manner in which Hamilton suppresses his comment. It seems pretty clear that he thought women very much out of place at such an entertainment; but you will not find him saying so. Just in the same way he relates how three gentlemen, to prevent the Duke of York from marrying Anne Hyde, stated expressly that they had received certain favours from her. The statements were entirely false. "All of them were men of honour," remarks Hamilton, "but they greatly preferred the Duke's honour to the honour of Miss Hyde." Is this ironical or simply callous? It would be hard to say. Probably, however, the ironical suggestion is there, and reflects Hamilton's own moral judgment; but when he is most completely out of sympathy with the code of his day he is most careful to suppress his disapproval; for he is studiously concerned not to be more rigid than the rest of the world, and even goes a step or two on the other side. It must be remembered that the Duke of York never showed any displeasure with the gentlemen who had been so zealous, and the Duchess even went out of her way to be civil to them,—an example of

self-command which Hamilton praises with unfeigned admiration.

In 1704 appeared a book which captivated everybody in France, Galland's translation of *THE ARABIAN NIGHTS*. Genii, and scimitars, and tales without beginning or end came most tyrannically into fashion. Hamilton's friend, Henrietta Bulkeley, thought the craze a little ridiculous, and Hamilton set himself to ridicule it. So came into being his prose tales, *THE FOUR FACARDINS*, *MAYBLOSSOM*, *ZENEYDA*, and *THE RAM*, which had a prodigious success at the time. They are rambling stories of giants and enchantment, and Hamilton sometimes contents himself with the mere amusement of invention. But to diversify his story and to point the satire he occasionally goes off into some interminable and involved explanation ten thousand times more confusing than the confusions of his model; or after a long passage of serious narration, in which the miraculous effects of a comb or a ball are related with great good faith, he relapses brusquely into a very colloquial tone.

While all this was going on at the Court, let us see what had happened to the Prince and Princess. "A good job too," said the Giant, "for my head was getting fairly bewildered with all this to do and this changing of minds. Besides, why make such a fuss over the loss of these two brats? For I take it, the Prince was only an impudent little fellow like that fop Noisy."

The stories make amusing reading enough still, and it is only justice to Hamilton to say, that except for a few pages in *THE FOUR FACARDINS*, they are perfectly decent. Indeed even the *Grammont Memoirs*, though certainly not a moral work, are surprisingly free from grossness of expression. As for that famous work, what is there to be said of it? Perhaps the most signifi-

cant thing is that it mentions neither the great plague nor the fire of London. It deals with the Olympians exclusively, and plague and fire knew better than to approach His Majesty; besides His Majesty took very good care that they should not. The popularity of the book can be only paralleled by Boswell's; but Hamilton draws the picture of a society rather than of an individual; the very best things in the book have nothing to say to Grammont. Take for instance this admirable sketch of one of the Cabal.

Lord Arlington took up the scheme which the Duke of Buckingham had abandoned, and proposed to rule the master by gaining an influence over the mistress. Yet a man of higher merit and higher birth might have been content with the fortune which Arlington had already acquired. The first negotiations which he had conducted had been at the Treaty of the Pyrenees; and though he had not advanced his master's interests, he had not wasted his own time; for he had caught to perfection the solemnity and gravity of a Spaniard, and in business he made a very good attempt to copy their delays. He had a scar across his nose covered by a long patch, or rather by a small lozenge-shaped plaster. Face-wounds generally give the expression a violent and warlike character, which is not unbecoming; it was the opposite with him, and this surprising plaster had so adapted itself to the mysterious air of his countenance that it seemed to add to it a certain appearance of weight and capacity. Masked by this manufactured physiognomy, in which greed was made to seem industry and impenetrable stupidity passed for discretion, Arlington had set up for a great politician, and people, having no time to enquire into the matter, had taken him at his word, and he had been made Secretary and Minister of State on the strength of his appearance.

It was in 1704 that Hamilton formed the project of writing a life of his brother-in-law, then well over seventy but still an excessively popular figure at the Court. Ninon de L'Enclos said of Grammont that he was the only old man who could remain

at Court without becoming ridiculous, and his vivacity in all senses of the word was indomitable. At seventy-five he recovered once more when at the very point of death, though matters had been so serious that Louis sent him his own confessor. Grammont only laughed, and told his Countess that Dangeau would certainly cheat her out of his conversion. Saint Evremond, his special philosopher, declared that he must certainly have found a ford across the Styx; and Grammont expressed his intention of never dying. He did, however, make an edifying end at the age of eighty-six in January, 1707. The *Memoirs* were not published till 1713. It would appear from a passage in Saint-Simon's *Memoirs* (quoted in M. Gustave Brunet's excellent edition of 1859) that the mourning for Grammont was not so universal as Hamilton would have us suppose. On the news of the Count's death Saint-Simon wrote.

He was a great wit, but one of those wits whose genius is all for mockery and repartee; whose energy and penetration direct themselves to finding the bad spot, the ridiculous side, or the weakness of each person, and then to painting it in a couple of irreparable and ineffaceable strokes of the tongue; and who have the hardihood to do this in public, in the royal presence and indeed rather before the King than elsewhere, without allowing merit, grandeur, favour, or rank to protect man or woman against it. By this performance he kept the King amused and instructed him in a thousand cruel facts, having acquired the liberty to say anything to him, even of his ministers. He was a mad dog whom nothing escaped. His known poltroonery set him below the reach of any consequences of his bites; he was into the bargain an impudent swindler, and cheated barefacedly at cards. With all these vices, and no sort of admixture of virtue, he had terrorised the Court and kept it in respect and dread. Accordingly at his death it felt itself delivered from a scourge whom the King favoured and distinguished during his whole lifetime.

Anthony Hamilton.

That portrait has malice written over every line of it and is certainly no nearer the truth than Hamilton's; but it is another side of the truth.

Hamilton himself died in 1720 at Saint Germain after an existence of poverty and disappointment. It is thought that he wished to marry Henrietta Bulkeley, but both were portionless exiles. His religion prevented him from becoming really settled in England when he lived there. There is no doubt that he would gladly have found employment in the army; but when at last he found that employment, it was only to take a leading part in the losing

struggle, and expatriation followed naturally. The world is the richer by his exile. The MEMOIRES DE GRAMMONT, though perhaps Chamfort hardly characterised them correctly when he called them the breviary of youth, are certainly a masterpiece; and whatever one may think of Grammont, Hamilton was a brave and courteous gentleman. In spite of all his frivolities and his too tolerant morality, it is pleasant to think of this fine courtier turning to work with his cousin and carrying powder-barrels out of a burning house.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

TWO RADICALS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.¹

BENTHAM was described by John Stuart Mill as one of the most seminal minds of his generation, and the truth of the remark has been exemplified by the recent publication of the biographies of two of his disciples, Francis Place and John Arthur Roebuck. Bentham died in the year of the first Reform Act, and of those who moved within his circle there can be no one living now; yet the echoes of his voice have not completely died away. He has been compared, indeed, to Sampson, who perished in the wreck of the building he destroyed, but the influence that he once wielded is not even now entirely spent. It may, therefore, be found interesting to observe the operation of his influence over the lives of two men who were among his most notable disciples, to see his abstract principles thus embodied in the concrete, and to consider how far and why those principles have been rejected or approved by later generations.

Francis Place, the elder of the two disciples, died in 1854. More than forty years have therefore passed before any adequate account of this remarkable man has been given to the world. To many, to most perhaps, even his very name will be unknown; yet the story of his life is worth recording. His great collection of manuscripts, a veritable treasure-house of history, now in

the British Museum, would alone have entitled him to be remembered by posterity. He was, to use an expression which Mr. Gladstone applied to the Earl of Aberdeen, one of the most suppressed characters in history; he kept himself as much as possible in the background, yet in all the political and social movements of his time he played a very influential part. He loved quiet power, which, it must be freely admitted, he used often for beneficial ends, and always with excellent intentions.

The story of his life may be very briefly told. Born in 1771, in the course of a long career he witnessed many changes. As a young man he felt the influence of the French Revolution, and of such books as Paine's *RIGHTS OF MAN* and Godwin's *POLITICAL JUSTICE*; in middle life he became a devoted admirer and disciple of Bentham and James Mill; he played an active part in the events which secured the passing of the Reform Act; he helped to start the Chartist movement, and saw its perversion and collapse; he witnessed the abolition of the Corn Laws. No one could have begun life under less auspicious circumstances than this unprepossessing-looking person, with his short, thick-set figure, his sallow skin, his black hair and bushy beard and whiskers, who lived to associate with some of the most powerful thinkers of his day, and whom Members of Parliament and Cabinet Ministers were not above consulting. The son of a brutal father, who was turnkey of a debtors' prison in the vicinity of Drury Lane, he received a

¹ 1. *AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE J. A. ROEBUCK*; by R. E. Leader. London, 1897.

2. *THE LIFE OF FRANCIS PLACE*; by Graham Wallas. London, 1898.

wretched education, and when quite a youth was apprenticed to a leather-breeches maker. In this trade, from strikes and other causes, he suffered great privations, and though a strong constitution enabled him to survive them, the iron entered into his soul in a way that he was never able to forget. But from the first he had an ardent love of learning, and by dint of great industry and a naturally vigorous understanding he contrived to teach himself an amount of knowledge which, all things considered, was amazing. It was during this early period of his life that he began to show his natural bent to political organisation, by actively engaging in the meetings and discussions of one of the first of working men's political associations, the London Corresponding Society; an association which was suspected of treasonable practices, and gave rise to some famous State-trials. But Place did not neglect his trade: he made leather-breeches well, as he did everything else to which he turned his hand; and in 1799 he had enterprise enough to open a shop for himself at Charing Cross. So well did it succeed that in twenty years he was able to leave it with a fortune. Rarely has a man so completely surmounted the bar of circumstance.

In 1807 he made his first appearance as an active electioneering politician. The constituency of Westminster, within which Place resided, had, for those days, an unusually democratic basis; it was a "scot and lot" borough, where every rate-payer had a vote. Then it was that Place taught the voters to form committees and to organise; and he succeeded in securing the return of Sir Francis Burdett, "Westminster's Pride," as he afterwards was called, one of the first thorough-going Radicals who entered the House of Commons. This

was by no means the least of Place's achievements, for he set the fashion of that systematic organisation of the voters which both parties now consider indispensable. He is in the main responsible for what may be called, in general terms, the introduction of the Caucus-methods into English politics, and he might not unfairly be described as the lineal ancestor of the National Liberal Federation. At any rate for many a year in Westminster politics the influence of Place was very great; "such influence," to use Sir Samuel Romilly's words, "as almost to determine the elections for Members of Parliament." That was certainly an extraordinary feat for a leather-breeches maker, who had become a master-tailor.

Soon afterwards there occurred what may be called the intellectual crisis of his life. In 1808 he was introduced to James Mill, and through him, in 1812, to Bentham. With both writers his friendship became intimate and lasting; they taught him their philosophy, and he, an excellent man of business, in return performed for them many a useful service, and brought them into closer contact with the world, with which, living, as they did, the contemplative life, they might have failed to keep in touch. The picture is a curious one: the Tailor, on his way to leave a parcel at a customer's, calling at Queen's Square Place where the Philosopher resided; or again, at Ford Abbey, the splendid mansion which Bentham rented for a time, the Philosopher, with his long white hair hanging down his shoulders, either writing in his library or "circumgyrating" round the garden; while James Mill was putting his children through a course of rigorous instruction, and Place was walking round the park with a Latin Grammar, or some work on Economics, in his

hand. Never surely did any country-house shelter such a devoted band of students. The affectionate terms in which Place and Bentham lived together may be gathered from their letters; "My dear old father," and "Dear good boy," were the terms in which they addressed one another.

It was rather later, in 1824, that Roebuck, then a young man fresh from Canada, became acquainted with the Mills and so through them with Place and Bentham, both of whom admired his youthful ardour and saw in him the making of a valuable recruit. By this time Place's position in the world was fairly well established, and he was enabled to carry out the main objects of his life. What then were his principles of action, and what did he accomplish? His activities found a vent in many different channels. As a practical politician, as a propagandist of the Benthamite principles of government, as a political economist, as an active participator in almost all educational and other social movements,—in all these ways he made his influence strongly felt. He refused to enter Parliament, but he had much to do with getting other persons there, and still more with their conduct when they got there. In his house at Charing Cross he formed a very useful and interesting library of books and pamphlets on political and economic subjects; and the Civic Palace, as it was called, became a kind of rendezvous for Members of Parliament and others who wished to prosecute inquiries, or to consult the owner, whose practical acquaintance with the facts of life among the working-classes was certainly unrivalled. No one knew better the current of events, or how to turn that current in the direction he desired. The way, for instance, in which at the time of the Reform

agitation he managed to control the more violent section of the demagogues, and to prevent the Duke of Wellington from forming a government, by causing a dread of a run for gold upon the Bank of England, was masterly in the extreme. Though he had a contempt for Parliament, which he spoke of as "rascally" and as an "atrocious Assembly," he wielded, by his influence over individual Members, an authority there almost as great as if he had been actually present in his own person. The case of Joseph Hume, that indefatigable denouncer of extravagance, who made himself a kind of self-appointed auditor of the national accounts, is typical. He owed everything to the political tutelage of Place, to whom, in 1812, he was introduced by James Mill. This is what some years afterwards the tutor said about his pupil: "Mill fixed him upon me some twenty-five years since. I found him devoid of information, dull and selfish. Our intimacy brought obloquy upon us both, to which he was nearly as callous as I was. He was taunted with the 'tailor, his master,' without whom he could do nothing. I was scoffed at as a fool for spending time uselessly upon 'Old Joe,' upon the 'apothecary.' Hume showed his capabilities and his imperturbable perseverance which have beaten down all opposition." But this parliamentary tuition was not the limit of Place's practical activities; in the repeal of the Combination of Laws, in the Reform agitation, in the drafting of the People's Charter, in the establishment of popular schools, in the abolition of the newspaper stamp, he played a leading part. As a thinker he was not so much original as a disseminator of other men's ideas. He was, however, a great collector of statistics, which served him well in his study of political economy,

though even here he was little more than an ardent follower of Malthus. He had no natural literary gift, though his pamphlets and journalistic articles were written in a terse and vigorous style. Again, no one did so much to introduce the thoughts of the Benthamite philosophers to the masses of the English reading public; he reprinted cheap editions of some of James Mill's most striking articles, and, in particular, the famous article on Government, which originally appeared in the Supplement to *THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*. He also brought out, with the assistance of Wooller, (a now forgotten personage, but once notorious as the editor of *THE BLACK DWARF*,) Bentham's plan of Parliamentary Reform in the shape of a catechism. It is, indeed, not too much to say that if it had not been for Place, the enunciation of the Benthamite principles of government would have failed to some extent for want of a proper publication. *THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW*, which was established in 1824, was an admirable organ of philosophic Radicalism, but it appealed only to a very limited class of educated persons.

The Right Honourable John Arthur Roebuck was thirty years younger than Place, and living until 1879, he may be said to have almost linked together the beginning of the century and the end. He stood, at any rate, between a former and a later age, "giving a hand to each." To have talked with Roebuck was to have talked with one who was intimate with Bentham who had been an Oxford undergraduate when George the Third ascended the throne. The chief incidents in his life may be very briefly told; for though he made a larger figure in public than Place, his actual accomplishments were not so great, nor his influence so deep and

wide. He was taken to Canada when a child, but returned to England in 1824, with nothing in his pocket, but with a high-hearted resolve to make his own way in the world. Coming to London, he was introduced by Peacock to John Stuart Mill, who, as Peacock said, belonged "to a disquisition set of young men." Very naturally he attended the debates of the Utilitarian Society which John Stuart Mill had founded, and which met at Bentham's house. In this way he became acquainted with Bentham himself, and the other members of his circle, among them Francis Place. It is no wonder that the impressionable young man, thrown among surroundings such as these, became an extreme Radical. In 1832 he entered Parliament, where he soon made himself notorious by his assaults upon the Whig Government, for which he expressed supreme contempt. Though insignificant in stature, and though his voice was harsh and shrill, he won the attention of the House by the violence of his language. Even Disraeli, who did not care to waste his epigrams, taunted him with his "Sadlers Wells sarcasms" and his "melodramatic malignity." Outside the House his energy was not in the least abated, and in 1835, with a view to a contest over the question of the newspaper-stamp, he established his *PAMPHLETS FOR THE PEOPLE*, which were so extreme that even Grote, sound Radical though he was, refused to identify himself with such "ultra and shocking reforms," or to give the project his support. These tracts, in which appeared some of Place's most characteristic work, and republications of some of James Mill's articles in *THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW*, had a wide circulation and produced a great effect. Of the Chartist movement, in its inception, Roebuck was the most earnest parliamentary advocate;

and he also pleaded the cause of popular education, and of self-government for the Colonies. But his mental infirmities and caprices went far to ruin his career; and Bentham prophesied truly, when he said that his temper would do him more harm than his intellect would do him good. With his fellow Radicals, both in and out of Parliament, he was frequently at issue. With Grote he quarrelled; from John Stuart Mill he was estranged for nearly a life-time; Joseph Hume he stigmatised as obstinate or silly; and Cobden he called "a poor creature," overborne by Bright, "the pugnacious peace-talking friend;" a remark which recalls to mind the saying that Bright must have been a prize-fighter, if he had not been a Quaker. But this constant recrimination was more than even Roebuck, who gave as much as, and sometimes more than, he got, was able to endure. "I am," he said, "heartily sick of my friends. My opponents I expected would abuse me, but I have ever found that the most bitter of all my violent abusers were my intimate friends." As time went on, he, like so many other men of his stamp, recanted many of his earlier opinions. Speaking in 1869 of the Radicals he said, "Of these I was one, but I have seen the error of my ways." Again, with reference to the extension of the suffrage he remarked: "The hopes of my youth and manhood are destroyed, and I am left to reconstruct my political philosophy." So too of the House of Lords, which he had formerly described as consisting of "a few ignorant, irresponsible, interested peers," he admitted that when a youth he could not see "the great advantage which now, I think, arises from the existence of that Assembly." But though change of circumstances might, to some extent, account for Roebuck's changes

of opinion, he never attained to the *mitis sapientia* of age; he retained to the last much of that cynical asperity and habit of ill-considered censure, which was so strongly characteristic of the Philosophic Radicals among whom his early life was cast. As Kinglake said, "he appointed himself to the office of public accuser."

Place, the self-made working-man, the sturdy and consistent Radical, and Roebuck, the brilliant but wayward parliamentary orator, though very different men, were both Radicals of a class that has long since passed away. They had a common tie that brought them closely into contact: they both drank from the same source of inspiration, the Benthamite philosophy; and it is in their relation to the remarkable group of men who taught that philosophy, and did so much to mould contemporary thought, that they will most interest succeeding generations. Who then were the Benthamites, the Philosophic Radicals, or Utilitarians, of whose principles Place and Roebuck were the living and active incarnation and embodiment?

In a letter written in 1802 to his friend Dumont, we find Bentham naïvely asking, "Benthamite! what sort of animal is that? I can't find any such word in the dictionary." That Bentham should have felt surprise at the existence of the word was natural enough; for, so far as he was concerned, there was never any oral teaching, nor any esoteric school that hung upon his lips. His influence was entirely derived from the publication of his writings, and he thus obtained an audience fit though few. He rarely invited more than a single guest at a time to dine with him, and he conversed for relaxation merely. Sometimes, indeed, a person who wanted to consult him, would not await an invitation; as was once the

case with Brougham who wrote him the following extraordinary note: "Grand-papa, I want some pap; I will come for it at your dinner-hour." That Bentham never formed a school, in the proper sense of the term, is expressly stated by James Mill. "It is also," he said, "a matter of fact that until within a very few years of the death of Mr. Bentham, the men of any pretension to letters who shared his intimacy, and saw enough of him to have the opportunity of learning much from his lips, were, in number, two." These two were Mill himself, whom Bentham called his spiritual son, and Dumont, who deemed Bentham's work of such immense importance to the world, that he devoted a life-time to making it known to the French-speaking world.

It was in 1808 that James Mill was introduced to Bentham, who then was sixty years of age and only in the beginning of his fame, so far as England was concerned. The friendship of the two men was very close, and Mill and his family were sometimes the guests of Bentham at his country residences, Barrow Green House or Ford Abbey, for many months together. Though Mill was a vigorous and independent thinker, he accepted Bentham's doctrines in the main, and made them known among his own admirers, such as Ricardo, Grote, and Place. Thus Mill became a kind of living bridge between the recluse philosopher and the world, and in no other sense than that of accepting the philosophy of Bentham was there any such thing as a school of Benthamites at all. It would, indeed, be much more true to say that a school was formed by Mill, who, by his earnestness and dialectical skill, obtained an extraordinary ascendancy over the minds of the young men who came to hear him. Of Mill in this capacity

Grote has drawn for us an admirable picture: "His unpremeditated oral exposition was hardly less effective than his prepared work with his pen. . . . Conversation with him was not merely instructive, but provocative to the dormant intelligence. Of all persons whom we have known, Mr. James Mill was the one who stood least remote from the lofty Platonic ideal of Dialectic,—*τοῦ διδόναι καὶ δέχεται λόγον* (the giving and receiving of reasons),—competent alike to examine others, or to be examined by them on philosophy." It is therefore to James Mill that the gradual formation of the group of thinkers known as Benthamites must be ascribed. After the year 1824 when John Stuart Mill began to introduce his own friends into the circle, it underwent a change; for the younger men, especially John Stuart Mill himself, whom Mrs. Grote spoke of as "that wayward intellectual deity," upon some questions did not hesitate to take up an independent standpoint. The very word Utilitarian, which gradually came into use to designate the Philosophic Radicals, was applied by John Stuart Mill himself. Nevertheless, Bentham was the sun around which the other constellations clustered.

Such then were the Benthamites. But what were the essential characteristics of that philosophy which so deeply tinged contemporary thought, so captivated men like Place and Roebuck, and was the strongest influence, of a purely speculative kind, which has ever been brought to bear on English politics? The range of that philosophy, including, as it did, politics and morals, political economy, metaphysics, and analytic psychology, was very wide; but there is only one branch of it, that dealing with the principles of government, that is relevant to the subject of this essay.

This is not the place to enter into a discussion of Benthamism generally ; its ethical basis of self-interest ; its dry and dusty method of rigorous analysis ; its pitiless exposure of many fondly cherished fallacies ; its war upon the feelings and emotions ; its purging language, as it was said, of the affections of the soul ; its stoical indifference to all pleasures but that derived from the approbation of the conscience ; and the curious mixture in its professors of narrow class-prejudice with limitless philanthropy. But upon the Benthamite principles of government a few words may be said, because it was upon those principles that Place and Roebuck, and all the thinking Radicals of the earlier portion of the century, were nourished. To understand those principles, in their essential elements, and to apprehend the manner in which they were disseminated, is to see how widely the Radicalism of that time differs from the Radicalism of our own.

The growth of Radicalism in Bentham's mind has a very curious history. Beginning life as a Tory, and an admirer of the English Constitution as the perfection of human wisdom, he gradually worked his way to the principle of Utility, or that of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. In 1776 he published his *FRAGMENT ON GOVERNMENT*, in which he showed that the Constitution was not so perfect as was commonly supposed. The work was admired by those few who had the intelligence to appreciate its merits, and he owed to it his friendship with Lord Shelburne. But to Bentham's great astonishment and chagrin, it was utterly neglected by those who were in power. In 1828 he published a second edition with a lengthy introduction, which is one of the most curious and interesting bits of autobiography in literature. It would appear that Bentham's Radi-

calism was in no small degree due to personal causes, to slights, either real or imaginary, which he received from eminent lawyers whom he met when Shelburne's guest at Bowood ; and he tells us that by 1822 he had arrived at the conclusion that the English governing class deliberately maintained abuses out of purely selfish interests ; that, in a word, he had discovered the principle of self-preference in government. In brief that principle may be described as follows, that the only security for good government lies in an identity of interest in the governors and the governed. It was this principle that James Mill took and worked out in detail with extraordinary skill. As a reasoner upon the ultimate principles of government, indeed, Mill was much superior to Bentham, who excelled in quite another field ; and it is to Mill that the first definite exposition of philosophic Radicalism must be ascribed. His famous article on Government, written in 1820 for the Supplement of *THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*, and afterwards reprinted by his friends, and his still more famous article which appeared in the first number of the *WESTMINSTER REVIEW* in 1824,—an article which he considered to be the greatest blow ever struck for Radicalism—contained the kernel of his teaching. Starting from the premise that self-love is paramount in politics, he argued that there could be no security for good government without an identity of interest in the governors and the governed ; that there could be no such identity except in a democracy ; and that the English Government, in particular, was nothing but an oligarchy whose interest it was to oppress the lower classes. Upon the aristocracy, who filled the House of Lords and who, at that time, were the patrons of two-thirds of the seats in the House of Commons, with its two props, as

he called them, of the Church of England and the lawyers, he waged unrelenting war. Such were the principles which Place and Roebuck adopted and believed in with all their heart and soul; and it is only by bearing this in mind that the asperity, not to say ferocity, of their attacks upon the aristocracy and the landlords, and all that tended to support them, can be faintly understood. That aristocracy was to the Philosophic Radicals, who stepped forward as apostles or crusaders, what Carthage was to Rome.

A moment's reflection will discover a wide difference between the Radicalism of Place and Roebuck, and that which is in vogue to-day. In the first place, any discussion upon the ultimate principles of government would excite but very little interest in these days, and it is difficult to realise the excitement which was formerly aroused by the brilliant sparring between James Mill on the one side and Macaulay and Mackintosh on the other. It was well remarked by Burke that a propensity to resort to theories of government was a sure sign of an ill-conducted State; and it is a certain proof of the progress of the people that any such discussion as that on the identity of interest in the governors and the governed would be thought now entirely futile. In these days men prefer to discuss individual measures on the more limited, and perhaps more useful, ground of practical expediency. Secondly, since Mill wrote, the world has enlarged its experience. It has, in fact, discovered that monarchs and aristocracies have often acted, and do constantly act, in the interests of the governed; that identity of interest in the governors and the governed is not necessarily a security for good government at all; that the governed do not always know their true interest, nor pursue it

when they know it. James Mill's reasoning was, as has been shown by later thinkers, onesided and misleading, and both his premises and deductions were far too absolute in character. It is true that in his days the state of the mass of the people was very bad: there was scarcity and poverty, ignorance and leaden-eyed despair; and the governing classes did not always consider the best interests of the people. But the world possesses now an experience of democracy and representative government which it was impossible for Mill to have; and it is no exaggeration to say that, out of England, the representative system has proved itself but very moderately successful. For extravagance and corruption some modern democracies have been as bad as any oligarchy ever was. A democratic form of government demands more courage, integrity, and intelligence than Place and Roebuck ever dreamed of. But if the matter of the doctrines of Radicalism has changed, much more so has the manner of their teaching. In this age of easy tolerance it is difficult to realise the violence of the language in which the Radicals indulged towards the Whigs and Tories, and even towards one another. Some excuse may, indeed, be found for men who were looked upon as Ishmaelites, and were disowned by their aristocratic friends; but it was a weakness from which the best were not exempt. James Mill's asperity and anger towards the governing classes was such as to astonish even the indulgence of his friends. Bentham described his Radicalism as arising rather from his hatred of the few than his love of the many; and Grote said that he had "a scorn and hatred of the ruling classes which amounted to positive fanaticism." Roebuck said even worse; that he was "a severe democrat in

words" who "bowed down to wealth and position." The Benthamites, in short, were still living in an age when a certain ferocity in politics had not entirely died away. In the time of the Tudors or the Stuarts, a man who took a strong line in politics ran some danger of a State-trial, the Tower, and the scaffold. Of a later age Macaulay said that it was as dangerous to be a Whig as to be a highwayman. By degrees the ferocity was mitigated, but it still lingered up to the time of the first Reform Bill.

In one very important way the old school of Radicals differed from the new; for, whereas they then strove to strike off the fetters, unnaturally imposed, which clogged the energies and industry of the individual person, they now tend more and more to invoke the interference of the State. Of this fact, whatever view may be taken of it, the lives of Place and Roebuck are a striking illustration. They were both of them sturdy individualists. From his own personal experience Place was perfectly acquainted with the conditions of the lives of the mass of the labouring population; yet he never falsely flattered them, nor weakly implored the protection of the State. "All legislative interference," he said, "must be pernicious. Men must be left to themselves to make their own bargains; the law must compel the observation of compacts, the fulfilment of contracts. There it should end. . . . No restrictive laws should exist. Every one should be at liberty to make his own bargain in the best

way he can." And a similar spirit animated Roebuck; "The plain fact is," he said, "we meddle too much with one another." Though, for instance, he believed that it was the duty of the State to educate the people, he thought that in the matter of religious instruction allowance should be made for differences of opinion; "So believing," he said, "I shall certainly support every plan for the education of the people by the State which does not interfere with the religious feelings and opinions of the parents and guardians of the children to be educated." In the same spirit he attacked the extreme temperance and Sabbatarian parties; he called them "canting hypocrites," and "two muddy streams" which, after running some distance side by side, "had at last united their waters, and now they formed one foaming muddy river, which it was difficult to stem, and very disagreeable to see and smell." That seems strong language to employ, but he believed that the temperance and Sabbatarian advocates would deprive the working classes of those enjoyments which the rich would be permitted to retain. His attitude on the question was, at any rate, characteristic of the man. No Radical now has the earnest faith with which Place and Roebuck were inspired, or if he has he does not show it. The old Radicalism was easy to define; it could almost be reduced to a syllogism; to say in a few words what modern Radicalism means would be a task beyond the wit of man.

C. B. ROYLANC-KENT.

THE GENTLE ART OF CYCLING.

BY AN AMBLER.

II.

WE were sitting in a little room at the back of the village inn, the Schoolmaster and I. He did not tell me that he was a schoolmaster; but the expression of habitual worry on his face, the constant tend of the conversation towards the vagaries of the Education Department, grotesque examination-papers, the characteristics of the genus *boy*, and many other similar touches, convinced me that he was a pedagogue. Then, again, for four mortal weeks he had been sitting on the banks of the stream that flowed beneath the window, trying to hook innocent little fishes that had never done him any harm. This was just the sort of pastime that a man, whose soul had been embittered by the brutal stupidity and Satanic impishness of a hundred boys, would fly to. He was manufacturing a mysterious paste of a variety of messy farinaceous substances, in which he now and then dropped a few drops of gin, much to the disgust of the natives who peeped in at us through the bar-window. With this toothsome mixture he expected to commit much slaughter on the following morning.

It was most annoying; the rain was pouring down steadily, to the Schoolmaster's great satisfaction, and he would persist in talking fish. I knew that nothing but some educational subject would lead him away from his awful hobby, so, in sheer desperation, I tackled him on the teaching of foreign languages. He took the bait and we were soon at it, to use the words of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, "Ding-dong, horse

and foot, helter-skelter, right and left."

"Oh, yes," said he testily, "there's to be no application now; everything's to be made easy, and boys and girls are to be taught French without their knowing it. They're to pick it up, as children pick up their mother-tongue! Why, sir, they'd be seventy years of age before they could read half-a-dozen pages on such a system. When I was a boy I had to work hard to acquire knowledge. My first French book was William Cobbett's French Grammar—do you know it?"

"Know it! I should think I did," I replied. "Shall I ever forget the villain's instructions for learning the genders? You were to rule sheets of paper down the centre and then go through the dictionary, copying out the feminines on one side of your line and the masculines on the other, and committing them to memory a page at a time. Do you know anything more likely to prevent a boy learning French?"

The Schoolmaster's worn face relaxed in a smile, but we soon both agreed that Cobbett was a fine old fellow, and had done much to set people thinking.

It was this conversation that made me determine to ride over to Farnham the next day, if the weather would but change. What better excuse could one find for a ride along the Hog's Back than an interview with the ghost of old Cobbett? And beyond Farnham there was Moor Park, with recollections of Dean Swift and Stella. The Schoolmaster ap-

proved my plans, and, rather sheepishly, begged me to bring him a spray from Cobbett's grave. You see, in spite of years of suffering from the brutality of boys, the old fellow had still a soft place left in his heart.

The morning looked doubtful, to say the least of it; the London paper prophesied thunder-showers with bright intervals. I resolved to take my chance of having a fair share of the latter. When I once asked an old skipper how he liked sea-faring, he gave me this answer: "If ever you come across a man who has been on the seas for three years, and says he likes it, you may put him down as a liar." Just so, if ever you come across a cyclist who says that he rides in all weathers and enjoys it, don't you believe him. To enjoy cycling three things are necessary, a good machine, a good road, and fair weather. If you are on tour, a day spent in prowling about a country village or town is infinitely more enjoyable than driving on laboriously through pelting rain and slush; the rest does you a great deal of good and gives zest to the next day's ride. You are a poor specimen of humanity if you cannot discover some interesting characters in the place and pick up scraps of information from them. I rejoice to find in my wanderings so many village libraries, and the number appears to be increasing. Many of them consist of simply a room with a table and a few chairs in it, and a shelf or two round the walls; the daily and illustrated papers lie on the table, and the shelves contain a few books. The cost of keeping up such an institution must be very small, but it is a civilising and refining influence that should bear excellent fruit. I admire quiet, unostentatious work of this kind. Your great man gives a large sum of money to build a big

institution, which is opened with a loud flourish of trumpets, and immediate glory is showered upon the gracious founder, everyone taking it for granted that the institution is going to accomplish great things because it cost a pile of money. The founders of these simple libraries received no glory and expected none; they have been content to try what can be done to raise the tone of the village labourer and mechanic. Such places form a quiet haven for a man when he has half-an-hour to spare, and they often give shelter and amusement to the belated cyclist, who, if he be a true follower of the Gentle Art, slips a coin into the contribution-box, and perhaps, when he returns home, sends down a few books to add to the shelves.

My nearest way to Farnham would have been through the scattered hamlet of Send, on to the famous Ripley road, but as that would have meant about five miles of rather rough riding, I decided to tack in the direction of New Woking, and get on to a road leading through shady lanes and across commons into Guildford from the Stoke side. As I got into the saddle I caught sight of the Schoolmaster sitting in his melancholy punt, where he had been casting his line on the waters since six o'clock that morning. He waved his hat in farewell, a most unusual display of high spirits in so undemonstrative a character. I concluded that his three hours' exertions must have resulted in a bite.

The roads were none the worse for yesterday's rain, and there was the advantage of having no dust to contend with. Between Woking and Guildford there are no hills worthy the name, only a series of gentle inclines that even elderly amblers can get over with ease. There is one nice little slope, running down into the road that leads to Mayford, where the trees

meet overhead like the arched roof of a cathedral aisle. I should not like my enemy, the Scorcher, to know it, but I have been guilty of *coasting* down this incline. In justice to myself, however, I wish to state that I have never been guilty of such an act when any man, woman, or other animal has been in sight.

On the ethics of coasting disputations might be carried on for years by discourses, letters, and pamphlets, just as St. Augustin and the early Fathers discussed Pelagianism and Arianism. The sensation is delightful, and it is a tempting form of rest for weary legs; but it is decidedly dangerous both for the rider and the pedestrians who may happen to get in his way. The cockney Harrys and country yokels who go in for coasting without a break to their machines deserve all they get at the hands of the magistrates, and a great deal more. No one but a stupid brute would think that all the men, women, and children in a district ought to leave the road clear in order that he may indulge in a selfish form of amusement. The cyclist, who is also a gentleman, realises that the high road is for others as well as for himself.

On this particular ride, when I turned the corner of the road where the incline commences, I was suddenly confronted with a brewer's dray, a drove of bullocks, and a female cyclist, all going downwards. Mam'selle, evidently frightened half out of her life at the cattle, was tacking from one side of the road to the other in a dangerous fashion. She had evidently turned the corner at full speed, instead of slowing up, and had suddenly found herself on an incline within a few yards of the drove of bullocks and the dray, both of which were of course travelling at a slow pace. She was too nervous to dismount on the hill, and, like one half crazy, was steering

the machine from side to side of the road, to prevent herself being precipitated among the bullocks. The inevitable end came in less than two minutes; the front wheel went into the bank, and over went the young lady. She had escaped the dray and the drove, but she had smashed her pretty aluminium lamp, bent a crank, and given herself an unpleasant shaking. Bicycling too dangerous for ladies? Not a bit of it! He would be a bold man who should suggest that horse-riding is too dangerous for ladies, yet if a horse is not treated with discretion he brings the rider to grief. A bicycle is quieter than the quietest horse, and, if used with care, will harm no one who mounts its saddle. Unfortunately many ladies when they ride a bicycle (and, one may add, a horse too,) seem to lose all that part of valour which is called discretion. They do not seem to realise any possibility of danger, and they go gaily down hills where the strongest man would not be ashamed to dismount. We amblers see them and shudder. What wonder that the newspapers teem with accidents to our petticoated cyclists? The wonder is that they are not much more frequent.

Having assisted the young lady as much as was possible, I continued my way while she pushed her machine homewards, a sadder if not a wiser woman. I like this road to Guildford, because the lanes are so pretty, at times reminding one of Devonshire; there is none of the monotony of the high road,—not that I would imply that the high road to Guildford is monotonous, far from it—but I am thinking of main roads in general. From these particular lanes you get delightful peeps at fine old mansions of time-mellowed brick, half covered with ivy and nestling among huge trees. We Englishmen are so accustomed to the

sight of these sylvan giants that we scarcely appreciate their beauty, and seldom realise what the growth of a great tree really means. Did you ever, to amuse your children, plant an acorn in your garden and watch its yearly growth? How slowly, how painfully slowly, Nature seems to work. You cannot perceive that the tiny stem is any thicker or higher this year than it was last. Look upon these old giants, and try to realise what the growth of their scaly trunks really means, how many generations of men have their green boughs waved over. To me, there is a solemnity, as well as beauty, about a great tree. It makes me feel how frail a thing is man, what a small item he is in the economy of Nature. Greater minds require an Alpine range to bring this home to them; an old oak-tree in a Surrey lane is enough for me.

What was once the village of Stoke is now a suburb of the town of Guildford, and an ugly one, of course, as most suburbs are. You ride up a gentle macadamised ascent until you reach what is called Chertsey Street, where the gradient is much steeper and you are in a region of rough granite setts leading into the High Street. Some people ride up Chertsey Street and down the High Street. Why, it is difficult to tell, for it is an uncomfortable jolt at the best, and the traffic is often thick and always erratic. I invariably walk down the High Street, because I cannot pass the second-hand book shop without overhauling the stock. Have you ever experienced that indescribable thrill of delight at finding a second-hand bookseller in some remote country town, in which you had not dreamed of being confronted with such a joy? If not, then you have lost at least one of the pleasures of life. The worst of buying books is, that some

day you may come across a copy at a lower price than you have given for yours. This was my unfortunate experience on this particular day. There stood I, face to face with two real bargains, which I could not take advantage of because they were already on my shelves, having been purchased at a much higher price. Unable to bear the sight, I savagely pushed the machine down the hill and over the canal bridge; and then mounting once more, turned up the narrow road on the right, called the Farnham Road.

But it is impossible for any middle-aged ambler to go very far along this road without dismounting, for it ascends at a rather acute angle to the level of the famous Hog's Back. After many miles of narrow winding lanes, the billowy hills, that are somewhat suddenly revealed as one climbs out of Guildford, appear like mountain ranges; Nature seems at a bound to have changed her mood and taken up her work on a grand scale. My travelled friends, I pray you not to smile at a simple-minded Englishman speaking of grandeur in connection with a Surrey landscape. Before you have finished the first mile you are ready to admit the legitimacy of the title Hog's Back, for *hoga*, a hill, it certainly is. When the summit is reached, however, you are fully rewarded for your exertions. You are on an excellent riding-road, which runs for about six miles along the narrow hill-top on either side of which are superb views of typical South of England scenery. Surely there is no cycle ride to surpass this!

Directly I began to face the exhilarating hill-top breeze, I congratulated myself on my good fortune. "Bright intervals," the meteorological officials had announced; I had captured one of them, at all events. The black clouds, that had followed threat-

eningly in my wake all the morning, had now passed away, and, riding along in a perfect blaze of August sunshine, I had the privilege of seeing the rain, on the other side of the valley, pouring out of ragged-edged clouds upon Hind-head. Never have I had so glorious a run. Down in the plain on the north side, as far as eye could see, was a beautiful land of green fields and yellow corn, interspersed with patches of woodland in their richest summer garb; on the south was a lovely valley, thickly clothed with foliage of every possible tint of green. I must needs dismount and rest me on a gate to enjoy this superb scene. Such, I thought, must have appeared the promised land to Moses, when he stood on Pisgah. And then my fancy turned to young Fitz-Eustace and his gallant cry,—

Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!—

when, with a rush and a whirl like a steam-engine, there shot by me a youth on a bicycle. His back described the once familiar Scorchers' curve: his nose almost touched the handle-bar of his machine; and he seemed to be taking all available means of shutting out the lovely landscape through which he was passing. Had an avenging angel, or devil, been pursuing him he could not have pedalled with more pathetic fierceness. It was a sorry sight indeed for a gentle ambler, and it would have made me unhappy for some time, but, as I got into the saddle again, the breeze increased to something like a gale, and my attention was turned to the task of keeping the machine upright. The wind sang wild songs in the spokes of my wheels as I came in sight of Farnham and its hop-gardens, and it was a relief to amble along in the sheltered roads on the lower ground.

Once in the lower road it was

easy to see that one was in a land of hops, and that picking-time was near. Shabby individuals, chins unshaven and hair unkempt, trudged along, each with a mysterious nobbly-looking sack slung over his shoulder. Whatever else the sack contains, you may rest assured that it holds a kettle or a saucepan, or a publican's tin can, for boiling water at the roadside. These tramps, however fond they may be of beer, dearly love a cup of tea, or they would not carry the means of making it for the number of miles that they do. I have often been astonished at their deftness in preparing afternoon tea, which they seem to take at all hours of the day. Any one of them, duly washed and combed, would be a great acquisition at a picnic. If you have ever tried to prepare and light a fire on such an occasion you will readily appreciate the skill of these gentlemen of the road, who get a bundle of twigs blazing in the proverbial no time. The tea and the sugar are kept, each in its separate screw of paper, in the trousers' pocket. Milk is dispensed with as a rule, but I have occasionally seen them scraping out a tin of condensed milk. These men always seem to be in a state of anxiety about the time of day; if they condescend to speak to the traveller, they always want to know the time,—they also want another penny to add to the threepence they have in order to obtain a night's lodging. You may, however, relieve yourself from any anxiety on this point, their knowledge of dry barns, out-houses, and casual wards being of a most extensive and peculiar character. We should probably be greatly astonished if we knew the number of people who live on the road during the summer months. On a certain little peninsula formed by the winding of the river Wey, three of these gentlemen met

every evening at about six o'clock during last summer, two middle-aged men and one old man with white hair. I had frequent opportunities for watching the spot, and regularly, within five minutes of each other, they would make their appearance shortly after the church clock in the distant village struck six. Sturdy and strong they looked, and the old man was decidedly fat; they were always in excellent spirits, and cracked jokes together while the saucepan was boiling for their tea. One of them always sang the same song, while he examined the contents of his bag:—

Dearest Mabel, now I'm able
To buy you a happy home,
Since they've raised my screw, love,
I've enough for two, love.
Will you marry?
Do not tarry—

He never went beyond this point in the song; but whether it was because he remembered no more, or because the arrangements for the meal distracted his attention, I could not succeed in finding out. A notable thing about the party was that they always had a newspaper, which one of them, seated comfortably among the ferns, his back supported against the trunk of a fir tree, read aloud to the others as they sipped their tea from tin cans. And what do you think was the first item of news the reader always started with? It was invariably the cricket intelligence. To witness their excitement over the latest scores from Lord's or the Oval was an experience not easily forgotten. How these men picked up a living I could never discover; but they were obviously quite happy and well fed, notwithstanding their rags, and they never seemed to be short of tobacco.

Past the famous hop-gardens into the village of Farnham I trundled,

and turning up a side road to the left, paid my respects to the inn where William Cobbett was born,—the Jolly Farmer. It is a commonplace public-house, and nothing more. What a pity it is that babies who are to become famous should not always be born in picturesque surroundings! No one could wax enthusiastic over the Jolly Farmer. By the by, how few famous men has the licensed victualling interest produced; or is it that the sons of publicans, when they achieve greatness, take pains to conceal the occupation of their sires? But the publicans can really only claim half of Cobbett, for his father was a farmer as well as an inn-keeper.

While I was riding along the rough central street of Farnham, my mind filled with thoughts of pugnacious Cobbett, a strange thing happened, as the novelist would say. A very unclean Italian, once an innocent peasant, now one of the horrors of civilisation, was ferociously grinding out one of Moody and Sankey's hymns. I had never, until that moment, heard any sacred song played on a street-organ. The strange thing that happened was this,—the hymn-tune set up a train of thought which eventually led to a name that I had not read of, nor heard spoken, for more years than I care to reckon. It was as if an impression had long ago been made upon some of that mysterious tissue which forms fold upon fold in the brain, an impression made and sealed up, only to be unsealed at some future time by some other impression. The organ did it. In every land where the English language is spoken, there are few places where men meet for public worship, few homes the walls of which have not echoed to the words,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

I wonder how many of the singers know that the writer of that hymn, Augustus Toplady, was running about Farnham village, a little boy of twelve years, when William Cobbett first saw light through one of the windows of the Jolly Farmer. Of all the babies that have ever been born in Farnham, baby Cobbett and baby Toplady are the only two who lived to make any stir in the world. Yes, Toplady not only wrote sweet and gentle hymns, but he wielded a doughty metaphysical sword against no less a giant than John Wesley; and when theologians disagree, it is a decided stir that they make. As to Cobbett, his life was a continual stirring up of things in general. Did he not write under the name of Peter Porcupine? Was he not accused of raising discontent in the mind of the agricultural labourer, and inciting him to acts of violence, and to the destruction of corn, stacks, machinery and other property? Cobbett had his faults, and serious faults they were; but, as the high-priest of industry and dogged perseverance, he did much to give backbone to the young men of his day. He was the great advocate of the gospel of self-help, the great physician who recommended hard work for every physical, mental, and social disease. His *ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN* was at one time in the pocket of every thoughtful young workman; and the workmen of to-day have lost much by turning their backs upon such an excellent character-forming book.

Cobbett would certainly have been an enthusiastic cyclist had he lived in our day. As it was, he had to do his tours on horse-back. He was perhaps the only man of his age, with the exception of Arthur Young and Thomas Day, who did what cyclists do now every summer,—travel the roads, from village to village and town

to town, getting into close touch with nature and man. Cobbett's *RURAL RIDES* should be in every cyclist's library. The book will suggest many excursions, and it gives a remarkable insight into the conditions of rural life at the beginning of the century. In it are described, with an always vigorous and sometimes picturesque pen, many places that are familiar to the wheelman who has travelled the Sussex and Hampshire roads. Cobbett's extraordinary knack of letting off his political steam at all sorts of odd times and places, is shown at its best in some of his descriptions of scenery, as in the following characteristic example :

This pretty valley of Chilworth has a run of water, which comes out of the high hills, and which occasionally spreads into a pond; so that there is in fact a series of ponds connected by this run of water. This valley which seems to have been created by a bountiful Providence as one of the choicest retreats of man, which seems formed for a scene of innocence and happiness, has been by ungrateful man so perverted as to make it instrumental in effecting two of the most damnable of purposes; in carrying into execution two of the most damnable inventions that ever sprang from the mind of man, under the influence of the devil! namely, the making of gunpowder and of bank-notes!

Here, in this tranquil spot, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England, where the first bursting of the buds is seen in Spring; where no rigour of seasons can ever be felt; where everything seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness; here has the devil fixed on as one of the seats of his grand manufactory; and perverse and ungrateful man not only lends him his aid, but lends it cheerfully. As to the gunpowder, indeed, we might get over that. In some cases that may be innocently, and, when it sends the lead at the hordes that support a tyrant, meritoriously employed. The alders and the willows, therefore, one can see, without so much regret, turned into powder by the waters of this valley; but the bank-

notes! To think that the springs, which God has commanded to flow from the sides of these happy hills, for the comfort and the delight of man—to think that these springs should be perverted into means of spreading misery over a whole nation!

I jolted along the uneven road to the hostelry where, from experience, I knew I should be well treated. Be it known to all good cyclists that there is in the village of Farnham a neat and clean inn where an excellent bed and breakfast can be obtained for three shillings. If this mine host can thrive on such a tariff, why not all? Putting up my machine in the dry coach-house, I partook of a scanty lunch, on principle, and afterwards proceeded to find Cobbett's grave.

There is no more pleasant village in England for an afternoon stroll in the blazing sunshine. Not even a Scotchman could find fault with the cake-shops, and there is always a plentiful supply of fruit on hand. You stand in the market-place and look up the picturesque hill at the old castle above the cedars, and think what a happy man the Bishop of Winchester must be to have such lodgment. On this particular August afternoon a fine and inspiring touch was given to the scene by a regiment of Lancers riding up the hill. Farnham has an unmistakable spice of Aldershot about it; the well-dressed, smart-looking men with bronzed faces and fierce moustachios who gaze at you sternly, almost witheringly, until you feel quite ashamed of your untidy, dusty cycling costume, are officers of Queen Victoria. But you take heart of grace when you remember that the bicycle has now become a part of the equipment (in peace-time at any rate) of the British Army.

Cobbett's grave is easy to find. It is covered with a rectangular monument enclosed in ugly iron palings; on either side of the inscription is a conventional inverted torch, the only attempt at ornament. As the inscription is fast disappearing I thought it would be well to write it down, and, as the children in the school-house were singing a merry chorus in their shrill treble voices, I copied the words:

Beneath this stone lie the remains of WILLIAM COBBETT, son of George and Ann Cobbett. Born in the parish of Farnham, 9th March, 1762. Enlisted into the 54th regiment of foot in 1784, of which regiment he became sergeant-major in 1785, and obtained his discharge in 1791. In 1794 he became a political writer, in 1832 was returned to parliament for the borough of Oldham and represented it till his death, which took place at Normandy Farm in the adjoining parish of Ash on the—

The date cannot be deciphered, but Cobbett died on June 17th, 1835. On a wall inside the church there is a marble tablet erected to his memory by his colleague in Parliament, one John Fielden. The tablet is worth seeing because it contains what surely must be an admirable likeness, carved in relief; it exactly corresponds to one's preconceived notions as to the appearance of the sturdy old Radical. There was not even a wild flower by the grave, so I could only gather a few blades of grass for the Schoolmaster, who, on my return at eventide, seized them reverently and said, with a tenderness that I had not given him credit for, that he would preserve them between the leaves of his copy of the *ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN*.

THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

BY CECIL LOWIS.

CHAPTER I.

For those endowed with the true genius for unsociability there are few places better suited for the free cultivation of that absorbing art than the head-quarters of some of the more outlying subdivisions of Upper Burmah; and it may safely be said that there were, in the year of grace 1890, few who availed themselves of the facilities for seclusion afforded them in the interior of that newly annexed province more strenuously than did Rupert Waring, Assistant-Commissioner, late of the Burmah Police, whom fate, working through the medium of a paternal Government, had deposited two years prior to the events to be narrated on these pages, at Minmyo, a village on the river Chindwin, not far from the Manipur frontier.

Whatever may have been said in favour of this station (and that it had its compensations no one with an eye for beauty could deny) there had never been found a man with the hardihood to describe it as a delectable place of sojourn for individuals of a gregarious habit. Time was when there were three Europeans at Minmyo, when lawn-tennis was not unknown, and the skippers of the stern-wheelers used to regulate their runs so as to form the fourth at the weekly rubber in the miniature Sub-divisional mess. But that was in the good old days immediately after the annexation, before quiet had been established throughout the greater part of the country, and while the gorges of the Chindwin still re-echoed

to the bugle-call of regular troops. In process of time, when the bitterness of the British incursion had faded somewhat from the minds of the people of the land, and the odds in favour of a white man's being riddled with thumb-lengths of telegraph-wire, if he showed himself unattended five miles from home, had dwindled to near the vanishing point, the Military were withdrawn from Minmyo, the tennis-court retired under a rank growth of weeds, and eventually the English Police-Inspector, the last companion in exile left to the Assistant-Commissioner, was replaced by a Burman head-constable with a redundant corporation and a character to retrieve. A fortnight after this transfer of officers had been effected, the Assistant-Commissioner attempted to commit suicide, fortunately without success (for he was ever an indifferent marksman), and must needs then proceed to the head-quarters of the district to report the matter, and to assure the Deputy-Commissioner that nothing on earth would persuade him to live another day by himself in such a "desolate God-forsaken hole" as Minmyo. His statement was ridiculed, but he stood firm, threatening resignation and defying the wrath of the powers that were; and Waring, who, at this juncture, had just left the Police for the Commission and was eating his heart out as Assistant-Magistrate in one of the seaport towns of Lower Burmah, had no difficulty in getting his urgent request to be sent to Minmyo granted. Thus it was that our friend was the

sole European occupant of the stockaded fort at Minmyo on a certain day towards the end of November when he received by the weekly runner from head-quarters a communication which may be looked upon as the first link in a (for him, memorable) chain of events.

The letter in question met his eye as he entered his office that morning at the commencement of his day's work. In itself it was a very uninteresting-looking document, and the sight of it, as it lay on his table amid a heap of official missives, elicited from Waring nothing more than a petulant grunt. For what is known as a "demi-official," or "d-o," from his Deputy-Commissioner ordinarily meant an enumeration of matters to which he was expected to devote his "immediate personal attention" at his Subdivisional head-quarters; and, with the cold weather in, our recluse was pining to quit the isolation of Minmyo for the still greater solitude of camp-life, and by no means appreciated the idea of having to defer his exodus merely to conduct some unprofitable enquiry or frame some futile report.

To the casual observer the Assistant-Commissioner did not present the appearance of the unsociable individual he was popularly supposed to be. In his eyes, as they wandered round the bleak, dusty office, there was a kindly lustre, and his mouth, when it relaxed, as it did when he gazed away from the papers before him towards the blue river and the rustling tree-tops, had a lurking gleam of good fellowship in the corners. It was only when his head,—a close-cropped, determined head—was bent over his work, when his brow was contracted and his lips compressed under his straggling moustache, that he seemed to justify the imputation of unsociability. He certainly was

frowning gloomily enough this morning when, after reading his other correspondence, he picked up his chief's letter, and, if anything, the furrows on his forehead deepened after he had grasped its contents. They were as follows:

Tatkin, November 21st.

MY DEAR WARING,—The Commissioner thinks, that, as you have not yet passed in Treasury, it would be best for you to come in to head-quarters for a month or two to learn Treasury work. Stevens will relieve you at Minmyo on Wednesday next. You had better come on down here as soon as possible after you have made over charge. Formal orders transferring you and Stevens will issue later, but please act in anticipation of them. I am sorry that you should have to turn out of Minmyo, where I know you are very happy, but, as you know, you've got to get the Treasury business through. I hardly think you will go back to Minmyo before your leave is due.—Yours sincerely, J. B. SMART.

For a long time after he had gathered the substance of the letter Waring sat staring fixedly at the sheet he held in his hand; then he looked up and away, and for a further space allowed his eyes to rest on the view that was visible from below the flap of bamboo matting which served as a shelter and screen to the window, and now stood propped open at a convenient angle by a pole. Finally he rose, and, walking to the window, looked out, as though to take in to its utmost limits the prospect which stretched before his eyes. Certainly the "God-forsaken hole" was, if a dungeon, a beautiful one. Far below, between the silver-grey trunks of the trees that clothed the hill on which the fort was built, glimpses could be caught of the thatched roofs and carved gables of Minmyo, dotted here and there amid the dark verdure that fringed the river's edge. On one side of the village was a broad expanse of rice-land, green and even as a billiard-

table, bounded on the east by a thick belt of jungle, lifting tier on tier, in thicker and ever thicker masses, up the rising ground behind. Between the cultivated level and the jungle a row of snow-white pagodas gleamed, and hard by a smooth sheet of water gave back the azure of the November sky overhead. On the other side flowed the waters of the Chindwin, and beyond the steep sandy bank and tufted grass of the further shore the plain rolled away westward, with never a break, to the foot of the distant hills, a rugged blue chain, crested all along, like a summer sea, with breakers of fleecy cloud. A narrow path, which showed here and there through the undergrowth on the hill-side at his feet, marked the line of communication between the fort and the village below. Here it traversed the high river-bank near the landing-stage of the fort; further down it crossed a rough wooden bridge that spanned a little winding tributary of the main stream; and anon it disappeared through the stockade of teak logs into the village precincts. A very ordinary path it was, leading to a very ordinary Burmese hamlet, altogether a scene possessing no features that were not of common occurrence in the Province, but one which would have stirred to its depths the soul of many a man less open to Nature's appeals than Waring. To the hermit of Minmyo every detail of the landscape was as well-known and as well-loved as a two years' residence in the place could render it. Who so well as he could tell where exactly the different villages of his charge,—their presence barely indicated by the shimmer of a pagoda, or the sparkle on the roof of a monastery—nestled on the plain? Where it was that the high-sterned boats and bamboo rafts lay by his own village in the dry weather, and where they

clustered during the rains? In what directions the best snipe-grounds stretched, and at precisely what spot, far down on the river, the weekly steamer from civilisation below was first to be looked for, a black speck crawling on the shining water? For him, as for the sage of Weissnichtwo, it was true sublimity to dwell on high and from his watch-tower in the fort, as from the attic of the Wahagasse, to see a portion, at least, of the "placid life-circulation" of his own Subdivision. Here alone he was really happy.

And now he was to leave all this behind him, in all probability never to return. His successor, Stevens, a young civilian with a soul that soared above meagre arithmetical details, had, he knew well, not been successful as a Treasury-Officer; and our exile felt pretty sure that, once down at Tatkin, some pretext or other would be found for keeping him at District head-quarters till he went on leave in March. As the certainty that he was shortly to bid a long farewell to his first independent charge grew slowly upon him, he found himself wondering whether among his predecessors there had been a single one who had truly regretted leaving Minmyo for good. Not one, he was sure, and yet for him, though none of his friends would have believed it, the parting from the place, where in solitude he had mused away so many happy hours, was tinged with real regret. In Minmyo he had found those restful tranquil surroundings that elsewhere he had ever looked for in vain; and as he stood there, gazing over the sunlit prospect, the idea of Tatkin and semi-civilisation seemed anything but alluring. Tatkin meant polo and lawn-tennis and whist, and to these he had no objection; but it also meant the distracting presence of two ladies, if not three (for he remembered now that Smart, or one of

the other men, had got a sister stopping with him,) and from the thought of female society Waring recoiled with all the horror of a celibate recluse. "If it were not for the women," he said to himself, "it would not be so bad." But as it was, it really was rather hard having to turn out like this.

But there was no use repining. The work of the day had to be done, whether this was to be his last week in Minmyo or not. He collected himself with an effort, and, withdrawing his gaze from the distant hill-tops, brought his eyes and mind to bear on his more immediate surroundings. He moved to another window and looked out into the fort-enclosure. Near the court-house, in the centre of the sunny open space that lay between it and the stockade, squatted three despondent Burmans handcuffed, with leg-irons round their dusty ankles. Behind them, in the protecting shade of the bamboo barracks, lounged two Sikh policemen with fixed bayonets, chatting in a husky undertone, while a third stood at ease beside them, half in and half out of the sun, with a white, watchful eye on the three prisoners. As they observed the gaze of the Assistant-Commissioner fixed upon them, the guard stood to attention with that deprecating air of self-consciousness that always characterises a native of India when he suddenly finds himself the object of a European's interest. Waring turned to his head-clerk, a thin, hollow-cheeked Arakanese, who had entered the office and now stood by his side with a bundle of papers for signature.

"Are those the Gyobin dacoits out there?" he asked, indicating with a finger the three delinquents who hung their heads before the Magistrate's regard and fidgeted with their fetters.

"Yes, your Honour. Your Honour fixed to-day for the case."

"Have all the witnesses come?"

"Yes, your Honour; only two not yet arrived."

"Where are they? Why haven't they come? They had summonses to attend and give evidence, hadn't they?"

"Yes, your Honour; but Gyobin headman reports that he was unable to find this morning at the time he collected the witnesses. He considers that, through fear, they have run away."

"Oh, he considers so, does he? Well, send him straight back to Gyobin and tell him that if he doesn't turn up with those witnesses some time this afternoon, he will have to look out for squalls. Trot out those that are here. I will try the case to-day."

"But your Honour," pleaded the clerk, "it is ten miles to Gyobin and——"

"All the more reason that he should start directly," rejoined the stern Assistant-Commissioner. "Tell him what I said;" and ten minutes later the prisoners had been marched into the office, the headman of Gyobin had left at a hurried double for his village, and Waring had forgotten all about his impending transfer from Minmyo in the task of eliciting facts, relevant and irrelevant, from an exceedingly agitated but stubborn Burmese dame, the principal witness in the dacoity case he was committing to Sessions, who was making a gallant effort to reconcile her instant recognition of the prisoners as three of the men who had pulled her hair and taken her rupees, with the damaging fact that (according to her own and her husband's admission) she had kept her face glued to the bamboo flooring and had never once dared to look up at the dacoits during their unwelcome visit.

Ten days later Waring had left Minmyo for good.

CHAPTER II.

THE sun had set in a crimson halo of cloud, and polo was just over at Tatkin. The players were lying in the long arm-chairs that thrice a week fringed the margin of the polo-ground, discussing the good points of their own and the bad of their companion's play, while they regaled themselves with whisky and soda-water and cheroots, and Waring, with his booted feet almost on a level with his head and an irreproachable Trichinopoly cigar between his teeth, had for the past five minutes been assuring himself that existence at Tatkin was, after all, likely to be a good deal more tolerable than he had expected. He had arrived about noon of the same day, and it must therefore be admitted that his prospective appreciation of the good things that a just and discerning providence had in store for him at the District head-quarters was based more on a consciousness of the merits that were to earn their due reward than on any actual personal experience; but this fact did not render him any the less certain that it would require no very great effort to enable him to enjoy himself at Tatkin reasonably well. His duties, so far, had consisted in reporting his arrival to the Deputy-Commissioner, who, in the throes of his monthly statements, seemed to Waring to grudge the ten minutes' interview that the fitness of things required of him, and hurried on impatiently to his final exhortation, which was to proceed to the Treasury as early as possible and try to get some order into the chaos that Stevens had, with a thoughtful perception of the weakness of new brooms for hard work, left behind him. It was to his predecessor at Tatkin and his successor at Minmyo that Waring's thoughts had now wandered, and his musings evidently aroused humorous memories,

for a gleam of laughter that passed across his face, as he lay back silent in his chair, attracted the attention of Mullintosh, the Policeman, who was reclining next to him, his rubicund face shining with a steady radiancy through the fast gathering twilight.

"Now then, Grumpy," the latter asked, heaving his huge body slowly round in his chair, "what are you laughing at? Keeping your jokes to yourself as usual, I see. Minmyo doesn't seem to have loosened that tongue of yours."

"I was thinking," said Waring, with his eyes fixed on the western glow, "of Stevens's face as I left him standing on the bank at Minmyo this morning. Poor beggar, he was just the picture of misery. 'Pon my soul, I really thought he was going to cry; he looked so utterly desolate and lost perched up there on the bank under the police-station in the middle of the crowd of jabbering Burmans."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mullintosh. "Welsh told me all about it when I came down to the boat to meet you. Did you hear that, you chaps?" he continued turning to his neighbours. "It must have been the rarest fun. 'When shall I see you again, skipper?' shouts out young Stevens as they were putting off from the bank. 'Next week, I suppose.' 'Don't you be too bloomin' sure, my son,' bellows Welsh back. 'Snags between here and Tatkin are terrible bad, as you know, and that Minywa crossing is filling up as fast as fast. May do another run or two with luck before the water falls, but don't you fret your gizzard if you don't see me for another six months.' 'Great Scott!' shouts Stevens, staring like a stuck pig out of the boat. 'You're not going to leave me here all the cold weather by myself!' 'That's about the size of it,' yells Walsh just as they got out of hearing; I never saw the old sinner so pleased in my

life before. He swears he could see Stevens's white face on the bank when they turned the corner three miles down the river."

"We shall have him down here overland before the month is over," said Sparrow, the Engineer, "on his knees to Smart praying to be taken away. It'll be a case of Trumble over again, you see. How you managed to stand it so long, Waring, I can't imagine. They really ought to send another European up there."

"So they're going to," observed Smart, the Deputy-Commissioner, from the depths of his chair. "I spoke about it the other day to Colonel Davys, and he said he'd see that a European Inspector was posted there without delay. Stevens knew that right enough, for I told him before he left. Friend Welsh must have been romancing."

"A European Inspector, dear me, to think of that! Nice society for you when you go back, Waring," said Heriot, the Forest-Officer, gazing serenely at the sky through his single eye-glass. He was a gaunt man with a clean-cut regular face and a sprinkling of grey in his dark hair. "To think of that!" he repeated softly. "Double dummy whenever you feel so inclined, and somebody to argue with and confute when you have one of your loquacious seizures on. You will like that, dear boy, won't you?"

"You bet," grunted the unsociable one, whose love of a rubber was as much a bye-word as his taciturnity, and a chorus of laughter was going round the chairs when the ladies of the Station appeared on the scene and brought the men to their feet. At their approach the habitual whist-players detached themselves from the throng and edged away, murmuring confidentially, to the club-house. Waring observed the manœuvre and for a moment was tempted to fly with

these kindred spirits; but, as he wavered, the consciousness came over him that some notable act was expected of him on his first day at Tatkin, and he decided to stop and face the fiery ordeal, which he reflected would have to be undergone in any case, sooner or later. Two of the three new comers he knew. Of Mrs. Sparrow, a large husky lady several years older than her gentle spouse, he preserved a vivid recollection; and his acquaintance with Mrs. Jones, a cheerful, black-eyed daughter of the country, who had recently been led to the altar by a serious young Inspector of Police, was of several years' standing. The third lady he had never seen before, but even had he not just learned that Smart's sister was staying with him, he would have had no difficulty in recognising her by the likeness she bore to her brother, who had just tramped solemnly off at the head of the whist-players. She had not his exceedingly *retroussé* nose, but the eyes and mouth (which were not Smart's worst features) were, as Waring had leisure during the next few minutes to observe, identical in brother and sister; and the way in which she carried her neat little well-poised head, on which Smart's ruddy locks were reproduced in a chastened shade of auburn, reminded him to the life of the sturdy Deputy-Commissioner. It seemed to Waring, as he took her slowly in, that this was certainly a personable young woman, and the general impression conveyed by her dainty exterior was quite in keeping with the other unexpectedly pleasurable sensations he had been experiencing since his arrival in Tatkin. He felt inclined to attribute his feelings, so far as Miss Smart was concerned, to his protracted absence from the softening influence of feminine intercourse; but at the same

time he could not blind himself to the fact that the other ladies of the Station were in his eyes every whit as uninteresting, and appealed to him as little, as when he had seen them last, two or three months before ; and this knowledge so impressed him that he took the earliest opportunity of asking Mrs. Jones, near whom he found himself standing, to introduce him to the Deputy-Commissioner's sister.

"Fancy your wanting to be introduced to anybody, Mr. Waring ; this is something quite new," giggled the dusky lady. However she performed the ceremony of introduction readily enough. "Miss Smart," she said. "Let me introduce you to Mr. Waring, the gentleman who has just arrived from Minmyo."

Miss Smart looked with a shy kindly smile towards the gentleman who had just arrived from Minmyo. She was sitting between Mullintosh and Heriot, listening with a meek resignation to the Police-Officer's vociferous utterances, and seemed glad enough of a diversion.

"How do you do, Mr. Waring ?" she said. "Won't you come and sit down here?" and she pointed to an unoccupied seat opposite her. "You arrived this morning, I believe, didn't you? You must find this a great change after Minmyo."

"A very great change," said Waring taking the proffered chair ; "and a very pleasant one," he added. A minute before the poor recluse had felt fountains of small talk spouting up within him, but now that he was placed in the sight of all beholders near the Deputy-Commissioner's sister, every conceivable topic of conversation faded treacherously from his mind and, to his dismay, he found himself staring hard at his boots with never a word to say, and with a terrible tingling perception that the assembled

company, marvelling at this unparalleled outburst of sociability on his part, were hanging on his lips. Through all, however, asserted itself a feeling that he could not possibly be less in his element than Heriot, who had hitherto been, like himself, consistent in his strict avoidance of ladies' society. It was a relief to him to find that Mullintosh was quite prepared to carry on the thread of conversation.

"Don't you believe him, Miss Smart," the Policeman was exclaiming. "He would go back to Minmyo to-morrow if he could. He's going to get a grant of land and settle down there when he retires."

"Is it such a delightful place, then?" asked Miss Smart.

"Oh it's not so bad when you're there," said Waring, still regarding his boots ; "wonderfully pretty and picturesque and all that, and not so very unhealthy at this time of year, but lonely of course."

"I've never been there," observed the Deputy-Commissioner's sister. "Of course I haven't had time yet to do more than see one or two places near here ; but Jack promised to take me to Minmyo during the cold weather. I should so much like to see how Mr. Stevens gets on up there. I can't imagine him by himself, poor young man, in a lonely District."

"Subdivision," corrected Mrs. Jones.

"Oh, Subdivision, is it? I never can distinguish between Districts and Subdivisions and Divisions. They all seem much the same to me."

"They're all different names for exactly the same thing really," said Mullintosh. "You pays your money and you takes your choice. You'll have to go up with the Deputy-Commissioner Sahib and cheer Stevens up, Miss Smart. He's terribly down in his luck, whatever your brother may say to the contrary."

"I should love to see the place," said the young lady addressed.

"Well, Miss Smart," drawled Heriot, "if I were you, and intended visiting Minmyo, I should send our poor young man timely notice, so that if, like some of his predecessors, he has designs on his own life, he may stay his hand till after you have been there."

"What do you mean? Don't be horrid! You don't really mean to say——"

"I mean to say," said Heriot, fixing his eye-glass with bland deliberation, "that the last man at Minmyo tried to—well—in fact, tried to make two young men happy."

"What two young men?"

"The men below him in the gradation list. It was his first year; there were only two."

"You mean that he tried to commit suicide?"

"Exactly, but failed. Nice young man he was too, but never could succeed in anything he put his hand to. He's Treasury-Officer in Tenasserim somewhere now."

"I don't believe you," exclaimed Ethel. "Is that true, Mr. Waring?" she added addressing the new arrival. "I never know when Mr. Heriot is speaking the truth."

"Perfectly true," Waring made answer.

"But—weren't you the last? I mean—it wasn't you, was it?"

"Of course it was," put in the irrepressible Mullintosh. "You can see the white scar under his chin still where he tried to cut his throat," and he pointed with a tragic gesture towards Waring, while Heriot lay back in his chair and polished his eye-glass deprecatingly. He was a trifle short-sighted and the joke was lost upon him.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Ethel; "that's the mark of Mr. Waring's

chin-strap, where the sun hasn't burnt him. What do you all mean?"

"It was my predecessor," said Waring; "a young chap fresh out from home. The solitude preyed on his mind, and——"

Miss Smart gave a little shudder. "Don't talk about it please," she said.

"But you say he didn't succeed?"

"No, he failed."

"How dreadful!"

"Quite true," said Heriot solemnly, "Really, when one considers that Trumble was an able-bodied man, and had a second-class dispensary and a whole battery of small arms at his disposal, *dreadful* is the only word one can use. One begins to despair of——"

"Reminds one of the old story about the duel between the Englishman and the Frenchman," said Mullintosh. "You've heard it, I suppose, Miss Smart? The one who threw lowest with the dice was to blow out his brains; Frenchman loses,—goes out of room,—sound of shot heard—you must know the story; Frenchman comes back presently and apologises. 'Pardon,' he says; I have had ze misfortune to miss myself."

"You've no right to joke about so serious a matter," exclaimed Miss Smart. "It's very wrong, Mr. Heriot," and she turned indignantly to the individual named, who with his eye-glass focussed and his head slightly on one side, was carefully scrutinising an imaginary crack in his polo-stick.

"My dear Miss Smart," he replied, "far be it from me to joke about anything so serious. I am as concerned as you are yourself at Mr. Mullintosh's flippancy."

"Oh you are quite incorrigible; you can talk nothing but nonsense to-day," cried the girl, rising as in desperation, though her mouth twitched indulgently. "Mrs. Sparrow, do you

feel inclined to come to the club and look at the papers?"

And they all with one accord rose and wandered slowly towards the rickety bamboo shanty that did duty as a club at Tatkin. As they fared over the hard sun-dried turf Waring felt his arm grasped by Mullintosh, and the two fell back into the rear of the party.

"Easy on, old man," exclaimed the Policeman. "I'm as stiff as a poker after the polo, and that old wound in my leg is bothering me again. I can't walk as fast as these young things; give me an arm, will you?"

They dropped behind and presently Mullintosh thrust his red face up to Waring's. "Do you see 'em?" he asked with a chuckle, indicating by a motion of his head Miss Smart, who, despite her invitation to Mrs. Sparrow, was walking apart both from that lady and the rest of the little company with Heriot by her side.

"Yes," said Waring.

"Come out, hasn't he, since you saw him last?"

"Perhaps."

"Sweet on him as she can be," pursued the Policeman inconsequently.

"Is she?"

"Yes; you must have noticed it. Lazy sarcastic beast, doesn't care a bit for her, I can see. Funny, for she's not a bad 'un, take her all round."

"Ah!" said Waring.

"Not a little bit. Funny go, altogether."

"Oh!" said Waring.

CHAPTER III.

It generally surprises the reflective traveller, for whose information life up-country has been exhaustively summed up in Rangoon as an existence wholly devoid of material comforts, to learn, on penetrating north-

ward, what degrees of up-countriness there are, and how much everything, even in the more remote and outlandish tracts of Upper Burmah, goes by comparison. This knowledge is anything but new to the residents of the interior. Those who have sat on a camp-stool and eaten off the lid of an office-box for a month together, understand what it is to look upon a table, even when guiltless of a cloth, as almost a luxury, and an easy chair, though of the roughest, as savouring of voluptuousness; but even for the habitual dweller in the wilderness the ample variation in the standards of comfort up-country brings with it at times a sort of mild surprise. Fastidious lowlanders, fresh from the delights and dissipations of Rangoon, were wont to scoff not a little at the sight of the unkempt exterior of the Tatkin club; yet it seemed to Waring, even while he clambered the rickety stair to the verandah and saw the undulations of the floor quiver before him, that the building was an amazingly respectable erection, and he could only marvel now that he should ever have regarded it so slightly as he did on his first arrival from Lower Burmah. Mullintosh still hung heavily on his arm as he followed on the skirts of the little party from the polo-ground, and, when the club was reached, was not long in guiding his footsteps to the bar, behind which two dingy Madrassis in faded raiment flitted to and fro, sustaining with whiskey and soda-water and dubious cocktails the male portion of the community. The tropical night had set swiftly in, and the whitewashed walls, lit up but meagrely by a poor half dozen lamps, were yet bright and enticing after the outer gloom. Those of the men who were not playing whist were for the most part grouped in the proximity of the bar, engaged in desultory talk. Beyond

them, in the little reading-room, the ladies, with a few of their immediate followers, might have been seen gathered round a wooden table littered with a wealth of periodicals, for the most part illustrated, of ancient date. At these a casual glance was from time to time thrown; but here, snatches of conversation, rather more subdued, though in no wise less animated than in the quarter monopolised by the men, was a sign to the initiated that the weekly mail, with its budget of newspapers, had not yet arrived. Heriot was there, still at Miss Smart's elbow, and the recollection of Mullintosh's words, as they were on their way to the club, invested Waring's gaze in the direction of the couple in the reading-room with newly-awakened interest. To the average observer it would certainly have seemed as though what the Policeman had said about the girl was true. She was sitting at the table, playing listlessly with the leaves of *THE GRAPHIC* on which her gaze was bent; but though her eyes were on the printed page her mind was elsewhere, for at each fresh remark of Heriot's there was a light on her face, brighter than any that the lamps could cast. Even Waring, unskilled as he was to read the subtle language of the lip and eye, could see that every word that issued from the mouth of the keen-faced man who sat, tenderly stroking his riding-boots, at her side was more to Miss Smart than she would probably have cared to confess. Whether or not Heriot justified the strictures indulged in by Mullintosh in his regard it was impossible for Waring to say. It was clear that though he made no effort to cultivate it, he did not dislike the girl's society; but beyond this nothing could have been divined of his feelings and thoughts by a judge far more astute than the new arrival from Minmyo. Waring's essay to plumb

the depths of the Forest-Officer's impassive face failed utterly, and as he turned his puzzled gaze away he caught Mullintosh's eye, which was momentarily obscured by a wink of profound comprehension. The burly Policeman had seated himself at a small round table close to the bar with a long tumbler in front of him, and had also been looking at the enigmatic pair. He raised his glass to Waring as a gleam of intelligence shot across the latter's face, and as he replaced it empty on the table, winked again with even more meaning than before.

The Treasury-Officer turned away, with an involuntary smile, to Sparrow, and at the request of that admirable officer plunged into a description of the state of the Minmyo village bridge, which had been built a few years before by local labour and at an absurdly low rate under the supervision of the headman, and had, in the opinion of pitying experts, been in a parlous condition for the past six months. The Executive Engineer, who had a fine professional contempt for the structure, and would only refer to it in compassionate "demi-officials" and in casual conversation at the club, had had the materials for a noble Departmental bridge on his hands for nearly a year, and was a trifle perturbed to learn from Waring what vitality the existing erection still possessed. Disappointed in this regard, he soon guided the conversation with unofficial directness to other more promising non-Departmental works in the Subdivision, and presently Waring found that the first rubber was over and that Smart had joined them from the whist-room.

"Dine with us to-night, Waring, will you?" said the Deputy-Commissioner. "Eight o'clock sharp," and his invitation having been accepted with almost equal brevity, he passed on

briskly into the reading-room and in a minute or two had gathered his sister to him and departed, a sturdy, strenuous figure, into the darkness.

Heriot rose languidly as his fair companion was swept away and approached the bar, after a deliberate survey through his glass of the company assembled. He stopped in front of Waring and looked at him for a moment in silence. "Have another drink, Waring?" he said presently. "No? Well, come and dress for dinner, then."

"I'm dining at Smart's this evening," replied Waring.

"I know; I heard Smart say so. I'm dining there myself to-night, and I was told to see that you were not late."

"Why should they think I was going to be late?"

"I told them you would be. I said you hadn't unpacked or settled down yet."

"I like your cheek. My boy is unpacking now; I shall be ready as soon as you are, you see. Come along."

"Where are you sneaking off to, Waring?" exclaimed Mullintosh as the two, on their way to the door, passed him at his table.

"I'm off to dress for dinner."

"Rubbish! You've heaps of time still. Dinner's not till a quarter past eight. You must have another gin and bitters before you go."

"I'm dining with Smart," explained Waring.

"Oh, you are, are you? Then go, my son, in peace, and try and behave yourself. Is Heriot dining there too?"

"Yes."

"You don't say so! No fun for you then. Take care of him, and don't let him stop too long."

"Fine delicately-minded individual that," observed Heriot grimly as the two stepped out of the club, and no

further word was spoken until they reached the Civil Mess, which housed under its sombre shingled roof nearly the whole of the bachelor portion of the little community.

It has been asserted, by those in India who are qualified to form an opinion, that a transfer from one Station to another is ordinarily as disastrous, from a pecuniary point of view, as a fire; and in the case of married officers, and of those of the unmarried to whom real comfort is essential, there is a good deal of truth in the assertion. For the average bachelor in the East, however, a move does not usually have so calamitous an effect. Certainly there was nothing in Waring's rooms to show that his transfer was at all likely to prejudice him financially. His quarters in the Civil Mess consisted of two rooms, an office in front, and a bedroom behind. In the former stood a solid teak-wood table, covered with a gaudy native cloth, two of a trio of rickety, unvarnished, cane-bottomed chairs, a rattan lounge, and a book-case. The centre of the latter was occupied by a camp-bedstead, decked with well-patched mosquito-curtains and flanked by the third of the chairs, equally with the others in an advanced state of decrepitude. The blank teak face of one of the bedroom-walls was partly hidden by a jail-made wardrobe, and close to this straddled a collapsible washing-stand. Beyond this the quarters were bare of furniture. The bed, washing-stand, and lounge Waring had brought with him from Minmyo, and they had formed a modest load for the single able-bodied cooly who had carried them up from the steamer. The balance of the fittings he had purchased for the sum of thirty rupees from Stevens, to whom he had made over all his non-portable belongings at Minmyo for a sum slightly in excess of the above.

A smoky wall-lamp was burning in the bedroom when Waring entered, to find his boy, a sleek shifty Madrassi, resplendent in a scarlet and gold *puggree*, emptying his boxes of their contents, already knee-deep in a welter of *kharki* clothing, flannel shirts, cigars, enamelled ironware and books, from which some kind genius had prompted him to extract the where-withal to array his master for dinner; and in a reasonably short space of time Waring was ready.

On strolling round to Heriot's quarters in order to show that his unpacking had not interfered with his dressing, he found the owner lying at full length on his camp-bed being shampooed by one of his Burman boys, while the other was languidly inserting a set of gold studs in a white shirt, stopping every now and then to indulge in a furtive puff at a fat white cheroot that lay on the floor beside him.

"Not time to start yet," observed Heriot slowly opening his eyes as Waring bore down upon him from his office. "Ten minutes more and I'll be ready. That'll do, Shwe Hlaw. Now then, Po San, give me that shirt, if you've quite finished pawing it about. Throw that cheroot away, you fool; you'll be dirtying the front. Sit down, Waring; I'll be ready in a moment."

Waring did not sit down, but prowled silently about the room with his hands in his waistcoat pockets (he was not used to waistcoats) while Heriot's toilet was being completed, glancing now at the two Burmans as they struggled with their master's raiment, now at the nick-nacks that decorated the walls and tables. There was an air of comfort about the room, which contrasted strongly with the bareness he had left behind him at the further end of the mess-house. The furniture was better in quality

than what is ordinarily met with in bachelors' quarters in Upper Burmah. There were *dhurries* on the plank floor and a picture or two on the walls; a trophy of red-tufted Chin spears hung near the door, which was draped with a brilliant green and yellow Indian *purdah*, and the dressing-table and a writing-table near the window were covered with photographs of young men and maidens, the latter preponderating. It was before one of these last that Waring stopped, after a short perambulation, to give vent to the first remark that he had vouchsafed since he entered the room. Heriot's head was in his shirt when Waring spoke, his arms were working convulsively, and he had to have the question repeated to him after he had emerged rustling.

"I asked you who that was," said Waring. He pointed, as he spoke, to the portrait which had attracted his attention. It was the photograph of a delicately featured girl with fine eyes, a weak mouth and an exquisite neck, which showed to advantage against a dark background and a still darker evening-dress.

Heriot wrestled awhile in silence with a stubborn neck-stud. "It is a Miss Dudley Devant," he said presently. "Po San, my white tie. How often have I told you, you yellow-faced baboon, that you're not to keep your private store of *pice* in my collar-box? Take them away."

"Dudley Devant," said Waring musingly; "where have I heard that name recently?" But Heriot made no attempt to help him and he was left to ransack the recesses of his memory in vain. It could hardly, he pondered, have been mentioned to him at Minmyo. He had seen no one there to speak of, for months, and he could recall the details of all the conversations he had had there in which the name of the girl with the

long white neck could possibly have occurred. Nor had any one referred to it in his presence since his arrival at Tatkin. And yet for all that before his eyes stood the words *Dudley Devant, Muriel—No—Millicent Dudley Devant*. He was certain now that he had seen them before,—seen them, not heard them. It might have been in a newspaper; it must have been,—and yet——

Heriot slipped into his coat and the two descended the steps and strolled across to where the lights of the Deputy - Commissioner's bungalow shone in the distance. The air was warm and still; the new moon was

setting dreamily down behind the dark line of western hills, and the whole atmosphere throbbed with the melody of the cicadas. One of Heriot's Burman boys was plodding in front of them along the dusty track swinging a hurricane-lantern, the light from which shone fitfully on the black and white of their evening-dress, assumed in Miss Smart's honour.

"Not Millicent Dudley Devant," said Waring suddenly.

"To be sure," said Heriot; and then after a pause he added, "How the devil did you know?"

But Waring could not enlighten him.

(To be continued.)

GEORGE THOMSON.¹

RESPECTABILITY is not itself a title to fame, and if George Thomson had been only the "highly respectable" man that Mr. Henley says he was, the dust upon his career might very well have lain unswept. But he was more than that. A man of enthusiasm, his life-long pursuit of one idea, and his dexterous bearing as self-appointed taskmaster of all the poets of his day, constitute a claim to a certain distinction. As it is, his name reflects but a pale glimmer from the glory of Robert Burns. The work of his life was merely wasted: his much-vaunted collection of Scottish song is laid on the topmost shelf; but it was through him that some of the best-esteemed of Burns's songs were written, and his biography bears for indispensable apology on the title-page, *the friend of Burns*. His connection with Burns is an old story. All the world knows how the poet, a week before his death, with the needless horror of jail before his eyes, besought Thomson "for God's sake" to send him £5, and how Thomson, sending that sum, was thereafter castigated by burly Christopher North for not sending more. The ill-odour of that transaction has hung about Thomson's name ever since; successive editors of Burns having passed on without enquiry the tradition that Thomson stinted his helpers while himself luxuriating on fat profits. It was reserved for his present, who is also his first, biographer, to dissipate the slander once for all. But even that act of piety would scarcely

justify a biography, and it is Thomson's dealings with Scott, Byron, Campbell, Beethoven, and other composers and poets (not to mention poetasters) of his time which vindicate the present volume. Their correspondence throws some new light on their own characters, on Thomson's methods as editor, and on what can only be called his manufactory of Scottish song.

Born in 1757, son of a poor Scots schoolmaster, George Thomson lived for ninety-four years and never belied his parentage. His father's salary was £9 a year, which, eked out with parish doles in relief, ending in ten shillings to help to bury his wife, disgusted him of his trade and sent him questing to Edinburgh. There he became a messenger-at-arms and forthwith disappears. Of George's early years we know nothing. Being a Scots boy, he had a decent education, and at seventeen he entered the office of a Writer to the Signet. Six years afterwards he obtained a junior clerkship in the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, and in their office he spent fifty-nine years, rising by steps till he became chief clerk. His commencing salary was £40, on which, incredible as it seems, he married. He was thirty-seven before his wages touched £100; thirty years later he was earning £300, and when he retired on full pay at the age of eighty-two, the amount was £420. These particulars are of vital importance in his story.

His life was mainly uneventful; but there are one or two incidents which lend colour to the prevailing

¹ GEORGE THOMSON, THE FRIEND OF BURNS: HIS LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE; by J. Cuthbert Hadden. London, 1898.

drab. Once he came to loggerheads with the law. One evening, when his children were entertaining a dancing party, a curmudgeonly bachelor named Balvaïrd living in the flat below, irritated by the clatter of heels, sent up his maid to negotiate its cessation. With original malice, or repeating a choleric chance word of her master, she told the respectable Thomson to his face that his house was no better than what, for the sake of good manners, we will call a house of ill-fame, and was forthwith speedily ejected. Balvaïrd then sent for the police, who threatened to carry Thomson and the whole party to the watch-house if the dancing was not discontinued by ten o'clock. Thomson was unwise enough not to forget this petty squabble by the next morning. He brought two actions-at-law, one against the maid-servant for breach of the peace and slander, the other against the police-sergeant for unlawful entry. He lost them both. Then he wrote and printed a pamphlet reviewing the judge's decision, which was answered by Balvaïrd, and this paper duel might have gone on for years had not the judge been scared into resigning. On the copy of Thomson's pamphlet in the British Museum one "H. C." has pilloried the judge as "a hot-headed blockhead who . . . was lucky to get £300 a year to give up his office." Mr. Hadden's suggestion that this H. C. was Henry, Lord Cockburn, who some years later was undoubtedly a close friend of Thomson, is almost certainly right; but Cockburn's endorsement was hardly needed to justify Thomson against the "block-head" and his subordinates.

In his sixty-second year Thomson went on a visit to the continent. He wrote an account of it in a series of letters to his wife, stiff, matter-of-fact letters for the most part, in

simple language and formal phrase, with but rarely a touch of humour. Once and again we get a bit of vivid description, of which the account of his journey from Havre to Rouen may serve as a specimen. It was made, he says :

In the most clumsy wagon-like Diligence I ever saw, drawn by five horses harness'd with ropes, three in the front, and two in the rear, on one of which last sits the postillion, with powder'd hair, tied and bobbing at the neck of his short jacket all the way, his legs in a pair of immense jack-boots, and armed with a tremendous whip, in short the identical *La Fleur* of *Sterne* to a tittle. Away went he as if the Devil were at his heels, and no man could bestir himself more continually: he was not a moment idle, but kept wheezing, ge-hoing, sacré-dieu-ing, scolding, and using his whip in the most extraordinary style, seldom striking, but every crack (of which he gave a thousand at least) was like the sound of a pistol, and made the little horses throw out their legs as fast as those in our mail-coach service. . . . Off he sets with the same restless disposition and amusing jabber: nothing stops him, for there is not a sou demanded from passengers till the end of the day, not a toll on the road, and instead of tippling at every public-house, as our drivers are so much in the practice of doing, not a single stop did any of the *La Fleur* family make during the journey.¹

More than once he draws a contrast between French manners and our own. There are no disgusting sights in the streets of Paris, and while he cannot believe there is any more virtue, "there is infinitely more decorum." For the rest, he takes his pleasure at the Opera, where he notes that the acting is as good as the singing: he ranges the picture-galleries of Paris and Antwerp; he admires the Haarlem organ and reproves the "ill-bred Dutch coofs" who put on their hats at the sermon;

¹ This passage is taken from one of Thomson's letters not quoted by Mr. Hadden.

and in the end confesses that he has seen "nothing in the slightest degree comparable to mine own romantic town," whither he returns to pursue his hobby.

For Thomson had a hobby. He played the violin, and indulged a general taste for music, being a regular attendant at those Gentlemen's Concerts of which we get a hint in *GUY MANNERING*, and singing in the choruses of Handel's and Haydn's oratorios. "Many were the times and oft," he says, "I have sung myself hoarse as a raven at 'Wretched Lovers!' 'Behold the Monster, Polypheme,' &c. I almost wept for sweet Galatea when the amorous giant hurled a rock at the head of her beloved Acis, and deaved [deafened] the whole house with my din, singing the sorrows of the young lovers." But most of all he delighted in the Scottish songs as sung by Tenducci and Signora Corri; and one fine day a tricky sprite whispered him to collect the songs of his country, purging the words of any grossness, and fitting the tunes with "accompaniments worthy of their merit." This ambitious task occupied him for half a century. At first he had coadjutors, but his resolution soaring too high a pitch, they fell off, and one drowned himself in the Forth.

Thomson's audacity was astonishing. A junior clerk at £100 a year, married and bountifully blessed by Lucina, he single-handed sought to purchase or cajole the aid of the most illustrious poets and composers of the day, offering magnificently to pay them "any reasonable sum they might demand," and actually paying the composers, at any rate, considerable sums. How he found the money is inexplicable, and his biographer, who is the first to make known his precise financial position, does not attempt to explain it.

From the first Thomson was de-

termined to make his collection a classic. Alike in music and in words his songs were to be perfection, "an honour to his name to the latest posterity." The best contemporary musicians were asked to supply accompaniments to the airs, and the best contemporary poets to replace with chaste verses, that should call no blush "to the cheek of the most virtuous maiden," the indecent rhymes to which many of the tunes were vulgarly sung. He failed, and into the causes of his failure I need not enter here. Let it suffice that after long travail he recognised his failure, and did not bemoan it beyond reason. When one of his lesser versifiers printed an ode in his honour, in which he sang Thomson as the partner of Burns in glory and an equal heiritor with Shakespeare and Scott, Thomson bade him "for God's sake get the sixth verse cancelled." He showed chagrin only when rival collections were more successful than his own. Then he poured out unmeasured scorn and contumely on the "wretched doggrel," the "mangling of good verses, for what purpose Heaven knows, unless to please absolute fools," perpetrated "under the auspices of some canting old maids," whose "paltry collection is filled with the most vulgar rants ever chanted by the lowest rabble," who "have castrated all the songs in which the dangerous word *kiss* occurs," and whose editor is "a silly, tasteless, canting old seceder."

I must touch very briefly on his relations with Burns. He applied to him, early in his operations, for words to fit some of the tunes, offering to pay any reasonable price for them. Burns at once agreed to write some verses, but absolutely refused pay. When Thomson by and by spontaneously sent him a £5 note, he said that the present degraded him in his own

eyes: "As to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear by that Honour which crowns the upright statue of Robert Burns's integrity—on the least motion of it I will indignantly spurn the by-past transaction, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you." To another friend he said, "I'll be d—d if ever I write for money." These facts, joined with others, here for the first time brought to light, enable the biographer to make complete answer to those who have charged Thomson with taking mean advantage of Burns. He proves that when Thomson sent the dying poet the £5 which Wilson declared ought to have been more, he had actually to borrow the money. And the pages of this book furnish ample evidence that Thomson was always anxious to pay, or in some way reward his helpers, and was indeed persistent after direct rebuffs. When balked of making direct payment, Thomson sought to reward his contributors by presents of napery or muslins, pictures, books, snuff-boxes, whatever they most affected; and these must have cost money, unless perhaps the damasks and muslins were perquisites that fell to him as clerk to the Board. Even presents were not always acceptable, as Thomson found in his dealings with Joanna Baillie. That good woman, who would be called always plain *Joanna* without prefix, accepted from him a small shawl; but when he sent her a new edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays in fourteen volumes she returned them post-haste, reproaching him for causing her so much pain. Years later, when he talked of sending her Flaxman's illustrations of the *Iliad*, she peremptorily forbade him, hinting that another such offer would forfeit her friendship. The truth is, they one and all regarded Thomson's work in the light of a patriotic undertaking,

and gave him their verses with the utmost goodwill.

Thomson had but one way of approaching the writers whose aid he wished to enlist,—the way of undisguised, and even unctuous flattery. He kept a keen eye open for the rising stars in poetry; when he saw one, he professed to fall down and worship. He applied to Scott within a month of the publication of *THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL*. In the same year he begged songs of Moore, "in consequence of the very great delight I have received from the perusal of your exquisitely beautiful lyrics . . . there is scarcely a person in the kingdom to whom I could with so much propriety urge my request." "No son of the Muses," he assures Sir Alexander Boswell, "is able to match the lively airs with the felicity that runs through your humorous songs." The publication of *CHILDE HAROLD* produced an application to Byron, in making which he expressed his admiration for his lordship's lyrics, and begged that he would write some verses "for the Muse's sake," adding that his courage had repeatedly failed until his solicitude for what was best made him bold to address so great a man. Perhaps the oddest occasion for making his stereotyped request is found in relation to William Tennant, who had applied through Thomson for an appointment in a public office. He was unsuccessful, and Thomson, in returning his testimonials, consoled him by the offer of a place in his collection, ending with the queer compliment: "I am sure you can be eccentric, novel, and natural, and these are the qualities which are sure to please."

Thomson's applications were rarely altogether fruitless; when he got no verses he got letters which are sometimes quite as interesting. Byron was his greatest failure. He promised to fit words to some of the airs, but

having kept Thomson waiting for eighteen months, he then sent him a civil letter, explaining that though he really had tried to versify, he had found the task too difficult. "A bad song," he said, "would only disgrace beautiful music. I know that I could rhyme for you, but not produce anything worthy of your publication. . . . You will not suspect me of caprice nor want of inclination." When he wrote this, my lord was on the point of starting for the Doncaster races. Campbell's odd, but not unprecedented, excuse for breaking a promise was that he had married a wife, and he described his new state in terms of natural history: "The Aurelian insect has not more ado to poke his little antennæ and forepaws out of the shell, in order to gain his new state of existence, than a poor bachelor has to get out of his celibacy, and flutter about in his wedding suit. The one bursts into light and liberty, but the other!—It is too soon, however, to moralise before the honeymoon is over." Still more amusing perhaps is a letter of Moore's, in which, after making a promise (never fulfilled) to write verses for some airs he stigmatises as "particularly flippant and uninteresting," he proceeds, in reference to the onslaught on his *EPISTLES, ODES, AND POEMS*, in *THE EDINBURGH REVIEW*: "I was agreeably disappointed by the article on my volume of poems. There is all the malignity which I expected, but not half the sting; and I hope I shall always be lucky enough to have such dull prosing antagonists. Will it be too much trouble for you to answer me a question by return of post? Does Mr. Jeffrey (one of the persons mentioned in the Review) reside in Edinburgh; and is he there at present?" No one would suspect that this simple and ingenuous question was the little man's overture to

—that ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his
eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood
laughing by.

Though the poets were in general so ready to undertake song-writing for Thomson, they often needed a great deal of urging before they fulfilled their promises, and then were rather ashamed of the verses they wrote. Scott refers to his "tawdry stanzas," which (with fine disregard of grammar) "are not the sort of thing one solemnly puts their name to." In sending some verses Lockhart writes: "I am quite sensible that they are bad, but I can do no better. . . . I trust you will be careful not to mention my name as connected with it *to anybody whatever*." Boswell was more plain-spoken than Thomson liked. He had already hurt the fastidious editor's feelings by telling him that "people in general don't care *what* the words are, if they have words at all; anything will do to sing"; and when Thomson sent him airs that required verses of a somewhat intricate metre, he wrote that his task had "become more that of a stonecutter than a poet," and that he did not like "the name of the author to be stuck at the top in such tremendous letters." The only writers who seem to have really enjoyed their work for Thomson were the smaller fry, Hogg, Moir (*Delta*), David Vedder, and the rest. Hogg writes one day that he has "just dashed down a song on the slate while the carrier is engaged at his dinner," and, with his usual vanity, assures Thomson that he will find it "devilish clever and spirited." But even Hogg was sometimes out of patience with the business. "I am plagued and disgusted," he says in one letter, "with the measures you bind me to, which are neither hexameter, iambic, nor any measure that ever was heard of. Why in the world

should you measure a modern song by the rude strains of a former age which no poetical ear can ever read, however much they may suit for singing?" This lets us into the secret of some of Thomson's difficulties. He could never understand that there was any trouble in fitting new words to an old tune, though frequently his correspondents could make nothing of the tunes he sent them. Some of them, like Scott, had the radical defects of an unmusical ear and ignorance of music, and it is not surprising that these sometimes sent him heroics where octosyllables, and dactyls where cretics were required. But his main difficulties sprang from his own extraordinary notions of delicacy and of literary quality. In his first letter to Burns he wrote: "One thing only I beg, which is, that however gay and sportive the Muse may be, she will always be decent. Let her not write what beauty would blush to speak, nor wound that charming delicacy which forms the most precious dowry of our daughters." That spirit animated him through the whole of his editorial labours. He insisted on the colouring being "not too warm, please," and had no scruple about altering anything which he considered to show that defect. One of these too luscious words, notwithstanding what he had said about the canting old maids, was *kiss*! Thomson was much exercised about that simple little song beginning "Gin a body meet a body." The terrible third line, "Gin a body kiss a body," was too much for him, and he told his woe to David Moir, begging him to try his hand at an emendation. Moir very properly characterised the meddling as profanation, but since he knew that ladies would not sing about kissing, he produced the following stanza:

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,

Should a body on a body
Gloom in passing by?

This did not please Thomson, who substituted for the last two lines:

Gin a body like a body
Should she pass him by?

which leaves it entirely undecided what she might do if she stayed. But even this brilliant effort is eclipsed by his performance with *BLOOMING NELLY*. The last stanza of that amorous ditty runs thus:

As flies the partridge from the brake
On fear-inspired wings,
So Nelly starting, half awake,
Away affrighted springs;
'But Willie followed—as he should;
He overtook her in the wood;
He vow'd, he pray'd; he found the
maid
Forgiving all and good.

The last four lines, said Thomson, would drive the ladies from the drawing-room, and he begged David Vedder to pen him a substitute. Vedder replied: "I find it impossible to improve the last four lines of the stanza and retain the first four. So therefore the whole eight lines must be lopped off the song and a new stanza written. It is the more necessary, as it looks rather daft-like for a lassie to run like a wild hare into the wood for *protection*, when she ought rather to have run to the nearest cottage. . . Here is my notion of how the song should end:

With trembling limbs and fluttering
breast
The beauteous maid awoke;
And morning ne'er on mountain crest
With half the splendour broke.
But love sat throned in Willie's eye,
And honour breathed in every sigh;
She, void of guile, vouchsafed a smile
Which empires could not buy.

I fondly hope this new stanza will enable the ladies to warble one of the

finest lyrics in existence." Vedder's lines, with their bold image and their insistence on the excellent intentions of man and maid, might have been expected to please Thomson; but he replied: "Your proposed concluding stanza for 'Nelly' is very clever, but you take away too much of the charming original. We dare not touch the simile of the partridge: 'twould be deemed sacrilegious. . . . On my pillow the other morning I thought of turning the stanza as follows:

As flies the partridge from the brake
On fear-inspired wings,
So Nelly starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs.
But Willie soon stood by her side,
For Cupid is a speedy guide;
He vow'd, he pray'd; he found the
maid
Content to be his bride."

This produced the following lively rejoinder from Vedder: "Will you pardon me if I speak my mind? I know you will. Then be it known to you, on the faith and honour of a versifier, your amendment will never do. Boreas with his blasts, Neptune with his waves, Venus with her smiles, Diana with her staghounds, Minerva with her wisdom, and (above all) Cupid with his darts, have all been laid in the Red Sea by that great conjuror Taste and the concurrence of mankind generally; and who may invoke them or allude to them with impunity?—None. Moreover, when we select an individual to guide us anywhere, we do not so much care for a 'speedy' guide as a safe one. Now all the namby-pambyists, from Elkanah Settle downwards, have agreed that there is not a more dangerous personage in existence than this same Cupid. Then, though he may be speedy he is not safe; ergo should not be trusted. Now then there is nothing under heaven more

tame than 'Content to be his bride.' So all things considered, 'tis better to let it remain on the borders of *double entendre* than substitute anything tame." In the end Thomson showed unusual restraint. He pencilled on Vedder's letter: "On mature consideration I decide that we must not, dare not, alter the original."

Apart from this deference to Mrs. Grundy, Thomson's critical judgments were so perverse and wooden that one wonders how his correspondents kept their tempers. Charles Dickens married his granddaughter; and the only reference to the novelist in Thomson's letters is the following on the AMERICAN NOTES: "Dickens has made a sad exposition of the filthy practice of spitting in America. I should think he has demolished it, and if so he has done them an important service." His mind was an amazing combination of shrewdness and stupidity. He saw clearly enough that simplicity is the prime requisite in a song; but of sense of rhythm, propriety, fitness of word to idea, he discovers nothing whatever. Yet he took on himself to examine "critically and at leisure" what his poets sent him, and was always ready to point out a careless line, an obscure word, an incongruous idea: "The wren," he said, "will often see what has been overlooked by the eagle." In his first letter to Scott, the very letter in which he asked his assistance, he "took the liberty" to remark that the phrase "glories of shade" in Scott's DYING BARD was objectionable, as conveying "incongruous ideas." Elsewhere he declares that *hight* is hopelessly obsolete, that *all-telling* is a more suitable word than the homely *describing*, and suggests *vestment* for *mantle*, and *raging plague* for *pestilence*; and in every case the context confirms the testimony of the ear that he is wrong. Yet niggling of

this sort rarely provoked his correspondents. Here and there one can read between the lines that they thought him a bore, but the strongest remonstrance we can find is a sentence of Boswell's: "You must not be too fastidious, or I succumb." True, his suggestions were not always accepted, and Joanna Baillie sometimes argued the point with spirit and humour. He had objected to an allusion in one of her songs to lakes in Wales; "We must just hope," was her answer, "that a good proportion of our readers will be as ignorant or thoughtless as I was when I wrote it." He says that the lines,

The rarest things to light of day
Look shortly forth, and shrink away,

are obscure, to which she retorts: "A degree of obscurity is allowed in poetry, and I will with your permission shelter myself under this privilege." But none of his poets suffered in this respect what Burns suffered. Two of his lines,

The world's wrack we share o't,
The warsle and the care o't,

were transformed by Thomson into,

Though world's care we share o't,
And may sae meikle mair o't,

with obvious detriment to the sense and the poetry. Even a stanza matchless in its simple pathos does not escape this blundering hand.

When wild war's deadly blast is blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning:

so Burns wrote, and this incorrigible dunderpate turns tears to giggles with,

And eyes again with pleasure beam'd
That had been blear'd wi' mourning.

After this, a small man would have laid on the cudgel; Burns only wrote: "I cannot alter the disputed lines; what you think a defect I esteem as a positive beauty." No one will say him nay.

We have no space to discuss Thomson's relations with the composers, Pleyel, Hummel, Beethoven (Triton among these minnows) and the rest, though these relations fill not the least interesting pages of an interesting and well-written book. Mr. Hadden has made the most of the somewhat sparse records of Thomson's life available, and added much curious information on music and musicians in Edinburgh a century ago. In his summing-up of Thomson's character he has shown himself perhaps too patient of the man's tiresome pedantries and overpowering respectability; but since he comes, not to bury Thomson but in some sort to resuscitate him, a gentle and warm hand is the just appliance. He has done good service to the memory of an honest man by clearing away the age-long suspicions of his unfeeling parsimony towards Burns; and since Thomson lives only by his connection with Burns, that is well.

GEORGE H. ELY.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER IN TIRAH.

BY ONE WHO SERVED WITH HIM.

THE Khyber has always been to Englishmen a place of ill-repute, rivalling in its gloomy associations the Black Hole of Calcutta or the Well of Cawnpore; and never did any place appear to me to deserve an evil reputation more truly than the famous Pass as I first saw it one bleak stormy day at the end of last year. The gaunt bare mountains, crowned with grey clouds of mist, looked more than ever huge and frowning, while at every turn of the winding road the wind dashed the sleet and rain into our faces, sending us shivering at each halt to get what shelter we might under the lee of some friendly boulder. Scarcely a mile but we passed some burned-out fort or gutted block-house, silently reproaching us for having left them so long in undisturbed possession of the Afridis, their blackened ruins looking strangely appropriate to the wild scenery around them.

We were marching up the Khyber as part of a force destined to clear the Pass and reopen the trade-route to Afghanistan, and knowing that, at best, our occupation must last several months, we regarded the country through which we were travelling with very mixed feelings. Hitherto we had been marching through an enemy's country, had razed his towers and fortifications, and had felt the pride of knowing that we had been where no white man had ever set foot before. Now we were in what is practically British territory, marching along a road which the Government of India is pledged to keep open and in good repair, while all round us were

our own forts and strongholds in absolute ruin.

As we descended to the open space above the Khyber stream, where we were to encamp, just below the historic fort of Ali Musjid, we began to realise the damage done us by the Afridis. The caravanserai, in peace-time crowded twice a week with the heavily laden caravans passing between India and Afghanistan, no longer existed. The barracks of the Khyber Rifles were in ruins; and of the fort itself little remained but the outer walls and towers, too solid to be destroyed without dynamite. In fact throughout the whole length of the British Khyber from Lundi Kotal to Fort Maude, almost under the noses of our guns at Jamrud, a determined attempt had been made to wipe out every trace of English authority. There was not an Englishman in the force which entered the Pass that day who did not understand what the effect on the whole Frontier would be if we were to fail to inflict condign punishment on the tribes for such an act of daring insolence.

Later, when we had settled down to our routine work of occupation, kept busy with daily and nightly picquets, escorting convoys, and foraging parties, the Khyber began to appear a more tolerable place of residence; yet few of us ever quite overcame our first impression of the Pass, and most of us will always consider it one of the least pleasant places to which the fortune of war took us during the Tirah Expedition. Of all the enemies we had to contend

with there, the wind was by far the worst. The Khyber Pass is so shaped that at Ali Musjid even the lightest breeze becomes a hurricane. At the spot where we were encamped the Pass widens slightly so as to form a circular basin almost entirely shut in by towering mountains. Out of this basin the road passes to the north just below the fort of Ali Musjid, and enters a narrow gorge some two miles long, which in its turn opens out into what may be described as almost a plain. This plain, the home of the Khyber Zakha Khels, is thickly dotted with villages, and the land, being very fertile, is all under cultivation. It is some five miles in length, about three miles across at its widest part, and ends eventually in Lundi Kotal Fort, our most northerly post in the Khyber. The prevailing wind in the Pass is from the north-east, and, chilled by the snows of Afghanistan, it comes pouring down the Ali Musjid gorge gaining strength with every yard of its advance, till, by the time it reached our camping-ground, the mild breezes of Lundi Kotal had become a howling gale, defying the warmest clothing or the stoutest tent. In fact, had we been encamped in the mouth of an enormous bassoon, with a giant trying the full force of his lungs at the other end, we could not have fared worse. We tried every device to obtain a little shelter, surrounding ourselves with stone walls, burying our tent-pegs under rocks, weighting the skirts of the tents with piles of stones, but all to no purpose. The wind, cannoning against the mountain-sides, seemed to come from every quarter at once, and when, as only too often happened, we were visited by a real storm, no tent could long remain standing. I passed many nights at Ali Musjid clinging with one hand to a tent-pole, while with the other I endeavoured to dissuade various articles of clothing

from starting on an independent journey to Peshawur; but always I had eventually to resign myself to fate, allow my tent to collapse, and seek what shelter was obtainable elsewhere.

One night early in February we were visited by a thunderstorm of more than ordinary severity. It broke over camp shortly after midnight, the usual hurricane being accompanied by torrents of rain, while the most superb lightning played round the mountain-sides, revealing scenes of the wildest confusion. Animals broke loose and careered terrified through the lines; tents were carried off bodily, or at best laid flat and split into shreds; while every now and then a frantic owner could be seen chasing some cherished shirt or precious blanket which sailed away high out of his reach. Daybreak revealed the fact that hardly a single tent was standing in camp; even the heavier mess-tents, the usual refuge of destitute officers on these occasions, had been unable to weather the storm. There was, however, no time that morning for me to enquire into the full extent of the damage done; I had to take my company out to find part of the picquets for the Pass that day, and the pressing need of the moment was to obtain what breakfast was available. The wind still blew strong, and, though the rain had ceased and the worst of the storm was over, cooking was still an impossibility. My breakfast therefore was of the scantiest, so wrapping up anything edible I could collect in a piece of damp newspaper and stuffing the packet into my haversack, I walked off in a very bad temper to seek my company. Knowing that my men had passed an even worse night than I had done, that they were wet through and chilled, and that it was impossible to get them anything hot to warm

them up before we started, I was prepared to find them growling as heartily as I had been five minutes before. On the contrary, when I came up they were merrily cheering a comrade who was up a tree endeavouring to recover a missing cardigan jacket which he had just discovered caught in one of the upper branches. Throughout the march out to the posts we were to occupy, the only allusion I heard to the night of discomfort they had passed was a little chaff at the somewhat bedraggled appearance presented by most of us. Having posted my outlying picquets, I returned to my central one, on a high peak, a good hour's climb above the road, visited the sentries there, and having nothing more to do for the moment, settled myself down in as sheltered a corner as I could find and proceeded to supplement the deficiencies in my breakfast from the contents of my haversack. My meal finished, I began reading the newspaper in which it had been wrapped, and almost immediately the words *Letter from the Front* caught my eye. Then followed one of those senseless criticisms on the conduct of the campaign, carping at everybody and everything, which the British public, when in one of its periodical fits of self-abasement, swallows so eagerly. The letter was of course anonymous, nor do I remember very clearly what the greater part of it was about, and as, shortly after I had finished reading it, a gust of wind blew the paper away, I no longer have it by me to refer to; however, I do remember that it concluded with a most unjustifiable attack on a class which from their position are unable to answer for themselves. "One of the saddest features of the campaign," so it ran, "has been the failure of Tommy Atkins; our boy-battalions have been quite unable to cope with the severe

work they have had to undertake, and what is still worse they have disgraced themselves before the eyes of our native army. Our Sikhs and Goorkhas now openly state to their British officers that if in future they have a row with Tommy Atkins they will go for him straight, and give him a thundering good thrashing; and we all know they can do it if they want to!"

I longed to have the man who wrote that contemptible rubbish up with me on my picquet. I could then have shown him some of our boy-soldiers, in no way more remarkable than their comrades, wet, cold, and hungry, yet cheerfully making fun of their discomforts, and that too at the end of five months' arduous campaigning, and after a night of sleepless discomfort. Many other such letters have appeared from time to time in the English papers, none perhaps quite so brutally blunt in their misstatements, but all suggesting that something is wrong with our English Line regiments, and that our private soldiers have not in the late campaign upheld the high traditions of the British Infantry. Having recently returned to England from the Frontier I have been distressed to find that some of the mud thus thrown has stuck, and that an impression does exist in many quarters that our private soldiers have not distinguished themselves during the late campaign. It is singularly unfortunate that such an impression should exist at a time when the Army is asking for a large increase of men. No one feels an injustice of this sort more keenly than the private soldier; and unless this false impression is removed the time-expired men, now daily returning home from the Frontier, smarting under a sense of wrong, and feeling that their sterling work during the campaign has not been appreciated in England, must

exercise a most harmful influence on future recruiting. The truth is that, while the natural difficulties of the country and the character of the enemy rendered necessary a form of fighting which was peculiarly trying to the rank and file, no class of men have come out of the campaign with greater credit.

The Afridi is by nature and training a skilful skirmisher and a splendid shot; his very life depends upon his being both. Rare indeed is it that the tribes are not at open hostility among themselves, while within the tribe, and even within the family, blood-feuds are so common that every Afridi has far more enemies than friends. A strict code regulates the prosecution of these feuds. During seed-time and harvest, or during the progress of a *jehad* (a sacred war) all quarrels are laid aside; and at all times the persons of women and children are inviolate. But with these exceptions their feuds are prosecuted with a vindictiveness to which the history of the Scottish Highlands in the wildest times can offer no parallel. An Orakzai, who owned a house just below a spot which my picquet occupied for some time on the Sampagher Pass, one day pointed out to me another house within twenty paces of his own. There, he said, lived his enemy, and then he went on to describe with the utmost pride how he had killed the father of the present owner after waiting nine whole months in his tower for a shot, his food and water being brought him by the women of his household, who also were responsible for the proper tending of the fields and cattle of the estate, until this somewhat protracted stalk had been brought to a successful issue. It is this state of affairs which makes the possession of a good rifle the dearest ambition of a fron-

tier tribesman, a good Government Martini being always worth over three hundred rupees, an immense sum of money to a people as poor as the Afridis. The difficulties experienced by the headmen of the tribes in collecting the rifles for the fines we have imposed may be easily imagined, when it is realised that the greater number of these rifles must come from men with blood-feuds on their hands to whom the sacrifice of their arms means sooner or later the sacrifice of their lives. A charming story is told of the Kamber Khels, illustrating how cheaply the tribesmen regard human life. A *moollah* of the tribe once in a moment of candour expressed his regret to his flock that no sacred man among them had yet been called upon to lay down his life for his religion, alleging that the presence in their midst of the tomb of so holy a man would be of the highest value both from a spiritual and a practical point of view, spiritually because the Prophet would regard them all henceforth with greater favour, practically because devout pilgrims attracted to the shrine would enrich the whole tribe by their gifts. The Kambers took counsel together, laid hold of the *moollah* and slew him; and then, having erected a suitable shrine over his corpse, felt that they had done all that was in their power to remove a reproach which reflected upon the whole tribe. Accustomed, like Mr. Bret Harte's gentleman of the back woods, to depend for his life on the quickness with which he can "get on his sights," the Afridi is from dire necessity an expert rifle-shot. The excessively high proportion of casualties among our officers speaks for the accuracy of their aim. So large a number of the men against whom we were fighting had been trained in our own ranks, that the enemy knew

exactly where to look for company and half-company commanders; and it is to this cause that the severe losses among our officers is mainly due, and not, as I have seen stated, because they were forced to unnecessarily expose themselves to induce their men to follow them.

One instance of the rapidity and accuracy with which an Afridi can shoot on occasion particularly struck me. We were as usual engaged in a rear-guard action, and for the moment my company was the rearmost, that is, nearest the enemy. Knowing that the moment we were seen to retire, a few of the more daring among them would follow us up closely on the chance of getting a shot into our backs, I posted half a dozen of my most active marksmen in a loop-holed house on the left of our position. I then withdrew the remainder of the company, taking no trouble to conceal the movement, and slipping quickly into the house where my sharpshooters were concealed, awaited developments. As I anticipated, a few of the enemy seeing, as they thought, the whole company retire, at once began to run forward, hoping to seize the position we were supposed to have left, before the men were once more under cover. Half a dozen shots from the loop-holes of the house caused them to change their minds and take cover where they were. Firing, as my men were, with Lee-Mitford rifles and smokeless powder, the majority of these men were obviously puzzled to know where the shots were coming from; but one of them, quicker than his fellows, as he sat down (sitting is the position from which an Afridi prefers to fire) at once raised his rifle and firing without a moment's hesitation, hit the edge of a loop-hole out of which one of my men was shooting, splintering the mud and stone, of which the house was built, into his face. This shot

was fired from a distance of over five hundred yards.

The tactics I have described were, with modifications, adopted by nearly every regiment during the campaign. Continually fighting rear-guard actions, we soon discovered that our losses occurred almost invariably while we had our backs to the enemy, and mostly while we were engaged in scrambling over some peculiarly difficult piece of ground. The Afridi's fighting-dress consists generally of a loose coat and wide trousers, the whole covered by a grey woollen cloak, so worn as not in any way to interfere with the complete freedom of the limbs. On his feet fastened with a leathern thong, he wears sandals of plaited straw, which afford a perfect foothold both on the rocks and the dry slippery grass which in most places covers the mountain-sides. He carries no impedimenta beyond his rifle, what few rounds of ammunition he may consider necessary for the day's fighting, and a broad-bladed knife. Thus equipped, these tall, lithe, active men cover the ground with an astonishing rapidity. Knowing every stone of the mountains amidst which we were fighting, they were always aware, long before we were ourselves, when the line we were following was likely to get us into difficulties, and seemed almost instinctively to know when a chance of cutting off a detached party, or of getting round our flanks would present itself. Our own men, hampered by the weight of their equipment and still more by their heavy ammunition-boots (a most unsatisfactory foot-gear for mountaineering), were no match for the born hill-men in rapidity of movement. Not infrequently, too, the movements of a retiring company were still more seriously hampered. The barbarous cruelties with which the frontier tribesmen torture a wounded prisoner

before putting him to death, make it impossible, even in cases of the direst necessity, to leave the wounded on the ground as might be done were we fighting a more civilised foe. To get a single wounded man to the rear, in the difficult country in which we were generally engaged, required as many as four, or even more, sound men. It can thus readily be seen that, when once a position had been vacated and we were moving with our backs to the enemy, a very few successful shots put a large number of men out of action and left a company in a very serious position. During these retirements we always endeavoured to move in as loose order as possible, thus affording a smaller mark to the enemy; but the groups engaged in carrying off the wounded formed a very easy target, and in consequence, when men once began to fall, casualties often increased very rapidly. The enemy, with a perfect knowledge of our weak points, as a rule left us severely alone while we were in position, and attempted when once we were actually retiring, by immediately occupying the places we had left, to catch us with our backs to them; and this their great rapidity of movement frequently enabled them to do. In order to protect ourselves from this danger, we employed a number of picked men to remain behind the company till the last possible moment and cover its retirement. Companies would occupy successive positions, retiring through each other to fresh positions in the rear, the retirement of the rearmost company being of course covered, so far as possible, by those behind it. But occasionally it happened, from the nature of the country in which we were engaged, that the retirement of the company nearest the enemy would not be adequately covered from another position. Then the work of the picked marksmen began. Chosen

for their activity, readiness of resource, and shooting powers, they had ample opportunity for bringing all these qualities into play. Concealed under the best cover available, they would hold on to the last possible moment, picking off the enemy, as they hurried forward to harass the retiring company, and finally, when their comrades had safely crossed the dangerous space and were under cover beyond, they would themselves rejoin the main body at a run, each man working quite independently and choosing his own line of retreat. The men, with very little practice, became surprisingly adept at this mode of warfare, and we very soon discovered that by this means our own losses were considerably diminished and the enemy's dash in following us up was greatly checked.

No more trying form of fighting to the private soldier than these continued rear-guard skirmishes can be conceived. No matter on what duty we were engaged, whether on reconnaissance, foraging, or simply on the line of march, the enemy disappeared absolutely before every advance, contenting themselves with hanging round the rear-guard, rarely, if ever, showing themselves or allowing our men the chance of closing with them. Except at Dargai, and on the Sampagher and Arhanga Passes, the enemy made no real attempt to stand against us; and on the two latter occasions the splendid practice made by the mountain-artillery left the infantry little opportunity for wiping off old scores. Most frequently these skirmishes would occur when we were returning to camp in the evening from some little expedition. The enemy, watching our every movement, would see a small detached force leave camp, bent generally on collecting forage; knowing the exact line by which it must return, they would make no attempt to interfere with its movements, until the march

back to camp had been begun. Then, from behind rocks and trees, and out of houses which a moment before had been unoccupied, a scattered fire would be opened upon the rear company, and the little force would be followed assiduously to within a few hundred yards of camp, darkness, which during the winter months in the Himalayas comes on swiftly and early, often adding to the difficulties of the retreat. The Afridis, looking upon warfare, much as we look upon shooting big game, as a noble and exciting form of sport, rarely engaged us except when the prospects were favourable to a good bag with the minimum of risk to the sportsman. Having to pay highly for every round of ammunition, they were as careful never to fire without a good mark to aim at, as the most jealous gun-shot in England when shooting for his average. Sometimes a solitary tribesman, with about a dozen rounds of ammunition, would conceal himself at daybreak above some path along which a force was due to pass, and, having found his range with a couple of trial shots, would wait quietly hour after hour till the rear-guard was abreast of him, and then firing his remaining cartridges, would go home to boast to his women that every one of his dozen rounds had found a billet in the heart of an infidel.

Their perfect knowledge of an exceptionally difficult country, and the rapidity with which they could cover the ground, enabled the tribesmen to brave us in this manner with perfect immunity. Rarely if ever did we catch any of them napping; the proverbial weasel is easier to catch asleep than an Afridi or an Orakzai. The ease with which they eluded our clumsy attempts at surprises was almost laughable. An example of this occurred during our raid into the Bazar Valley in Christmas week.

On arrival at Jamrud after its march down from Tirah the first Division, consisting of the first and second Brigades and the divisional troops, was ordered to move into the Bazar Valley to punish the still recalcitrant Zakha Khels by destroying their towers and fortified villages, and to enable us to make good our boast that every corner of Afridi land would be visited before we went into winter quarters. For this purpose the Division moved up the Khyber to Lalla China, about a mile south of Ali Musjid, on December 24th, and thence marched into the Bazar Valley in two columns; the first, with which I went, crossing the Alachi Pass and moving by Karamna and Burg, the second by the Choura Pass on China, where both columns were due to rendezvous on December 28th. Our first march took us over the Alachi Pass to Karamna. As usual while we were advancing the resistance we met with was trifling, and we found Karamna itself, and the other villages passed *en route*, entirely deserted. Unfortunately, the track over the Alachi Pass proved villainously bad. Weakened by persistent rain and the unwonted traffic, a large section of it broke away, a calamity which so delayed the transport, that a great part of it and the whole of the rear-guard never reached camp that night. Although most of the regimental baggage came in eventually, it arrived so late that the picquets had already been posted, and they spent in consequence a sorry Christmas night, without food, water or any covering from the rain, while a few of the enemy's marksmen kindly provided them with a little interest and amusement.

Karamna itself, where our Christmas night was spent, merits a word of description. The group of houses which form the village is situated in a

fine open valley of rolling grass land, so rare a feature in that mountainous country as to give us a welcome and quite unusual sense of space and freedom. Each house built, as are all Afridi dwellings, of baked mud, stone, and timber, stood in its own little orchard of apricot, apple, and walnut trees, the yellow of the buildings harmonising well with the green valley and the dark back ground of mountains. Surrounded completely by high loop-holed walls, flanked with towers, the living rooms opened into spacious courtyards, a luxury in which the unusually level ground enabled the Afridi architect to indulge. Built for defence rather than comfort, the houses formed complete castles in themselves, not a window showing in the outer walls, while the few approaches were absolutely commanded from the interior. From its situation and from the solidity, strength, and size of its houses, Karamna was by far the finest Afridi village we had yet visited. As I first saw it, on emerging from the dark gorge which connects Karamna with the Alachi Pass, it looked bright and smiling enough, lit up momentarily by the weak sun which just then broke through the low-lying clouds. As I last saw it two days later, in pouring rain, its towers in ruins, with dark clouds of smoke from the burning buildings hanging over the valley, few sights could have appeared more melancholy.

On the evening of the 26th, having collected our errant baggage and rear-guard, we resumed our march on Burg, the track following the bed of a mountain torrent and winding through a narrow, thickly-wooded defile. Night overtook the tail of the column before we reached camp, the light of bonfires alone enabling us to pick our way over boulders and between the trees. The 27th was occupied in effecting a junction with the second column,

which that day occupied and destroyed China, our objective. At Burg, owing to the broken nature of the ground, the houses were not so large and striking as those at Karamna; one of them, however, contained an interesting feature, which illustrates the conditions under which the Afridis live, even in the piping times of peace. Built on the crest of a low spur, it was, as usual, defended by a high wall and two towers. Some few hundred yards below it, but so placed as to be quite invisible from any point in the upper house, was a second very similar building. The two neighbours had apparently quarrelled, probably as to the amount of water taken for irrigation by one or the other from the stream below. From one side of the upper house a long funnel of baked clay and stone, down which a man could crawl on hands and knees, led to a rock from behind which, himself completely under cover, he could shoot at his leisure into the courtyard of the house below. This funnel was apparently only a recent improvement to the upper house, while a pile of mud, stones, and timber in the courtyard of the lower building showed that its owner meditated taking immediate steps to protect himself from the attentions of his enterprising neighbour.

On the 28th we attempted the surprise of Karamna to which I have alluded. Information had reached us that the place had been re-occupied immediately after our departure on the 26th, and it was determined to make one more attempt to catch the Afridi asleep. Orders were accordingly issued on the evening of the 27th for an advance on China, which lies exactly in the contrary direction; and it was not until we paraded in the darkness at four on the morning of the 28th that our real destination became known. A steady downpour of rain,

while it added to our discomfort, led us to hope that the enemy's watchers would not be on the alert, an Afridi disliking a long tour of sentry-go on a mountain-peak in cold and rain as heartily as any English soldier. The night was still black as we struggled slowly and painfully up the Burg defile, this time without the friendly light of bonfires, breaking our shins at every yard against the rocks with which the bed of the torrent was thickly studded. Shortly after six the advanced troops were in position overlooking the Karamna valley, and, as we thought, the enemy had taken no alarm. A few lights in the valley below further excited our hopes, and led us to believe that for once we had caught our friends napping. We stood for some time wet through and shivering in the cold morning air, waiting for the light of dawn to enable us to attack. This delay was utilised to give us our final instructions, and divide us into parties, each told off to assault a separate house. The bayonet only was to be used, and it was impressed upon the men to be very careful, in the half light of early morning, not to harm the women and children who were believed to have returned with their lords and masters. We had with us men with pickaxes and poles ready to burst open closed doors, and now as an additional precaution against barricades a few sappers with petards were added to every party. At last, about seven, the order to advance was given, and with bayonets fixed we streamed silently down the hillside into the valley and made each for the place appointed us. Having two days before occupied the house I was about to attack, I knew that it had three outer doors, and was acquainted with the exact position of each. My company was, therefore, divided into three parties and went straight for the only

exits by which the enemy, if alarmed, could have escaped. The doors were found shut, but a few sturdy blows with a pickaxe sent them flying, and in we rushed to find—nothing! The three parties met in the central courtyard with looks of the blankest disappointment on their faces, until gradually the comic side of the situation dawned on us and laughing merrily at our own discomfiture we set to work to light fires and dry our wet clothing. Meanwhile, following their usual tactics, the Zakha Khels, who had hardly molested us at all while we were advancing, the moment they found our faces set for home, gathered in numbers round our tail, and out we had to go, to picquet the heights on either side of the Burg defile and take our share in yet another rear-guard action.

And so it happened time after time. Aided by their rapidity of movement and perfect knowledge of country, unhampered by the long train of transport which retarded our progress, the Afridis were able to elude with astonishing ease our attempts to close with them. No one felt these continual disappointments more keenly than the private soldier. Shot at constantly by night without a chance of returning the fire, the men never really saw their enemy except when they were themselves retiring; these frequent rear-guard actions leaving the uncomfortable impression on their minds that they were running away. It was not that the enemy did not suffer, and suffer heavily; but there is small satisfaction to the rank and file never to be engaged except when their hands are tied by the wearisome duty of covering a long line of baggage-animals toiling painfully through some mountain defile. They had no brilliant attacks or dashing charges to compensate them for long cold nights on picquet, often without food or

covering; for not infrequently the extraordinary difficulties of country, or a landslip on the track, would prevent the transport completing even the shortest marches in a single day. During its march down the Mastura Valley to Fort Bara the first Division had to cross the Sapri Pass. This Pass, which is believed never to have been previously crossed by any European, is of no great height, but the track, at all times bad, winds through a dense forest of holm-oak and holly, and had not been improved by a heavy downpour of rain, changing at night to sleet and snow. The first Brigade of the first Division left Bar-and-Khel, our last camp in the Mastura Valley, and began its passage of the Sapri Pass at daybreak. The track grew worse and worse as we advanced, and frequent halts occurred, while the sappers cleared a passage through the trees or blasted away obstructing rocks. So slow was our progress that by nightfall less than half the column had crossed the top of the Pass, a total distance of three miles. In consequence the greater part of the Brigade were compelled to spend the night wherever they happened to be when darkness overtook them, and even the last of those who did manage to get over before nightfall, did not reach camp, another three miles on, till an hour after midnight. On this occasion, too, we were driven to the expedient of lighting bonfires every few yards along the track, progress in the absolute darkness being found impossible without them.

It will readily be understood how easy it was for the Afridis to harass our movements in such a country, and how difficult it was for us, tied as we were to our slow-moving transport-train, to retaliate adequately. Owing to the guerilla tactics of the enemy, it was impossible for us to provide the British taxpayer with stirring accounts

of glorious victories for his breakfast-table. We had apparently little to show for our losses, and in the general feeling of dissatisfaction which this produced in England, the men have been most unjustly accused of inefficiency and of, what has been euphemistically termed, want of dash. Throughout the hardships of a peculiarly arduous campaign, the private soldier did his duty cheerfully and ungrudgingly, waiting patiently for the opportunity of getting at his enemy, which never came. Living under the conditions which prevail on active service, an officer has an opportunity of getting in touch with the men in a way which is impossible in peace-time. When seated round the same picquet-fire with his men, or lying side by side with them in camp, he hears all their versions of the events of the campaign, and from their plainly-worded discussions can tell at once the spirit which animates them. Never at any time did I hear my men express anything but the cheeriest acquiescence in the hardships they were called upon to undergo; up to the very close of active operations they were always as keen for a fight as on the day they first started; and I am quite certain that the testimony of every regimental officer who served in the campaign will be the same as mine. It may perhaps surprise readers at home to learn that the inconvenience which the private soldier felt most was want of water, not for drinking (we generally had enough for that), but for ablutionary purposes. I once spent ten days in a post which had been established on a high peak, to which our mules could only with difficulty bring us sufficient water for drinking and cooking purposes, washing being in consequence out of the question. This became a subject of endless, and not always perhaps very delicate, chaff among the

men. I remember hearing one suggest to another, with an unusually ragged beard, the propriety of shaving when an opportunity should present itself. "Shave!" replied the bearded warrior, "why a wash is a blooming luxury up here, let alone a shave. Last time I had a chance at a wash, twenty of us filed on to a bucket. I was nineteenth; I did not mind the water so much, but, by gum, the towel was a bit thick." My servant summed up the situation from the men's point of view one day by saying, as he shook his head mournfully over my dirty belts, "Ah, Sir, we can't do soldiering in these 'ere mountains." Soldiering, be it understood, is the men's word for cleaning their uniform and accoutrements.

It was only about these petty troubles that one heard any grumbling; cold, wet, and hunger were all taken as part of the day's work. It did one good to see a company of British infantry front form and go straight through an ice-cold mountain torrent with a merry laugh; though it might perhaps be the twentieth time on that march that the winding stream had come in their way, and there was the certainty on reaching the camping-ground of at best a long wait in wet clothes before the arrival of the baggage, and the possibility of having to go straight out on picquet without a chance of getting dry. If

the private soldiers performed no stirring deeds of daring do, they at least showed the stuff of which they were made by a ready and cheerful endurance of whatever hardships came in their way; and it must be remembered that the absence of what may be called any stand-up fight, for, with the exception perhaps of Dargai, there was nothing which could be called by that name, was very keenly felt by the men, and made these very hardships all the more difficult to bear. It is clearly impossible to gain decisive victories over an enemy who refuses to stand to be beaten. But if it be considered that whenever they did face us they were severely beaten, that we visited and surveyed every corner of a hitherto unknown country, that we destroyed the towers and defences of nearly every village in Afridi land, that we consumed our enemy's stores of grain and seasoned wood; and that as a result of this punishment, every tribe has now made complete submission, it will be seen that the campaign has not been so entirely barren of results as it pleases some home-staying wiseacres to assert. And certain at least I am that, when the true history of the expedition comes to be known, the British public will allow a full meed of praise to a class of men who worked their hardest and gave of their best to bring it to a successful conclusion.

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THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

By CECIL LOWIS.

CHAPTER IV.

THEY were four at dinner that evening at the Smarts'. To Waring the meal was, after his solitary, ill-prepared repasts at Minmyo, nothing short of a revelation. The spotless cloth (such a cloth as he had not seen for months) shone in his eyes like driven snow: the silver Burmese bowl that did duty as a centre-piece glittered with all the splendour of a cloudless moon; and even the atrocious decorations perpetrated by the Indian servants, a magenta and orange pattern of sprinkled flower petals that sprawled across the table, failed to dissipate the glamour that had been cast for him over the whole dining-room. He took the Deputy-Commissioner's sister in, and, as the guest of the evening, found himself the somewhat embarrassed object of a good deal of kindly attention at the hands of his host and hostess. He was not long in perceiving that Heriot was already quite at home in the house, exhibiting a surprising readiness to be looked upon as a friend of the family, and, as such, to partially efface himself for the time being. Neither the Forest-Officer nor Smart spoke much; they were content to let the lion's share of the conversation go to Ethel, who had been apprised of her guest's peculiarities and did

her best to draw him out of his shell and interest him. It cannot be said that the conversation during dinner was intrinsically interesting or elevating; in Tatkin it never soared very high, and perhaps the Tatkinites were not altogether to blame, poor folk, for their poverty of topics. Englishmen in the East are often found fault with for caring nothing about what is going forward in their mother-country, and for thinking and talking of nothing but their own petty occupations and amusements; and the censure is too often justly deserved. Yet no one who has not lived up-country in India or Burmah can form an idea of the constant effort it is for those who, for six days out of the seven, are utterly cut off from the outside world, to keep alive an interest in matters that lie, be it ever so little, beyond their daily, mechanical round. A want of catholic sympathy with the affairs of mankind at large has been known to exist even in individuals who are brought in daily touch with the broader things of life; and it is perhaps hardly to be wondered at that they should grow narrow and self-centred who are reminded but once in every week, by the English mail, that there is a living acting world outside the limits of their own little official one. It is with regret that I have to record that the talk at the

Smarts' dinner-table on the evening in question was lamentably provincial and ephemeral, and that not a subject was touched upon that would not have bored a stranger unacquainted with the speaker's circle; yet, after all, the defects of the new tennis-court and the question of organising a Tatkin "week" were topics as harmless, and possibly as instructive, as the majority of those that must, a few hours later, have engaged the attention of the enlightened guests at British dinner-tables.

The stream of conversation flowed on in the same strictly local channels after the cloth had been cleared and the three men were sitting smoking round the board, guiltless now of orange and magenta; while Ethel, who, by special request had not quitted them for the solitary drawing-room, was initiating her guests into the mysteries of coffee-making, with practical illustrations given with the aid of a block-tin coffee-pot.

"I always like making my own coffee," she explained, after the beverage had been brewed, and had found favour on the palate even of the fastidious Heriot. "These native servants are wonderfully clever," she added, "but there is one thing I find they cannot manage to do properly, and that is, to make coffee. They always put in too little coffee, and pour the water in too quickly. Lots of coffee and really boiling water poured on drop by drop,—that's the secret. My brother is very particular about his coffee, you know, so I always see to it myself."

"And send me out on expeditions with it," groaned Smart.

"What? Oh yes,—I suppose you have not heard, Mr. Waring. It was just as I was making coffee after dinner the other day that we heard about the big dacoity at— at—"

"Thayetbin," put in Smart.

"Thayetbin, was it? I dare say. Well, Jack wanted to be off after the dacoits immediately, and I was determined that he should not miss his coffee; so I filled his flask with some freshly made and slipped it into his pocket, just as he was jumping on to his pony. He was terribly cross about it when he came home."

"Naturally," said Smart blowing a long white cloud and knocking his ashes into his plate. "Mullintosh and I were out after the beasts the whole night. About four in the morning, when we were on our way home, I suddenly remembered my flask. 'By Jove,' said I, 'now for a nip to keep the cold out,' so out it came."

"The cold?" asked Heriot striking a match.

"The flask of course,—out it came, and I slowed down my pony, so as to have a good suck. Heavens! I can feel the shiver now that ran down my back at the first mouthful."

"It was much better for you than whiskey," laughed his sister.

"Infinitely," added Heriot who was lighting a cigarette. "Most thoughtful of you, Miss Smart, to prevent them coming home unduly elated. I remember now,—they captured a prisoner that night, and were horribly pleased with themselves when they got back. If that flask had contained whiskey, I'm sure they'd have been insufferable."

"You think so, do you?" said Smart. "Well I was insufferable enough, at the time, I can assure you. I wasn't happy till I had made Mullintosh, who was riding just behind me, take some."

"You never gave any to Mr. Mullintosh, Jack?" exclaimed the sister.

"I did, and you should have seen his face. 'What is this infernal filth?' he said spluttering. 'Cold

coffee,' I said. 'It's all my sister allows me.' 'God help you!' said he."

"You're romancing, my dear boy; you've never told me that before," exclaimed Ethel reddening suddenly at the last words. "I dare say he was disappointed, but I'm certain he said nothing of the kind."

"Of course he is romancing, Miss Smart," said Heriot. "I cannot conceive an individual so high-principled and refined as Mr. Mullintosh making use of so offensive an expression. I feel sure that what he said was more delicately-worded."

"Indeed it was not," chuckled Smart, in a way that seemed to Waring excessively irritating. "What's more, he wanted to administer doses of what was left to the prisoner we had got, till he told us who his companions were, but I wouldn't let him. I told him that, as Deputy-Commissioner, I was bound to set my face against the extortion of confessions by anything of the nature of torture."

"This is the first time I've heard this elaborate version of the story, Mr. Waring," pleaded Ethel, turning a somewhat flushed face to the new arrival from Minmyo. "I hope you won't believe all my brother says."

She seemed a good deal more put out at her brother's words than Waring would have expected her to be and he really felt quite sorry for her. "I certainly will not," he said. He was forced to admit that, with a heightened colour, his hostess was adorable, and for a moment he found it in his heart,—he knew not rightly why—to envy Heriot the hold he had so clearly gained on Ethel's fancy.

"I never do believe half your brother says. He is one of the most reckless perverters of the truth I've ever met," added Heriot; and, though he had not been addressed, his gratuitous assurance earned from Miss

Smart the guerdon of a sweeter smile than any that had been bestowed upon Waring.

"I always take coffee out in camp with me," said the latter solemnly, after a short pause during which the sight of Ethel's still perturbed face impressed him with a vague idea that it was desirable that the conversation should be changed. "It goes much better with tinned milk than tea, you know."

"I expect it does," observed Ethel; and it seemed to Waring in the impressive silence that followed that his remark had been rather inconsequent. However he had created a diversion and Ethel seemed grateful to him for it, which after all was the most important thing. "That was the time you got that man from Bo Chet's gang, wasn't it?" he continued.

"Yes," said Smart. "That is, we had every reason to believe that the dacoity was committed by Bo Chet's gang, though our prisoner never let on. Nobody but that lot would have had the impudence to do what the chaps at Thayetbin did."

"What was that?" asked Waring. "I haven't heard anything of the details of the case."

"Why, one of the jokers, a man whom the others called Shwe Myaing, seems to have prodded an old woman to death with a spear; more for the fun of hearing her squeal than anything else, so at any rate the headman of the village, whom they had tied up and who saw it all, said."

"Shwe Myaing!" exclaimed Waring, "I think I know the beggar, a lanky, ugly brute. I had him up for receiving stolen property last year, and gave him three months."

"I know," continued Smart; "it ought to have been six. I very nearly called for the case in revision. Well, he did for her any way, and before they decamped they shifted her body

into a squatting position in the corner of the dacoited house, shoved a big cheroot into her mouth, and left her with a cheeky note stuck between her fingers, scrawled in pencil and addressed to me, if you please."

"By Jove, what incarnate fiends they can be when they like!" ejaculated Waring.

"Isn't it awful?" cried Ethel. "One can hardly believe that they are human, when one hears what they do when their blood is up. What did they say in the note, Jack? You've never told me."

"And I never intend to tell you, my child," returned Smart. "Come, shall we go into the drawing-room? It's cooler there."

So to the drawing-room they repaired, a comical little drawing-room, full of Japanese fans, China matting, and cane chairs tempered to the limbs of the tired polo-player by means of gay-coloured silk cushions. Here the punkahs swung with a more generous sweep, and here it was that, at Waring's earnest request, Ethel performed on the piano that had accompanied her from Rangoon, and rendered herself more than ever bewitching to the recluse from Minmyo. It was only a moderately good piano: it had not been tuned for some time and many gifted amateurs would have refused point-blank to sit down to it; but it was the first of its kind in Tatkin, and to Waring, who had a fair musical ear and could distinguish bad playing from good, it seemed to emit, under his hostess's small white hands, tones that were positively divine. The only instruments of music there had been in Tatkin on the occasion of his last visit were a banjo and a disreputable kind of hurdy-gurdy styled an Ariston, which, except as an incentive to manslaughter, failed utterly to justify its boldly superlative title; and in the intervals

between two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*. *Ohne Worte* Miss Smart was diverted by a description of how Waring had spent the better part of the first day of one of his previous visits to headquarters in his bed-room, wheedling discordant sounds out of the vitals of the latter instrument till the Station called aloud for mercy.

"You must be fond of music, Mr. Waring," laughed Ethel, after the story had been retailed by Heriot from his seat in the verandah. "It takes a lot to make a musical-box go down."

"I'm very fond of it indeed," said Waring, "though I must confess that I know very little about it; and I must tell you that, as regards the musical-box, it was literally the first note of anything like English music that I had heard for months. I simply sat and drank the tunes in. Your playing now is a treat such as I haven't had for years."

"Well, I'm going to give you a good dose now," said the girl. "Would you like another of the *Lieder* or shall I play you something of Chopin?"

"Oh, another of the *Lieder*, please; as many more as you like. Do let's have the one with the little twiddle in the high notes—that's it I think—yes, the *Gondollied*. I don't read music, but I know the look of the pieces I like."

She played him the *Gondollied* and another and then another, and Waring would have liked to ask her for yet another, but he could see she was getting tired and restless; and some intuitive faculty, which he seemed to have developed in the last few hours, told him that, do what she would, and she strove to keep her attention fixed, it was with difficulty that Ethel could prevent her mind from wandering away from Mendelssohn and him to the verandah, where Heriot's tall, not

ungraceful, form lounged in a chair beside the Deputy-Commissioner. She gave something like a sigh of relief when eventually she led the way to the verandah. Waring seated himself beside his superior officer, and presently found himself wondering why it should concern him that an absurdly short space of time had elapsed before Ethel Smart and Heriot were absorbed in earnest conversation at some little distance from him. Smart reclined in a chair at his side, unbuttoned as to his waistcoat, at peace with himself and the world, and took the opportunity of improving the occasion by adding somewhat to the short sketch of the duties of a Treasury-Officer, which he had himself cut abruptly short in the earlier part of the day; but though Waring professed to listen, and, from time to time, as occasion and the pauses in his host's discourse offered, threw in a comprehensive grunt, his attention was centred on the couple at the further end of the verandah, who, seated close to each other, were deep in a low-voiced colloquy.

The night was far advanced when the two guests eventually rose to go, so advanced, in fact, that after the farewells had been spoken, and they were descending the verandah steps, Ethel Smart called out to Heriot: "You mustn't mind if I'm a little late to-morrow morning. We have been very dissipated to-night, and I may oversleep myself."

"I can wait," returned Heriot, and then he added; "in any case I shall be here by half-past six."

They were going out riding together the next morning. So much was clear, and, as Waring stalked homeward behind the sleepy lantern-bearer, he remembered and was able to endorse Mullintosh's words. Without doubt Heriot had "come out" since he had seen him last.

CHAPTER V.

DESPITE his dissipation at the Smarts', Waring was at the Treasury early on the following morning, and, as a reward for his zeal, was privileged, before he left again for the mess, with a sight of the riders returning from their morning canter. He was deep in dusty, damp-stained registers in the accountant's den, interrogating the meek nervous Eurasian, whose special domain he had invaded, when his attention was attracted by the sound of the Treasury guard turning out, and from his seat he observed Ethel Smart and her cavalier walking their ponies across the short cut that traversed the Court-house compound and led past the Treasury and the Military Police lines to the Deputy-Commissioner's bungalow. Ethel rode a few yards in advance of Heriot, erect and smiling on her Burman pony, clad in a serviceable habit of *khaki* drill, her little face, fanned to a sunny warmth by the crisp morning air, peeping out from under her neat white sun-helmet. Heriot, who had lighted the inevitable cigarette, brought up the rear in dignified silence on a well-shaped country-bred. The two passed the office door without noticing the industrious worker within, but halted a little further on. Waring heard Heriot addressing the *havildar*¹ of the guard and the *havildar* replying, and a moment later was aware of that functionary saluting before him, with the intimation that Hayet Sahib had sent *saalams*. Picking up his hat he emerged from the office door, and found the riders seated on their ponies opposite the guard.

"Well, you are energetic, Mr. Waring!" cried the girl, as he appeared in the sunshine before them. "I would not believe Mr. Heriot when he said that it was your pony that

¹ A native sergeant.

was being led up and down outside, and that you were hard at work already."

"So we had a little bet on the subject," said Heriot, taking up the tale, "and we had you fetched out to see who was right. Well," he added, as Ethel put in an indignant disclaimer, "we also, I must admit, wanted your opinion in another little matter at which we are, I grieve to say, at variance. Miss Smart thinks her pony is going a little lame, and I think not. Do you consider there's anything the matter with it?"

"He has certainly got rather a funny action," said Waring, after watching the movements of the pony, a sullen-looking dun with a round restless eye, "but I doubt very much whether he is lame. Where did you get the beast from, Miss Smart? I seem to know the look of him. He's not your own, is he?"

"No, he's not mine; Captain Pym lent him to me. He's one of the Military Police ponies that the troopers ride when they play polo."

"Ah, now I know the beggar," said Waring. "I was pretty sure I'd seen him before. He's all right,—nothing the matter with him; it's only his action; I've noticed it before. But surely, Miss Smart, Captain Pym doesn't know you are riding this beast?"

"He said I might have one, and this is the one the *subadar*¹ sent round. Why shouldn't he know?"

"Well, so far as I recollect, this chap has a very bad name for bolting. When I was down here last he very nearly did for a military policeman. Yes, I'm pretty sure it was this one; I should recognise those hind legs anywhere."

"Why, he's been going beautifully, Mr. Waring," exclaimed the girl;

"he's been as quiet as a lamb, and as willing as can be. His paces are not all that can be desired, it is true, but I'm used to Burmans by this time, and it's only very seldom that one notices that curious kind of limp he has. In fact, I don't see how I can do better till I get a pony of my own, as I hope to do very shortly."

"There's no accounting for tempers; you may have got him on one of his good days," said Waring dubiously, dropping back into the shade of the Court-House. "Don't you know the beast, Heriot?"

"No," replied Heriot, watching a ring of smoke curl up against the red shingles of the Treasury roof. "I don't think it matters much," he added after a few reflective puffs, while Waring still looked askance at Ethel's mount and the girl bent to stroke the pony's bristly neck. "It'll only be for a day or two more at most, and after all he's got lots of room to stretch his legs in if he wants to," and he swept his chin round towards the wide expanse of open ground that lay behind and on two sides of the Station. "You're sure you're not mistaken about the brute?"

"Certain," asserted Waring.

Heriot gathered up his reins. "I'll lend you a pony to-morrow, Miss Smart," he said.

"I am not sure that I shall ride to-morrow," said Ethel. "In fact, now that I come to think of it, I'm sure I can't."

"Well, shall we say the day after? You must give me the pleasure of another ride," continued Heriot.

"Very well, but I'm not going to ride your pony. I'm going to ride this one."

"You had much better not, Miss Smart," put in Waring, but Miss Smart did not hear him. She was gazing full at Heriot. "I'm going to ride this one," she replied, "to

¹ A native captain.

show you you were wrong when you said I was nervous."

"Nervous! I accuse you of nervousness? Heaven forbid!"

"Yes, you did though. You said I was afraid to give him his head, so I'm going to ride him the day after to-morrow on a plain snaffle and let him have lots of rein."

Heriot gazed back at her, the dawn of a smile trembling under his moustache. "Very well, please yourself, Miss Smart," he made reply. "Let us hope you will have an opportunity of distinguishing yourself."

"Let us hope not," said Waring. The words were uttered under his breath, but it would have made no difference if they had been spoken aloud. Ethel had no ears for any one but Heriot, who with a "Well, Miss Smart, I suppose you are going to indulge in the luxury of a breakfast," roused his pony with a jog of his spur and led the way towards the Deputy-Commissioner's bungalow.

Waring watched the couple move on in silence. "I'll speak to Pym; he will know whether the brute is safe or not," he ejaculated mentally, as he returned slowly to his registers. He was presently to all appearance immersed in accounts, but, if the truth be told, it was some time before the vision of a well-favoured young woman, sitting blithe and radiant in the morning sunlight, ceased to hover before his mind's eye, to the no slight detriment of his official duties. And in the train of this vision came many thoughts. It seemed clear to him that, putting it on its lowest footing, Heriot was not indifferent to Ethel Smart, in view of which the placid disregard of her safety he had just exhibited appeared positively incomprehensible. It was not for him, he reflected, an uninterested spectator, to look with too critical an eye on his friend's conduct towards a girl who

doubtless admired him and was ready to put up with a good deal at his hands. It was not his place to condemn. Yet, while he made this admission, he could not deny himself the pleasure of imagining how much more solicitous his care would have been had he, and not Heriot, been the favoured mortal to whose escort Ethel had entrusted herself; and through all he felt that he would have given a very considerable sum to have a definite reply to a certain question he found himself putting with irksome iteration to an imaginary interlocutor. He was no more able that morning than he had been the day before to explain why Miss Smart should be the object of livelier interest to him than any other lady of his acquaintance; and he had not dreamed of speculating what he should think, say, or do, supposing he were to learn that the Forest-Officer did not, and never would, care a rap for the Deputy-Commissioner's sister. Still, for all that, the plaguey oft-recurring question, "Is he really as fond of her as she is of him?" tingled as persistently in his ears as though all his future course of action had to take its shape from the answer given.

The echo of the same question was still ringing through his brain as he sat, on the afternoon of the same day, under Mrs. Jones's wheezy *punkah*, awaiting in stolid patience the arrival of that lady in her drawing-room. He had been making a round, or more properly *the* round of calls, for a visit to one of the ladies of the Station meant, for the newcomer who had any regard for his peace of mind, a visit to all. Mrs. Sparrow and Miss Smart had not been at home, and, in his state of vague restlessness, he was only too glad to find that Mrs. Jones was ready and willing, when appropriately attired, to receive him. His gratitude, in fact, was such that he almost

forgave her the dreary quarter of an hour he was kept waiting in the little drawing-room, with nothing to do but to examine the portraits of Mrs. Jones's black-haired relatives and to listen to the rustle of raiment in the all too adjacent bed-room, where the dark little lady was adorning herself for the critical eye of her visitor. When she did at last emerge, wafted out on the wings of a marvellous semi-oriental mixture of perfumes, and stirring the moribund *punkah* with her shrill voice to renewed animation, she did not require much leading to drift into a discussion of the matter that lay nearest to Waring's heart, and to enlarge on it over her tea-tray till her hearer felt that the inquisitiveness that had led him to broach this particular subject had been nothing short of indecent.

"Dear me, yes; he is really very attentive to her,—and she,—oh any one can see it—she is positively devoted to him. A nice girl? Oh yes, very, quite charming, a particularly nice girl. You take sugar, don't you? I'm so sorry we have no lump-sugar. It's a great nuisance the boat being so late this week; we are expecting such a great lot of stores from Rangoon, but now they haven't come. Yes, she is really charming. Perhaps just a little tiny bit too fond of letting everybody know she is the Deputy-Commissioner's sister; but after all, she is so young that it is only natural, and I dare say she will get over it in time. You haven't noticed it, Mr. Waring? Well, I dare say not; you have not been long enough in the place to notice it, I expect. No, I will not say anything against her; she is nice and sweet, and we are the very best of friends. She has been to tea several times and we have got on very well; but now she sees so much of Mr. Heriot that she has no time to give to old friends. What do you

say? Engaged? Oh dear no, I do not think so, not yet; perhaps soon they will be, but I think it is too early yet. Besides, sometimes they do not see each other for several days; I know that, for, look, from my back verandah I can see nearly all that happens in the Smarts' bungalow and,—do you know?—up to yesterday Mr. Heriot had not been to the house for,—oh, for ever so long. Do eat some of these biscuits; I think you will like them. No, I am sure that they are not engaged, and of course it will depend upon Mr. Heriot whether they ever are. Yes, you are right, Mr. Waring, he will be very lucky to get her, for she is a nice girl and has always been a great friend of mine."

"So you really think she is fond of him?" said Waring.

"Oh, very,—I think she is devoted to him."

"And you think he is devoted to her?" he continued, inwardly disgusted with himself for being cursed with a restless curiosity that drove him to stoop to such crude interrogatories; for after all, as he asked himself again and again, why, in Heaven's name, should it matter to him whether Heriot did or did not have any affection for Ethel Smart?

Mrs. Jones indulged in a dubious shrug, and rolled her black eyes expressively. "I really don't think he knows whether he really cares for her or not," she said. "Sometimes he seems to like her very much, and then again at other times he seems to think nothing of her, and is as rude to her as he can be. Still, I think he is generally glad enough to be in her company, don't you?"

"He certainly seems so."

"Yes, and so long as he is with her, I really believe that he does not think it worth the trouble to consider whether he cares for her enough to marry her. Oh, you men are all the same!"

Mrs. Jones's view was certainly the one that would have appealed as correct to the ordinary observer of Hèriot's conduct. Waring's knowledge of the Forest-Officer's temperament was, however, more extensive than his hostess's. "I am not so sure of that," he said. "I have an idea that Mr. Heriot knows his own mind well enough."

"And you would very much like to know what that mind is, I have no doubt," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, roguishly. "Ah well, Mr. Waring, you mustn't break your heart if he does make up his mind and finds he does care for her."

And this delicate sally made Waring realise that for his ill-advised inquisitiveness he deserved even more than he had received at Mrs. Jones's hands.

It was not till late that evening that he heard that Pym, the Battalion-Commandant, had gone out in camp, not to return for several days, and that till then he could get no information about Ethel's pony except from the Military Police *subadar*. That same evening he learned that Miss Smart would be delighted if he would accompany her and Heriot on the ride they intended taking on the next morning but one. Why his presence was wanted, it was not given to him to understand, but, though at first he hesitated, he eventually accepted the invitation. Whether he were *de trop* or not, he could, he reflected, at any rate help to look after Ethel.

CHAPTER VI.

"WAIT till I get my lease renewed," exclaimed Ma Tin Gyi, glaring after Mrs. Jones's white sun-hat, as it bobbed away briskly, amid a medley of bright head-coverings, down the central aisle of the bazaar. "Wait till I get my lease renewed, then, if

ever I sell her so much as an onion below the market-rate, may I die a violent death!"

Mrs. Jones had just finished her daily visitation, and the bazaar was beginning to breathe more freely, to feel for its cheroot, and to look about it a little.

The secret that enabled Mrs. Jones, despite the meagreness of Mr. Jones's pay, to preserve a financial equilibrium, and at times even to emerge at the end of a month with a few rupees on the credit side of her domestic account, was twofold. In the first place this excellent lady, like the good housewife that she was, made a point of rising every day at six and of personally visiting the bazaar, thereby acquiring an exhaustive knowledge of the actual market-price as opposed to the fancy-price that would have been charged her had she been content to leave her catering to a servant. In the second place she had discovered that there existed a rate, just a trifle lower than the market-rate, at which, as spouse of the police-officer in special charge of the bazaar, she could, by dint of judicious haggling, purchase what she wanted from the more submissive of the stall-holders. As a result of this combination of energy and shrewdness, she could (as she did) boast with truth that her daily expenses cost her on the average very little more than the difference between the amount Miss Smart paid for hers and the amount she would have had to pay had she been learned in market-rates and done her shopping herself. She had been fully justifying that vaunt on the morning following the day of Waring's visit to her, and Ma Tin Gyi, the occupier of the extremely popular fruit and vegetable stall at the corner by the entrance, had been learning this, not by any means for the first time, to her cost. She was an elderly lady, this Ma Tin Gyi,

whose ample body, clad in a loose dirty white jacket and a flaring petticoat of pink crossed tartan-wise with black, looked absurdly large below the face which surmounted it, a flat brown shiny face on which small-pox had left its baleful impress, a face all mouth, nostrils, and forehead with the sparse hair drawn tightly back from it and twisted aloft into a dumpy grizzled knot. She sat there, surrounded by her pumpkins and pummeloos, that morning and gazed with no very loving look after Mrs. Jones's retreating figure. She was really rather put out; but, with all the buoyancy of her race, she refused to brood for any length of time over her wrongs, and, as her eye caught that of a middle-aged Burman who had approached her stall, she incontinently displayed two rows of red betel-stained teeth and relieved her mind with a strident guffaw.

The newcomer lowered the two oil-tins he was carrying, slung at each end of a bamboo yoke, and, with an answering grin, being a man of few words, squatted silently down near the stall. He tucked in a stray end of the well-worn yellow silk headkerchief which hung down limply over one ear, and drawing from the folds of his waist-cloth the stump of a white cheroot, held out his hand for the cigar that Ma Tin Gyi had laid aside on the floor of the stall, the better to do battle with the Inspector's lady, and had now picked up again. It was almost out, and he had to blow on the ash for some little time before he could get a glow sufficient to light his own cheroot; but the business of kindling was finished at length, and the two, facing each other, puffed for a while in silence.

The woman was the first to speak. "She only gave me an anna for plantains, Ko Tu," she said, with a turn of her head in the direction in which Mrs. Jones had disappeared.

"For how many bunches?" asked Ko Tu, municipal water-carrier.

"Three."

Ko Tu clicked his tongue despondently. "*Amalè!*" he ejaculated and sucked more vigorously at his cheroot.

"How can I live," exclaimed Ma Tin Gyi testily, "if I only get one anna for three bunches of plantains? Three bunches, and *nanthabus*, too!"

Ko Tu made no attempt to reply to a question which was manifestly unanswerable. "When does the lease of your stall expire?" he asked, going, like a wise man, to the root of the matter without delay.

"In Tabodwe; she knows it, and that's why she comes to me. Formerly she always bought her vegetables from Ma Kin,—everything save *brinjals*;¹ no one in the market has *brinjals* like mine; but Ma Kin has just had a renewal of her lease for a year and will not sell to her below the market-rate, so now she gets everything from me."

Ko Tu grunted sympathetically and watched while Ma Tin Gyi rummaged among her wares. After a little search she pulled out two plantains, which she solemnly handed to him and he as solemnly received and began eating.

Two tall Sikhs of the Military Police lounged up to the stall, in scarlet *puggree* and white undress, large-boned, handsome men with well-shaped faces and gleaming teeth. One of them wished to purchase a pumpkin, and for the next few minutes Ma Tin Gyi's energies were taken from her cheroot and devoted to haggling with the warrior, as he stood, weighing his purchase carefully in his hand, under a running fire of chaff from a brace of festive lance-corporals of the Battalion's Goorkha company, who were investing in

¹ A vegetable somewhat similar to that known in the West Indies as the egg-plant.

earthenware pots at an adjacent stall. The bargain was struck with the usual amount of good-humoured banter on each side and the Sikhs sauntered complacently onward, having got their pumpkin, be it said, at a price a fraction higher than that at which Mrs. Jones would have obtained it.

"Ah, these *kalas*,"¹ said Ma Tin Gyi with a compassionate shrug as she tossed the coppers into her lacquer-work betel-box and resumed her cheroot, "they are all the same; they hate parting with their *pice*." There was no rancour in her voice. The Military Police were her best customers and she was not afraid of them, for their domain lay outside the Magistrate's courts and they could tell no nasty tales when the question of the renewal of bazaar-leases came up before the Municipal Committee; yet she could not refrain from an allusion to that one of their weaknesses of which she had daily experience.

"They are better than the Civil Police, though," said Ko Tu, with his mouth full of plantain, and his memory of the last occasion on which the Town Sergeant had got him fined for a breach of the Opium Act.

"The Civil Police, I should think so! The Civil Police are worse than Bo Chet," exclaimed Ma Tin Gyi, who also had painful recollections of her own. She broke off short, for one of that force in *khaki* jacket and striped red waistcloth had approached the stall, a round-faced young man with a thick neck and a few straggling black hairs on his upper lip. He was on duty in the bazaar that morning, a person to be looked to and conciliated.

"What are you eating?" he enquired cheerfully of Ko Tu, after a prodigious yawn and a rapid glance

round the bazaar to make sure that there was no superior officer near.

"Plantains," replied the laconic water-carrier, who had begun peeling his second.

The policeman hitched up his striped red cloth reflectively and squatted alongside of Ko Tu. The latter broke his second plantain in half and, without a word, handed one half to the guardian of the peace. Both munched in silence, stopping at intervals to show their teeth with a guttural laugh at some fresh witticism of the Goorkhas, who had passed on to Ma Tin Gyi's stall and were poking fun at the portly lady, while they selected their purchases.

"Where is Bo Chet now, Shwe Zin?" enquired Ma Tin Gyi of the constable when the Goorkhas had passed on chuckling, and she was free for another puff and a word or two of gossip.

"I do not know," said the policeman rather sullenly. "They say he is fed by Ko Waik of Thonzè."

"Why, there's a police-station on Thonzè," exclaimed Ma Tin Gyi. "Why doesn't the Thonzè sergeant catch him and earn the Government reward?"

"The Thonzè sergeant is afraid," sneered Shwe Zin. "Is not Bo Chet's wife niece to Ko Waik? No one can do what displeases Ko Waik at Thonzè."

"His niece has been deported to Sagaing, all the same," laughed Ma Tin Gyi. The policeman made no reply.

"I hear Maun Shaung is very ill," put in Ko Tu, who had risen, and was slowly adjusting his water-tins.

"He is," said Shwe Zin.

"If he dies," said Ma Tin Gyi, "who will be Myothugyi of Thonzè? What do you think, Shwe Zin?"

Shwe Zin dug thoughtfully in the earth with the tip of his sword and

¹ Foreigners; anybody except a Siamese or a Chinaman is a *kala* to a Burman.

laughed. "Ko Waik is very powerful," he said. He was not going to commit himself.

"I have heard that Maung Myo wishes to be Myothugyi," said the woman. "If Maung Shaung dies, will he not tell the Government about Ko Waik and Bo Chet, and prevent his being appointed?"

"He cannot," said Shwe Zin. "He is not strong enough to hurt Ko Waik; Ko Waik has too much authority. Maung Myo has tried to injure him, but what is the good?"

"Yes, what is the good? You may throw a jujube-seed at Mount Myinmo, but it won't budge for that," said Ko Tu shouldering his tins. "But you are a Thonzè man, Shwe Zin; why don't you try and get the reward?"

Shwe Zin gazed sheepishly at the point of his sword. "I am afraid," he said naively, and Ko Tu ambled off laughing.

"What would you do with the reward if you got it, Shwe Zin?" enquired Ma Tin Gyi, arranging the *papayas*¹ on her stall to the best advantage.

"I should give a *pwè*,"² said Shwe Zin, "a *pwè* at Thonzè. I should get actors from Mandalay, as the Myook did when the Chief Commissioner came last Tawthalin. I am going back to Thonzè soon," he added.

"When?" asked Ma Tin Gyi.

"On the tenth waxing. My time at head-quarters will be up and I shall return, and perhaps, — who knows? — perhaps I shall catch Bo Chet. It will be a lovely *pwè*."

The stream of life flowing past the stall was bright and unceasing. The burly black-moustached Burman in a gorgeous pink silk *pahso*,³ at whose

approach Shwe Zin rose demurely to his feet, was the Myook, or Native Magistrate, on his way to a Municipal meeting. Not far behind the local magnate came one of the most influential of the Municipal Commissioners, Ah Shein, the proprietor of the one licensed liquor-shop in the town, a little shrivelled, bright-eyed Chinaman in a large-brimmed pith sun-hat and voluminous dark blue trousers. Yonder was a group of Shans from the Northern hills, gaping wide-eyed amid the bustle of the bazaar, and with them a Kachin or two fresh from the far-off jade-mines. There swaggered a Mussulman *havildar* of Military Police resplendent in a green velvet waistcoat laced with gold, hobnobbing with the *serang*, or boat-swain, of the Government steamer which was visible, through the bazaar-door, smoking under the high river-bank. A thin-lipped, sharp-featured Chittagonian was the latter, with a white conical open-work linen cap on his closely-shaved head and his neck swathed in a gaudy woollen comforter, for the morning air was crisp. A crowd of lascars from one of the river-steamers followed on the footsteps of the *serang*, and before they had fully passed Shwe Zin shot into the air again and saluted guiltily, for round the corner swung Mullintosh, the District-Superintendent of Police with a couple of Inspectors striding behind him and brought up at Ma Tin Gyi's stall.

"Well, Ma Gyi," he exclaimed, gazing big and rubicund at the old lady. "When will those cheroots be ready? Have you told that woman to hurry up with them?"

Ma Tin Gyi's hands went together, and she leered over the tips of her fingers at the District-Superintendent. She was one of the few native women in Tatkin who was not in her heart frightened of the Europeans. "They

¹ A kind of fruit.

² Any kind of show or entertainment, but usually of a theatrical kind.

³ A long scarf worn round the waist with something of the effect of a kilt.

will be ready to-morrow, *Thakin*," she answered. "They would have been ready by this time, only Ma Chin has not been able to help. She is the best cigar-roller in the village."

"Who is Ma Chin? Why can't she help? Has she got fever?"

"She has gone to Sagaing, *Thakin*."

"The devil she has! What for?"

"In accordance with the orders of Government," said Ma Tin Gyi, delivering herself of the *Government* with great unction. "She went with the other relations of Bo Chet."

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed Mullintosh disgustedly. "Why didn't you tell me that before, Ma Gyi? I should never have sent up her name for deportation to Sagaing if I had known. How is she related to Bo Chet?"

He addressed the senior Inspector, who referred to his junior, who in his turn asked the question of Shwe Zin, who replied that the lady alluded to was daughter of Bo Chet's elder sister, and was promptly called a jungle-dog by his superior officer for standing on one leg while replying. It was a sad fact that Shwe Zin had not profited

as much as he should have by his course of training at headquarters.

"Make a note of her name, Po Thet," said Mullintosh to the senior Inspector. "We must remember to get her back as soon as we can. There will be no difficulty. We are not going to lose the best cigar-roller in Tatkin if I can help it. Mind, Ma Gyi, I must have those cheroots to-morrow." And he swept off to the police-station as rapidly as he had come, with the Inspector ever bustling behind him.

"I never knew Ma Chin was a good cigar-roller," observed Shwe Zin, when Mullintosh and his myrmidons had disappeared, and he could re-seat himself with impunity and nibble at another of Ma Tin Gyi's plantains.

"No more she is," returned the vendor of garden-produce, with a suspicion of contempt in her voice for the policeman's obtuseness. "She is a very poor workwoman, but I want her back in Tatkin. She owes me four annas for tomatoes and she was deported before she could pay. I shall make her give me eight annas, when she comes back, for this."

(To be continued.)

DISCIPLINE IN THE OLD NAVY.

AT a time when the discipline of our modern Navy is being much discussed and often not very fairly criticised, it may be interesting to go back to the past, to our old Navy of the American and Revolutionary Wars, and view discipline as it was then. For such a study we have an immense mass of material in the minutes of past courts-martial, which are now preserved in the Record Office. Fortunately these inestimable documents did not share in the catastrophes which overtook so many of the Admiralty papers in the early and middle years of this century. Many records were then stored at Deptford and sold or burned as waste paper. A reaction has followed, and now all that is of interest or value (and a little that is neither) is guarded with scrupulous care at the Record Office. On the history of our Navy alone during the period I have mentioned there is a terrifying collection of documents which had been scarcely drawn upon before the recent researches of Professor Laughton and Mr. Oppenheim.

In the COURTS-MARTIAL is to be found perhaps the most vivid picture of life in the Navy outside the pages of Smollett and Marryat, with the advantage that we have truth instead of fiction. These records have been called the NEWGATE CALENDAR of the Navy, but this name does not suggest the fact. For the NEWGATE CALENDAR is a clumsy inartistic compilation, in which we have not the actual evidence, and in which the touches of life and local colour are usually lost. In the COURTS-MARTIAL we have minutes

of the evidence, the written defence of prisoners, and all the detail which interests. We see the seamen sitting smoking round the galley-fire or crowding round the beer-cask in the gangway, the wardroom officers pelting each other with potato-skins or playing practical jokes on the purser, who does not seem to have been a popular personage; we learn where lights burned at night, where sentries stood, what the men ate and drank, how they fought; and to relieve the gloom of what is largely a record of crime we have gallant touches, as of the lieutenant horribly burned in the explosion on board the *Serapis* in her famous fight with Paul Jones's ship, who leaped overboard in his agony, swam back to his ship, and returned to his quarters.

The picture has its sinister side emphasised of course. Here, on the one side, are records of mutinies, of the murder of officers (though this fortunately was rare), and of men striking officers, and on the other of savage punishments. There is a combined laxity and severity which cannot but a little surprise those who have sailed in a modern man-of-war. Things are permitted which now would be impossible, while offences seemingly small are visited with ruthless severity. We so frequently find women on board ships that their presence excites no comment.¹ The boatswain's wife of the *Hermione*, whose crew mutinied and killed their officers, was on board

¹ "I have known 350 women sup and sleep on board on a Sunday evening (in port)." Captain Thompson's *LETTERS OF A SAILOR*, 1767.

in 1797; the master-at-arms' wife lived in the *Defiance*; in the American War there are occasional notices of white, and even black women on board. Captains took their wives with them to sea very frequently, though St. Vincent and Nelson discouraged the practice and did all they could to stop it. It was not forbidden till 1828, when Admiral Lord Beaulieu came out in a frigate to hoist his flag on the Lisbon station in the *Windsor Castle*. The captain of this ship had his wife with him, and she was occupying the Admiral's quarters; he had made a signal that there was no room; but, says Captain Pasco, the Admiral soon made room by signalling to the *Windsor Castle* to land passengers. When officers were absent sometimes as long as ten years from home there was some excuse for such a custom, though its grave inconveniences must be manifest.

That discipline was often very slack, especially in the early years of the Revolutionary War, may be seen from other authorities. Sir William Parker tells us of a flag-ship where barrels of powder and strings of match were left lying about in a store-room, and not guarded under lock and key in the magazine. An officer of the *Ruby* in 1795 was tried for sleeping on watch. It appears that it was a habit in this ship for the officer of the watch to have a chair brought on deck and to sleep in it, so much so that the captain had been compelled to issue a special order forbidding the practice. In 1797 the crew of the *Rattlesnake*, among other charges against their officers, mention that there never was an officer on deck at night, and this though the ship was at sea. Such things would cause amazement in our modern Navy where a chair is never seen on deck. "I very much doubt whether there is an officer upon deck in any of His Majesty's ships at

Spithead, Cawsand Bay, in the Downs, Yarmouth Roads, or at the Nore," wrote St. Vincent in 1806, "while a vigilance is observed on board the French ships at Rochefort, Lorient and probably in Brest. . . . which surpasses anything I ever heard of." In the present day watch is always kept in harbour by a lieutenant in large ships. The views of outsiders are always interesting; we find Captain Jurien, father of the distinguished French Admiral, who was taken prisoner in 1803, telling us that the British discipline was bad, and that the British prize crew plundered the prize, though this by the Articles of War was a grave offence. The value of his evidence may be doubted; but the letters of Collingwood, Saumarez, and St. Vincent show beyond question that there were many weak and slack captains in the Navy, who could not preserve proper order. It is on such men that Pellew, Parker, and St. Vincent lay no little of the blame for the terrible mutinies which disgraced the fleet during 1797 and subsequent years.

Much is said about the cruelty of flogging in the present Navy, though in fact the real flogging with the cat-of-nine-tails is unknown on shipboard and only boys are corporally punished, not more than twenty-four cuts with the birch being permitted. Emotional people outside the Navy have made this into a grievance, though complaints do not come from the Navy itself. Nothing which degrades the fighting man should be tolerated in a soundly organised military force, but it is absurd to pretend that the present punishments do degrade. On the other hand, where violence is used to a superior officer sharp punishment is required. The offence of striking an officer is becoming too common, and it may be questioned if the present penalties are sufficient.

In the old Navy the flogging of grown men with the cat was more common than is the caning of boys, with six or a dozen strokes, to-day. The discipline was essentially brutal and savage, as it was an age of savage punishments, yet some offences such as theft and forgery were more lightly visited afloat than on shore. Allowance must be made for the peculiar difficulties of war, and for the dangerous and mutinous condition of too many of the crews. In time of war, when every hand may be wanted, men cannot very well be imprisoned in the ship; much less could they, in the prevailing scarcity of food for powder, be sent ashore for long terms of penal servitude. Hence corporal punishment was more justifiable than might at first sight appear.

Flogging was an old-established custom, and it is noteworthy that at the great mutinies, at Spithead, Plymouth, and the Cape, the men did not protest against it, and even inflicted it themselves upon ill-behaved members of the mutinous crews; at the Nore, where the mutineers went further, there were suggestions that this form of punishment should be less used. There were two kinds of flogging, by the captain's order, and by sentence of court-martial.

By the RULES OF DISCIPLINE AND GOOD GOVERNMENT TO BE OBSERVED ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS OF WAR, dated 1730, no captain could inflict more than twelve lashes. But this had been modified by the time of the American War, and captains were then in the habit of awarding up to forty-eight lashes. The offences thus punished were drunkenness, theft, insubordination, malingering, and slackness in performing duty. The sentences and the number of punishments varied greatly with various captains, and there was an old saying, "as many captains, so many navies."

Thus seamen had a real grievance, for what was tolerated in one ship might be severely punished in another. This irregularity and capriciousness were bad in every way. The captain was omnipotent; complaints, as the COURTS-MARTIAL show, were rarely successful, and only too often drew down upon those who made them yet severer penalties. Deaths from flogging by the captain were not unknown. A man in the *Theseus* was severely and repeatedly punished till at last he could not walk. He was, however, brought on deck in this weak condition, laid upon a gun, as he could not stand, and again flogged. He died almost immediately afterwards, and being buried on shore, an inquest was held and a verdict of wilful murder returned. The captain does not seem to have suffered, and the ship's surgeon swore that the case appeared so lenient that his attendance was not required.¹ "To see men lose their lives for petty matters, this is a thing God will reckon for," said Cromwell, but our country had forgotten his saying.

How frequent were these floggings can be proved by an examination of ships' logs. Some captains hated them. Collingwood said of an officer who was famous for his flogging tendencies: "The conduct which is imputed to him has always met my decided reprobation, as being big with the most dangerous consequences and subversive of all discipline." His dislike of corporal punishment, we read in his CORRESPONDENCE, grew daily stronger, and in the latter part of his life more than a year would often pass without his resorting to it. Saumarez tried kindness with success, and, though firm as a disciplinarian, rarely punished. "We may confidently assert," says his biographer Ross, "that had all the ships in His

¹ ANNUAL REGISTER, 1805, p. 426.

Majesty's service been commanded by such officers as Saumarez, the disgraceful spirit of insubordination would never have been so seriously and generally diffused." But he owns that there may have been ships, "wherein the crews were made up from the metropolitan and other prisons, that no treatment would have brought under proper discipline."

When a man was flogged by the captain, he was tied up to the gratings, which were in action placed over the hatchways, but which were at other times kept in the gangways, or narrow passages on each side of the ship from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle. He was stripped to the waist: the crew were turned up to witness his punishment; and then the lashes were laid on by the boat-swain's mate, a big and strong man. There were two kinds of cat, a special one which inflicted severer torture being used for thieves. Occasionally brutal captains pickled the cat in salt, but such practices were reprobated and censured. Eyewitnesses of floggings, of whom there are still many to be found in the Navy, tell us that the blows very soon drew blood.

Baron Ompteda, a Colonel of the King's German Legion, has left us a curious picture of discipline on board one of our smaller ships in 1809. He says in his letters:

A rapid alteration of sails [change of tack] became necessary. The Lieutenant [in command of the ship] sent the requisite number of men twice up the rigging, and either by want of skill or ill-humour the manœuvre was badly executed. . . . Now he went aloft himself to superintend. He came down in great wrath, and desired to know the names of those who were in fault. No one wanted to give them. "Very well," said he, "if nobody is to blame, you are all to blame, and I'll treat you accordingly." And he had them all on deck, one after the other, and treated each to three dozen

with a rope's end [cat?]. . . . In one of the battalion journals the remark is found relative to the effect of this punishment: "Twelve lashes on board ship are equal to one hundred and fifty lashes in the army, on account of the thicker rope and stronger arm."

Here then we have something like half the crew flogged. Thiébauld, a careful observer, on his passage to France from Portugal in a British ship, the *Fylla*, gives a similar picture.

As for the discipline, it was severe to the point of cruelty. The least fault was punished with lashes of the cat, which drew blood from those who suffered. The morning was dedicated to these punishments, and as there was never a day which was not marked by three or four of these executions, I was tortured on waking by the shrieks of the unhappy culprits . . . I complained to Captain Rodney who ordered that the infliction of punishment should be delayed till my disembarkation; and when I left the *Fylla* there were more than seventy floggings to be divided among the crew, composed of one hundred and forty men."¹

It is probable that he exaggerated the number of punishments, for in no ships' logs have I found any instance of such numerous floggings in so short a time. The crew of the *Impetueux*, Captain Sir Edward Pellew (afterwards Lord Exmouth), complained to Admiral Lord Bridport because seamen had been punished to the tune of forty-nine dozen in the few days between leaving Cawsand Bay and arriving at Berehaven in 1799; "We never deserved," they said, "the barbarous treatment we now experience." The crew was a very mutinous one, but forty-nine dozen divided among some six hundred is nothing like the number of floggings reported by Thiébauld, and it is difficult to suppose that such severity would have left no trace of complaint. Taking

¹ MÉMOIRES, iv., 219.

Collingwood's ship in 1793 for an example of a mild captain, twelve men were flogged to the amount of eight dozen lashes in five months.

The floggings by captains were terrible enough in all conscience; but what shall we say of the far more dreadful flogging round the fleet inflicted by courts-martial? For here the limit to the number of lashes was only the endurance of the human frame, and in the opinion of Captain Marryat the punishment was worse than death itself. The sentence was pronounced in these words: "We adjudge him to be punished by receiving — lashes on his bare back, with a cat of nine tails, alongside such of His Majesty's ships at such time and in such proportions as the Commander-in-Chief shall think fit to direct." The prisoner was towed in a boat from one ship to another, and flogged beside each, the whole crew being sent up the rigging to witness his punishment. The captain of the ship alongside which the man was flogged saw that the blows were laid on with vigour, and there is an incidental mention in the COURTS-MARTIAL of a case where four blows were ordered not to be counted, because not given hard enough. The heaviest sentence which I have been able to discover is one of five hundred lashes. For instance the ringleaders in a conspiracy to seize the *Volage*, Captain Parker, and murder her officers, a conspiracy on which, strangely enough, the voluminous life of Admiral Parker is silent, were sentenced to receive five hundred lashes. For threatening to brain a midshipman with a round-shot, a seaman of the *Fortitude* received the same sentence in 1795 from a court-martial of which Nelson was a member. For complaining of their captain's ill-treatment, a number of seamen of the *Shark* were thus punished in 1778. Sentences of

from three to one hundred lashes are quite common, the offences for which they are awarded being mutiny, desertion, or theft. When we read the horrible descriptions of the effect which a comparatively few lashes produced, we shall wonder that men could suffer such sentences and live. "A man," says Marryat in *THE KING'S OWN*, "who has undergone this sentence is generally broken down in constitution, if not in spirits, for the remainder of his life." Certainly Napoleon was wiser and more humane in setting his face resolutely against such cruelties. He shot his insubordinate men, but he did not torture them. The punishment of flogging round the fleet has fortunately long been obsolete; with our present class of seamen, who are the pick and not the scum of the nation, it is absolutely unnecessary. The last instance of it was at Malta sixty years or so ago, but then the number of lashes inflicted was only forty-eight.

Some strange tragedies lie hidden in these dusty pages. There is an appeal for mercy written by some young seamen, who had mutinied for their wages, on being ordered to the West Indies, which, as we read it now more than a hundred years later, starts up in accusing condemnation of the shameful mismanagement that made such a mutiny possible. There is a sad case of a quartermaster of the *Surprise*, tried for seditious language and sentenced to one hundred and thirty lashes. He went to see a man who lay dying of yellow fever in his hammock, and who complained to him of being ill-treated by the officers. He had been beat, he said, by Mr. Lindsay, the master's mate, undeservedly; he had been kept in irons and laid on the cold deck; it had broken his heart, and he considered himself a murdered man. "You see," he said, "a poor West Countryman

cut down." He died in the evening and the quartermaster came to the body and saw the people crowding round it. A boatswain's mate ordered all away, but the quartermaster delayed a minute. "Poor fellow," were his words, "he said that he was murdered. The Lord in heaven knows best whether he was murdered or no." Silence fell upon the crowd of men jostling in the dim light between decks, and the quartermaster was ordered aft and arrested. He had an excellent character, but it did not save him.

The penalty of death was usually inflicted for mutiny, murder, or striking an officer. A curious case is that of Midshipman Machell of the *Sandwich*, tried for attempting to kill a lieutenant. He was found guilty and sentenced to death, but recommended to mercy owing to his youth. It appears that he was of unsound mind, and had been forced into the Navy, which he hated. Another midshipman who was sentenced to death and executed was William Kirk of the *Alexander*, who murdered his mother, a bumboat-woman. She persisted in coming on board the ship, in which her son was a petty officer, and selling her goods. He killed her, after remonstrances, in a moment of passion. This curious case at least shows the low class of some of our officers in the American War. The punishment of imprisonment, usually in the *Marshallsea* when the case was tried in England, does not appear till the later years of the eighteenth century.

Besides these regularly authorised punishments there were others which do not appear in the *RULES OF DISCIPLINE* or *ARTICLES OF WAR*, but which were countenanced in some instances as the custom of the service. Such was "starting" or the use by lieutenants, midshipmen, and boatswains of ropes' ends and canes to beat the men with, if they were slack in

performing duty. There was trouble only if the cane was thicker than the little finger. Again and again we find seamen beaten in this manner, and there are one or two instances in which death resulted. In one case a lieutenant is dismissed the service for beating a seaman savagely on the bare back, with a two-and-a-half inch rope thirty inches long and whipped at the end, giving him more than two dozen blows. This ruffian complicated his offence by knocking down another man four or five times with his fists, and then rope's-ending him. The men of the *Diadem* complain that their officers beat them incessantly with sticks and canes. In innumerable cases this cruel practice led to mutiny, mutinous words, or striking of officers, with the attendant results, a court-martial, and a sentence of flogging round the fleet or death. Nevertheless it was sometimes perhaps necessary, as a story in *Ross's Life of Saumarez* shows. Captain Caulfield, of the *Grampus*, had given positive orders that no boatswain's mate or other petty officer should carry a cane, the usual emblem of their authority. The *Grampus* was at anchor and the Captain addressing the crew, when the sentinel on the fore-castle called out that a prize was driving towards the ship.

The master, who sprang forward, called aloud, "Veer away the small bower-cable or she will be on board of us!" The pause which had been made in the captain's speech was broken by orders from him to veer away the cable quickly. "Down, my lads, veer away!" was repeated by every officer; but the men, not aware of the fatal consequence, and knowing they could not, after what the captain said, be *started*, moved very leisurely to perform the duty, which, to save the ship, it was absolutely necessary should be done with the utmost alacrity. To save the ship the captain shouted to the officers to start the men. But they had no canes! He solved the problem himself by leaping

down among the men, and with the end of the thickest rope he could find became the transgressor of his own laws, of the absurdity of which he was now fully convinced.

Many instances of arbitrary and illegal punishment are to be found. Tying a man up to the rigging appears once or twice as a cause of complaint. Making a man "ride the spanker-boom sitting on a wet swab," tying a seaman's hands, extended, to a boatswain's handspike laid across the back, to each end of which a twelve-pound shot had been fastened, tying two men up to the rigging by their left hands, and compelling them to beat each other with a one-and-a-half inch rope in the right, are some of the curious punishments which occur. The three last were employed by the master of the *Rattlesnake*, who was dismissed the service in consequence. Probably his conduct would not have been so severely visited, at least if we may judge from other instances, had not the dangerous mutiny at the Cape, where the *Rattlesnake* was stationed, compelled some tenderness to the seamen's grievances. A horrible case occurred late in the French War, when a captain deliberately burnt a negro with hot irons. There are indeed signs of a deterioration in the Navy towards the close of the war, the officers growing more tyrannical and the men more sullen, more prone to desert, and of an inferior class. In this may lie one of the explanations of the series of disastrous defeats in the American War of 1812. Tyranny was not properly punished, and a Captain Lake, who marooned a seaman on a small desolate rock for the crime of theft, was almost the only example of a captain who was dismissed the service and not reinstated.¹ In

¹THE NAVAL CHRONICLE, xxvi., 416.

earlier days a Captain Mackenzie blew a marine from a gun on the West Coast of Africa, for attempting to bore through the ship's bottom, and received a royal pardon. As this promising officer was also charged with piracy and making away with stores, some doubt may naturally be felt as to the truth of the plausible tale he told.¹

How far these acts of tyranny and undue severity, which appear in the COURTS-MARTIAL, were general is a matter on which two views can be held. But for one case tried there were probably half a dozen equally bad of which nothing was heard. There were many very young officers, and many officers of a very doubtful class, in command all through the American and French Wars; and if there were only a few ships in which there was constant tyranny and oppression, the case was bad enough. The figures for desertion in the Navy during the American War show pretty clearly the opinion of the seamen as to their life. There were 176,400 men raised for the Navy between 1774 and 1780 inclusive. Of these in the years 1776-80, 1,243 were killed in battle, 18,545 died of sickness, due in no small degree to the abominable badness of the food, and 42,069 deserted.² That is to say, one out of every four men raised ran from the service. It is impossible to explain this grim fact away by the attractions of America. Nelson attributed it in part to mismanagement, which he justly stigmatised as "infernal"; others will consider that bad food and excessively severe discipline were contributory, if not principal, causes.

No doubt the seaman was in those days a very difficult character to

¹ANNUAL REGISTER, 1784, p. 204-46.

²Campbell's LIVES OF THE BRITISH ADMIRALS, vii., 18.

handle. Having starved the fleet in time of peace, we employed a conscription of the rudest and most imperfect kind which, as Napoleon noted with a touch of scorn, spared the gentlemen and took the *canaille*, to fill its depleted ranks in time of war. The seaman taken in this way served unwillingly, and had a grievance in that others were left when he was impressed. He was not habituated to strict discipline, and had not, like our modern Blue-jacket, been bred up to it. Brave, hardy, and patriotic he was, no doubt, at the bottom, as he proved on countless occasions, and it is notable that the innumerable volumes of COURTS-MARTIAL contain not a complaint of cowardice against the men; but he was intemperate in his habits, encouraged in his intemperance by the methods of pay then in vogue, a grumbler by nature, and always disposed to mutiny on provocation. On the top of this class of man were poured the scourgings of English jails, miscreants of every description, to use Collingwood's words, thieves, poachers, houghers of Irish cattle, and men of ability who had fallen in the world. Finally an infusion of foreigners was stirred in, among whom were sometimes to be counted men of the nations with which we were at war. Thus, in the Cullo-den, in 1779, there were American prisoners from Halifax jail and a French quarter-gunner. Thiébauld notices that a good many French men were serving in the Fylla. In the Hermione's crew, who mutinied and murdered their officers, there were many Frenchmen, or it is said so. Collingwood had in his ship's company, "some of all the states in Germany,—Austrians, Poles, Croats, and Hungarians—a motley tribe!"

and in the lists of the slain and wounded at Trafalgar are many foreign names. The essentially patriotic and law-abiding nature of the British sailor may explain why so many mutinies came to nothing when the men seemingly were having things all their own way. It was not until Jacobin and Irish secret societies had honeycombed our Navy, that seamen thought of murdering their officers and handing over their ships to enemies.

We have heard much of the material progress of the Navy in the last year, but the immense moral progress has been hardly noticed. Yet what an advance there has been since the French War! The brutal, tyrannical officer has gone, or if he still exists in rare instances, as a concession to weak human nature, his power of doing evil is carefully circumscribed. The drunken, brutal, illiterate seaman, who stood up so gallantly to the hail of splinters and the broadside of round-shot, has given way to a race of men, having their faults no doubt, but still zealous, obedient, temperate, and well-educated. If the feats of our old seamen fill us with admiration as at a valour that almost passes the human, what shall we not expect from these men of to-day, these children of the sea, so justly and so tenderly loved by the nation? And, expecting all things, we should be ready to give all things in reason, to remedy the real grievances which exist, not so much in the direction of discipline as in that of food and pay, if not on the sentimental ground that men who sacrifice much for the country deserve much, on the practical ground that a contented Navy fights the best.

H. W. WILSON.

AN ETON TUTOR.

A GOOD many years ago,—it must have been about the time of the Crimean war, in fact—two small boys were conversing at a private school. One of them was shortly moving on to the greater world of Eton, and had recently gone there to be introduced to his future tutor, Johnson by name. The other was naturally curious to know what his friend thought of the man to whose direction he was soon to be committed. "Well," said the elder, "he is what, I suppose, would be called rather a forbidding man." A year or two later the younger boy followed, and had an opportunity of verifying his friend's first impression. Not being himself Mr. Johnson's pupil, it was some time before he was brought much into contact with him; but a master's character and idiosyncrasies are the common property of the school, and it was easy to recognise that Billy Johnson, as he was universally called by at least the junior and less reverent portion of it, was likely to be somewhat alarming to a young boy on first presentation to him. His extreme short sight, odd, brusque enunciation, and abrupt turns of phrase (the last, we fancy, acquired from his own tutor Cookesley) were certainly at first a little disconcerting. Still, he was certainly by no means an unpopular master. We admired his fine scholarship; he was not very severe, and if, as was believed, he maintained discipline in his division by the use of a small classical text for the purposes of a missile, it was accepted as part of his general unconventionality.

As one went up the school and came

under him, one could perceive that his freedom from conventions made him, for those who cared to learn, a more stimulating teacher than any they had yet had to do with. He was certainly more alive than any of his colleagues to the necessity of looking beyond and beside the regular curriculum, if the most was to be made of the youthful intelligence. He had read widely; history, politics, literature, and in some measure science and art, all engaged his attention. Of course his own pupils mainly got the benefit of his wide range of interests. He encouraged them to enquire and discuss. The House Debating-Society is nowadays a common institution at Eton, as at other public schools; but forty years ago Johnson's Mercurial (as it was his fancy to call it) was unique in the school and an object of some wonder to the few outside who knew of its existence. He himself took part in the debates. "I suppose no one at a school" he writes, "has ever carried so far as I have the principles of toleration and *isegoria*. I have for years presided at debating-societies, and taken my chance of being cut up, by speaking *before* the boys." It is not perhaps wholly fortuitous that the youngest Prime Minister since the Reform Bill should have come from his pupil-room.

In literature he was not a student only; he was himself a poet, of scanty production indeed, but, as one learned when one grew old enough to appreciate such things, of unusual grace and refinement. Nowhere else, to use a phrase of his own, have the English

and the Greek minds flowed together in so intimate a union; and more boys than one have gained from *IONICA* their first inkling that the old *POETÆ GRÆCI* was an anthology gathered among the finest flowers of the finest literature of the world. The title-page of *IONICA* has never borne a name; but its authorship is, and always was, an open secret; and it was not without amusement that the division once heard Johnson direct a boy to go to his study and bring a thin green book which he would find in such a place, proceeding, when the book arrived, to quote from it in illustration of some point in the lesson, and prefacing the extract with, "You hear what this gentleman says."

These reminiscences are called up by the sight of a modest volume recently printed at the instance of a small number of Johnson's old colleagues and pupils under the title of *EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF WILLIAM CORY*, this being the name borne by him during the last twenty years of his life. It gives a curious picture of a scholarly and acute intellect, nourished with wide learning, and capable on occasion of expressing itself with force and precision, but hampered on the one hand by physical disabilities and on the other by a temperament at once sensitive, fastidious, and impatient. In a nature thus compounded there could hardly help being a touch of the morbid; and the reader of these letters and journals will not fail to mark the occurrence now and again of this trait. But on this there is no need to dwell. It is better to draw attention to some of the characteristics which made Cory a kind of Gamaliel to many school-generations of intelligent boys, some of whom have since attained distinction in more than one career.

One naturally turns first to his views on teaching, the main business of his life. At Cambridge, though, owing to the odd rule which then barred the Tripos to King's College, he was unable to measure himself squarely with his contemporaries, he was pretty certainly the best scholar of his year; and from Cambridge he went straight to Eton, which he had left three and a half years before, and was set, after the fashion of those days, to teach ninety fourth-form boys. "I have been an usher seven weeks," he writes. "Sometimes I get encouragement in school, observing eagerness and inquisitiveness in some of the young people's faces. . . . On cold mornings when they are dispirited, discontented, and dull, I pity them, and I also pity myself. . . . They force me to quarrel with them, though I believe they would really like to live in peace and on terms of amity. Nature never intended me for a disciplinarian, much less for a martinet." Five years later he is lamenting over the idleness and frivolity of his fifth-form pupils; but he is beginning to interest some of them in subjects outside the purely literary school-work, in the air-pump, microscope, electric machine, and so on: "This brings out intelligence in half-a-dozen boys who cannot write poetry, and it supplies phenomena for a dozen more who can." Incidentally too, it may be noted, we have here an instance of the benefit which an Eton master derives from the tutorial system. At schools where this does not exist, a master's only chance of coming into intellectual contact with the boys is that afforded by his work in form. Where promotion is slow, it may well happen that a man of culture and intelligence is kept for ten years passing successive detachments of little boys through the mill of Cæsar and Xenophon. Do what he will,

they are lost to his field of view before he has an opportunity of "seeing the travail of his soul," for the intellectual growth that can be made in one school-term is even less perceptible to the eye than the physical. For ever filling vessels of limited capacity, what inducement has he to enlarge the supply in his own reservoirs? No wonder that such a man, as he advances towards middle life, finds that the once keen edge of his mind is becoming dulled with monotony. The Eton tutor on the other hand not only has the interest of watching and guiding the development of his pupils from childhood to adolescence, with a spice of competition as an additional stimulus; he has also direct motive for keeping his wits bright and widening his interests, that he may ever be ready with fresh fare to sharpen and satisfy the appetite of the growing intelligences.

It was not that Johnson needed this stimulus. He could see merit even in a fourth-form boy; and early in his career would even contrast them favourably with his own pupils higher in the school. Later on, however, we think that his pupils absorbed the greater portion of his interest. He has been called an ideal teacher; but an ideal form-master he certainly was not, as may be inferred from what has been already said. His short sight alone would have prevented this; he himself laments that it prevented him from "recognising the lads in the streets," so that it was difficult to keep up an acquaintance begun only in the school-room. Yet he was not unmindful of boys with whom he came into this contact only, as a kind word of advice or approbation would now and then show. A boy, who had left his division for nearly a year, had been invited with some friends to a water-party. Something prevented him at the last moment

from starting with them; but by a run of four or five miles across country he was able to join them at a higher point of the river. There were several of Johnson's pupils in the party, from whom he probably heard of the incident; at all events, meeting the boy in question next day he said in his quaint jerky manner: "Ran to Maidenhead to catch the party, did you?" "Yes, sir." "Does you credit."

A little tract, written in 1863, published since the appearance of the letters, entitled *HINTS TO ETON MASTERS*, will show at a glance Johnson's methods as a schoolmaster, especially as a tutor, and his knowledge of boy-nature. What can be truer than this? "The boys who do best on paper are not speculative, but eminently practical: and they are very apt to be calculating, hungrily ambitious, long-headed, less amiable than the oarsmen and the cricketers; and I am not going to turn my back to nature in paying homage to study." This was written of course before the worship of athletics (which, it may be remarked, many of the best athletes are the first to deplore) had been pushed to its present pitch; and it seems to indicate very fairly the attitude of the wise pedagogue towards such matters. Johnson had already expressed poetically the boy's view.

They toil at games and play with books;
They love the winner of the race,
If only he that prospers looks
On prizes with a simple grace.

Of the book which has given the impulse to these remarks, only the first half deals with Johnson's life as a schoolmaster. He left Eton before the end of his fiftieth year, settling for a time in his native county of Devon, then for a few years in Madeira, and ending his days at

Hampstead. Teaching he never abandoned. "Monday," he writes, "eight ladies met me. Nine are to come when roses blow. They will be taught not only Latin, but the difference between the language of reason and the language of poetry. . . I am for a dozen ladies the prophet of Lyell, Darwin, Faraday, Ricardo." But besides this he was a copious letter-writer, and, as has been said, a keen student both of literature and of history, past and present; and his letters, mainly to former pupils or disciples, teem with allusion and suggestion, counsel and criticism, often acute and sound; though one is surprised now and then by what seems a curiously perverse estimate. Thus in 1873, after a course of Balzac's novels, he writes: "They give me a horror of France, as it was, at least. I believe it must have been better since 1848, partly from the increase of prosperity, partly from the superiority, as a gentleman, of Louis Napoleon to Louis Philippe . . . partly the influence of literature. This last I believe is in a great measure due to Balzac, whom I now recognise as the coryphæus of Feuillet, Droz, Gaboriau, Malot, Belot, Sardou, de Musset and Flaubert." The stars of MM. Zola and Maupassant had hardly risen when these words were written, but they are surely, as Cory would himself have said, in the succession, and Balzac's world, though grimy enough, is clean beside that in which these gentlemen appear to have lived. Nor is one inclined to admit the superiority from any point of view, unless it be as a conspirator, of the man of Sedan to the hero of Valmy. But here one of Cory's mental twists appears; he seems to have had in later years an admiration for both Napoleons curious in one who in 1863 wrote, "I would pay income-tax to put an Orleans

king in his place or his son's place," and elsewhere notes as the characteristic of a good sovereign, freedom "from wicked pride, from intrigue, from vindictiveness, from suspicion."

Or again, what are we to think of such a judgment as this, from a man who could hardly plead ignorance as an excuse? "Greek plays are to French plays what cold boiled veal is to snipe." Now the French plays that he had in his mind are not *LE CID*, or *PHÈDRE*, or *LE TARTUFFE*, but *LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS* and *LE DEMI-MONDE*. Dejanira is to give place to Marguérite Gauthier! Observe that the viand chosen as the equivalent term to the Greek drama is that which to Macaulay (from whom it is doubtless borrowed) represented not only the insipid, but the repulsive. Of course it is but a momentary paradox; but it is not the only evidence that Cory never quite attained to a definite standard of judgment, or in other words, never succeeded in seeing life whole. Instincts he had in plenty, and as a rule they were remarkably sound, and admirably expressed. "The essential thing," he says in one place, unconsciously amplifying Pope's line about forms of government, "is that government should be carried on by gentlemen, by the best-informed gentlemen, by the most considerate of the well-informed gentlemen. 'Honour all men,' 'Look not each on his own things,' 'Submit to testing and refuting,' 'Life unexamined is intolerable,'—such maxims, whether Pauline or Platonic, will serve in a republic as well as in a nondescript policy like ours."

Take this again, on Sir Henry Maine's *POPULAR GOVERNMENT*. "The book, wise and powerful as it is, seems to me so dry, even so bitter, that it tempts one to prefer common

kindness to wisdom. I am tempted to say with [?] the Publican, I thank Heaven that I am not as that Pharisee. I had rather be what I am than be so superior a person as to speak of the extant English people as the *fax Romuli*."

But, as often happens where instincts have been nourished more on reading than on actual contact with men, the lack of a definite criterion sometimes led him into odd inconsistencies. Thus writing of Lord Lytton's appointment as Viceroy of India in 1876, he says it "gave me a twinge of joy,—that the world should be governed by poets is beyond all dreams." Then indeed follows an ominous series of *ifs*: and some three years later we find him expressing to the same correspondent his doubts whether Disraeli did well to sanction the choice of "that Salvator Rosa gentleman, your friend at Simla." But when we turn a few pages and find General Gordon referred to as "an elderly engineer . . . blinded by conceit, and utterly incapable of doing justice to civilised man," one is a little amazed to find this admirer of the martial virtues rating the production of a few mediocre verses above the suppression of the Taiping revolt as a test of the capacity for administering affairs. But indeed, it would not require a Socrates to convict most men, whose pursuits are mainly literary, of sentiments which cannot in strict logic be deduced from their previous, or subsequent, opinions. Cory's life, as again is not uncommon in the case of men whose experience of the world of action comes mainly at second-hand, presents a curious inversion of the usual process. Never quite a boy, he seems to have grown younger in mind as the years passed over his head. We know indeed that this was his own ideal.

I'll borrow life, and not grow old;
And nightingales and trees
Shall keep me, though the veins be cold,
As young as Sophocles.

And when I may no longer live,
They'll say, who know the truth,
He gave whate'er he had to give
To freedom and to youth.

There is much to be said for this scheme of life; but there is always the danger that the survival of the emotional freshness of youth may retard the moral and intellectual maturity which one looks for in more advanced years. Perpetual spring would not promote the ripening of the fruit. It is only in most exceptional natures that

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and
skill,

are found combined with boyish interests and boyish enthusiasms in a grizzled head. Cory's love of country, for instance, though prompted by what his historical reading told him of the true greatness of England, was perhaps a little apt to take an exclusively military colour. Yet there was much that was attractive about his almost passionate patriotism. The country was to him as it were an ampler embodiment of the school; for his brethren and companions' sakes, he wished prosperity to both. The last words which the present writer ever heard him speak,—it was on the occasion of a chance meeting at one of the Winter Exhibitions at Burlington House, where the English painters were well represented—were "Makes me proud of my country." Nor had any one ever more cause to be grateful to England. In no other European country would it ever have occurred to a boy or young man of William Johnson's unpropitious physique and meditative temperament to mount a horse, or handle an oar, or

even "cheer the games he could not play." He somewhere rails at "my vile eyes that have made me a muff." Amiel, we take it, never so much as knew that he was a muff; nay, he thought himself rather a fine fellow. He, we may imagine, would have cared little for hearing of the great Punjaub manoeuvres: "How the Russians wondered at our regiments galloping, and all abreast charging a wall, clearing it, and galloping on without a halt," the recital of which made Cory "happy" at the age of sixty-three.

About the same time he writes: "I got a telegram about Stewart's fight [Abou Klea] which carried me back to the emotion caused one day in November, 1854, when W——, at three o'clock school, got a copy of THE MORNING CHRONICLE brought by ——, and the doors being open, I heard him say before he read out the telegram, 'Make no noise'; and he sent me the paper, and I was such a Spartan as to go through the lesson with the news not read; and then I read, 'Eight thousand English and six thousand French repulsed sixty thousand Russians, &c., &c.' Thirty years ago; and I am still a boy when it comes to news about the regiments."

He pondered much on military matters; an old pupil who went into the army used to tell him he was the best soldier he knew; and even to the end of his life his interest in these subjects would strike those who never knew him in his prime.

But still through all his heart was
young,
His mood a joy that nought could mar,
A courage, a pride, a rapture, sprung
Of the strength and splendour of
England's war.

But in truth all that concerned the making of England was a subject of

deep interest to him; and his chief contribution to history, a most suggestive and stimulating work, far less well known than it deserves to be, deals with the peaceful twenty years that followed Waterloo.

The *journal intime* is not a form of literature that has ever been popular in England, and probably it gets rarer in each generation. Few people, it may be supposed, keep any kind of diary at the present time, when a reference to the file of a newspaper, or (in very orderly cases) to an indexed volume of cuttings, will generally do all that is wanted in the way of refreshing the memory; but even with the few who still indulge in that exercise, the diary usually either takes the form of a bare record of the weather, of entertainments, and the like, or else becomes a kind of commonplace book for the reception of anecdotes or phrases which may have struck the diarist's fancy. If a man in these days has the habit of reflection combined with the faculty of expression, he is not likely to squander it on his private diary.

Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces

was well enough in the good old Eleusinian days; but of late years the silver of speech has risen marvellously in comparison with the gold of silence. And it is the same with private letters. Few people are there now, who like Doudan are content to put the results of their thought and their study into literary form for the benefit of a single reader, or even of a small circle of friends. This, however, Cory did; and quite enough of what he wrote was worth reading to justify those who were the recipients of his confidence when alive in admitting a wider group to it now that he is gone.

THEOCRITUS.¹

THE great age of Greek poetry had drawn to an end long before the extinction of Greek freedom by the Macedonian conquest. The epic, the lyric, and the drama had been successively brought to perfection before the beginning of the period which is famous in history as the age of Pericles. A century followed in which intellectual interest was absorbed in the conquest of the new and fascinating art of prose. But an age of great prose has to pay the price of being prosaic. In the hundred years between Pericles and Alexander the Great, poetry dried up at its fountains, and became more and more an academic art based on old models. Fifty years later, when prose itself had been struck with the same academic languor, Greek poetry put forth its last, and not its least lovely, blossom in the *Idyls* of Theocritus.

The time was one of great learning and refined luxury. Greek culture, following the conquests of Alexander, had spread in a broad shallow tide over the whole of the countries fringing the Eastern Mediterranean. The wealth of the East flowed freely into Europe through Egypt and Syria. At the other end of the Greek world, the States of the larger Greece across the seas were in fierce competition with Carthage for the control of the immense commerce of Sicily. The guidance of public affairs had, in the new epoch of trained professional armies, passed into the hands of a

small hierarchy of military administrators. Politics, for so long the single absorbing passion of the Greek cities, were ceasing to exist. Relieved from the long strain of political excitement, men's minds fell back on nature and art as the two great springs of life. They had hardly realised till then what treasures each had to offer; nor perhaps is it easy for us to realise how entirely the life of ancient Greece is coloured to our eyes by a sentiment which only arose when that life was becoming absorbed in other forms. To see the beauty of nature afresh through a medium of enriched artistic tradition was the last task achieved by the Alexandrian poets, when, with a pathetic insincerity, they turned back to the simple life they had left so long behind, sought a new refinement in rusticity, and lavished all their ornament on the portraiture of the ploughmen, shepherds, or fishermen who were already well on their way towards becoming the serf-population of the Roman Empire.

Of the life of Theocritus, the first and by far the most eminent of the Greek pastoral poets, nothing is known beyond what may be gathered from the allusions in his poems. He was a Syracusan by birth. The *Idyls* show intimate knowledge not only of Eastern Sicily, but of the fringe of Greek States on the coast of Southern Italy. But his literary education was acquired, and a considerable part of his life spent, at the court of Alexandria, which then, under the enlightened despotism of Ptolemy the Second, was the intellectual and artistic centre of the

¹ This paper was written as a preface to extracts from Theocritus in the *LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE*, published by Messrs. Hill of New York.

Greek world. In later life he probably returned to Syracuse, and the sixteenth Idyl, addressed to King Hiero soon after his accession to the throne in B.C. 270, gives the only approximately certain date among his poems. Before Hiero's long reign ended, the axis of the world had shifted; the white streets of the Greek cities that fringed the Calabrian and Sicilian coasts echoed to the tramp of the Latin legionary, and Ennius and Plautus were writing at Rome.

The poems of Theocritus, which have come down to us in substantial integrity from a collection of the pastoral poets formed some fifty years after his death, while they vary much in subject and manner, have a common quality which was well understood by the critics who gave them the name of *idyllia*. The name, which appears then in literature for the first time, seems to have been coined for this specific purpose. It is a diminutive formed from a word which, originally signifying *look* or *visible appearance*, took in later Greek, like its Latin equivalent *species*, the senses of physical beauty, of particular form, and, by a curious reversion from the abstract to the concrete, which first occurs in medical writers, of any rare and costly kind of merchandise, the sense handed down from Latin to English in the word *spice*. The book of idyls might be thought of then as a collection of select masterpieces of workmanship on a small scale; a casket of finely wrought jewels, one might say (like the EMAUX ET CAMÉES of a modern poet) or of spices remarkable for their rarity and richness. They were sharply distinguished, on the one hand by their small scale, from the larger traditional forms of poetry headed by the epic, on the other by their lavish and intricate ornament from the class of minor poetry known as the epigram, which sought its

effects in a studied and grave simplicity. Both of these forms were then assiduously cultivated, the latter with such skill and success as to yield an important body of poetry, in which the epigrams of Theocritus himself occupy a distinguished place. But his special and original genius raised the idyl to a substantive rank of its own, and enriched the world with a new form of poetry of great charm and singular permanence.

The pastoral, Theocritus's special invention, though the words idyl and pastoral are often used as synonyms, is only one form out of several which the idyl may take. The Theocritean idyls in fact include, besides the pastorals, specimens of at least four other manners. Three of these are adaptations to the idyllic treatment of the three main forms of poetry, the epic, the drama, and the lyric. The thirteenth Idyl, the HYLAS, and the twentieth, the DIOSCURI, are examples of the epic idyl, in which a single incident or episode from one of the heroic subjects is told separately and with great elaboration. The fifteenth, the famous ADONIAZUSÆ, familiar to English readers from the rendering of it given by Matthew Arnold in his essay on Pagan and Medieval Religious Sentiment, is a brilliant specimen of the dramatic idyl, in which the same method of treatment is applied to a scene from a comedy. Of the lyric idyl, where (as in Shakespeare's Sonnets) the poet speaks in his own person but in the enriched idyllic manner, there are beautiful instances in the twelfth Idyl and in the epilogue to the ninth. A fourth form, quite distinguishable from all these, is the occasional idyl, of which one charming specimen survives in the twenty-second Idyl, a poem Theocritus wrote to go with the present of a spindle of richly carved ivory to his friend Theuigenis,

the wife of a celebrated physician of the time, and the mistress of one of those lovely and peaceful Greek homes which gathered up in themselves all that was best in the ancient world.

It is, however, on the pure pastoral that the main fame of Theocritus rests; and his shepherds and fishermen and country girls, studied directly from nature and yet moving in an atmosphere of highly idealised art, have remained ever since the model for pastoral poets; for his own successors in Greek poetry, for Virgil and the Latins, and through Virgil for the literature of more modern Europe. To trace, even in bare outline, the history of the pastoral since Theocritus would be out of place here; but in it, as in other forms of poetry, the whole world has been but the pupil of Greece. Theocritus not only invented but perfected it, and later variations on his method involved no substantial change, with the exception of that unhappy craze for allegory from which Virgil is not wholly free, and which deforms so much of the poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the pastoral again rose to a place of the first importance in literature.

From this allegorical tendency the Greek temper,—and Theocritus, though a Sicilian writing in Egypt, is still a Greek—was instinctively averse. The Greek purity of line is as dominant in him as in Homer or Sophocles; and it is this quality which gives the Idyls poetical value even when their subject is coarse or trivial. They keep amid the dust of a decaying world, in the words of a haunting Theocritean line, the translucent freshness of “a cup washed in the wells of the Hours.” For the full appreciation of what is meant by the Greek pastoral the first Idyl, the *THYRSIS*, may be taken as a canon. It includes in itself the whole range of the idyllic feeling, in lan-

guage whose movement and grace are without a fault. Though it is the first known instance of a pastoral poem, the “*bucolic Muse*” is spoken of as already a familiar thing; and indeed long preparation must have been required before the note struck in the first line, nay, in the first word, could be struck with such clear certainty. “Sweet and low” (so we may render the effect of that untranslatable opening cadence) the new Muse, with flushed serious face and bright blown hair, comes from the abandoned haunts of an older world in Thessaly or Arcadia, and on the slopes of *Ætna*, among pine and oak, where the Dorian water gushes through rocky lawns, finds a new and lovelier home. The morning freshness of the mountains mingles with the clear sad vision that she brings with her from older Greece. “To-morrow I will sing again to you sweeter yet” are the last words of *Thyrsis*. So Greek poetry might have said when yet in its youth. But the goatherd bids him sing with the melancholy encouragement, “since thou wilt not keep a song where Death brings oblivion.”

This graver note, however, only comes as an undertone, while the delicate beauty of the world to still unclouded senses fills the Idyls throughout. “Light and sweet it is,” says Theocritus once of poetry in his own person; and this is so even when the Idyls touch on the deeper emotions. Yet in two instances Theocritus, keeping all the while this light sweet touch that he transmitted to none of his successors, has given an expression all but unequalled in the ancient world to love in two of its most intense phases. The story of the fiery growth of love, told by the deserted girl of the second Idyl all alone in the flooding moonlight, comes as fresh to us still as any tale of to-day in its fierce outspokenness and

tragic beauty; and even more remarkable is the strange, half-mystical passion of the twelfth Idyl (called *AÏTES*, or *THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM* as we might render the word into Elizabethan English) with its extraordinary likenesses in thought and expression to the Shakespearian Sonnets, and the sense throughout it, as in the Sonnets, of the immortality that verse alone gives.

These two poems are the type of one side of the Theocritean idyl; the other, and one equally permanent in its truth and beauty, is represented by the descriptive poems of country life, with their frank realism and keen delight in simple country pleasures. In the stifling streets of Alexandria Theocritus must have turned back with a sort of passion to the fresh hill-pastures he had known as a boy, with the blue sea gleaming far down through the chestnut woods. There lay his true home; and in one idyl, by a beautiful intricacy of imagination, he heightens the remembrance of summer in a Greek island by a dream of two wanderers, one among Polar snows, one far among the rocks of the burning Soudan where the Nile lies sunk beyond the Northern horizon. The songs of the reapers in the eleventh Idyl are genuine folk-poetry, such as has been sung in Greek harvest-fields from the heroic age till now. The rustic banter of the fourth, where the scene is in Southern Italy, has in it the germs not only of the artificial Latin eclogue, but of the provincial comedy native to all parts of Italy, as it was played at this very time for Roman holidays by companies of wandering actors from Tuscany and Campania. The fourteenth, even more remarkable in its truth to nature, is, with all its poetical charm, almost a literal transcript of a piece of that dull hard life of the Greek peasant-proprietary which kept driving its

young men into drink or into the army; while the speech and manners of the same social class in the great towns are drawn with as light and sure a touch in the fifteenth, the brilliant sketch of the public holiday spent by two Syracusan women settled in Alexandria.

Such was the external world in which Theocritus moved. The inner world of his poetry, by which his final value has to be estimated, can only reveal itself through the poems themselves, but a few notes of his style may be pointed out to indicate his relation on the one hand to the earlier Greek classics, on the other to a more modern and romantic art. Amid all the richness of his ornament it retains the inimitable Greek simplicity, that quality which so often makes translations from the Greek seem bare and cold. But the romantic sense of beauty, in which he is the precursor of Virgil and the Latins, is something which on the whole is new; and new too is a certain keenness of perception towards delicate or evanescent phases of nature, shown sometimes in single phrases, like the "sea-green dawn" in which he anticipates Shelley, sometimes in an elaborately expanded Tennysonian simile, and habitually in that subtle art which gives a perennial freshness and charm to his landscapes.

Together with this natural romanticism, as we may call it, is the literary romanticism which he shares with the other Alexandrian poets. The Idyls addressed to his two royal patrons, Hiero and Ptolemy, give a vivid picture of the position which literature held at this period, in the enormously enlarged world where "the rain from heaven makes the wheat-fields grow on ten thousand continents." Satiety had followed over-production: "Homer is enough" became the cry of critics; and to

many it seemed better (in the phrase Tennyson borrowed from Theocritus) to be "born to labour and the mattock-hardened hand" than to woo further the Muses who sat now "with heads sunk on chill nerveless knees." To bring a new flush into these worn faces, to renew if but for a little the brightness of poetry and the joy of song, to kindle a light at which Virgil should fire the torch for the world to follow, this was the achievement of

Theocritus; nor is it without fitness that the bucolic hexameter, the lovely and fragile metre of the Idyls, should be a modification of the same verse in which Homer had embodied the morning-glory of the Greek spirit. "With a backward look even of five hundred courses of the sun," the Idyls close, in lingering cadences, that golden age of poetry which opened with the Iliad.

J. W. MACKAIL.

A COUSIN OF PICKLE.

THE modern autobiographical romance of adventure has perhaps been overdone. The hero is always very young and very brave; he is mixed up with great affairs; he is a true lover; he marries the heroine, and he leaves his Memoirs (at six shillings) to posterity. Stereotyped as is the method, and mechanical as are most of the novels thus constructed, it is interesting to compare with them a set of genuine Memoirs, which actually are what the novels pretend to be.

Colonel John Macdonell, the author of the Memoirs, was of the Scottos family, a branch of the House of Glengarry. Indeed, in the male line the chiefs of Clan Donald are now represented by the head of the Scottos branch, not to enter on the old controversy as to the chiefship of Clan Ranald. Our Colonel was born in 1728, and was therefore a boy of eighteen in 1746. He had already been conversant with great adventures; he had seen Rome and his King, had been thrice wounded in one engagement of the Italian wars, and had relinquished his excellent prospects in the Spanish service to fight for the White Rose. An emissary between the Duke of York (not yet Cardinal) and the Prince, the bearer of a treasure in gold, our hero arrived in the Highlands just after Culloden. Robbed by the wicked Mackenzies, associated with the last rally of the loyal clans, betrayed by a cousin to a Hanoverian dungeon, young Macdonell must needs fall in love, at this juncture, with his future wife. He insults his enemies, cows the traitor who denounced him (or

another traitor), marries his lady, retires to Canada, and, dying in 1810, leaves his Memoirs to his children.

What more can be asked from a hero? "Oh, Colonel Macdonell and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, which of you imitated the other?" the critic is tempted to exclaim. But, if the real Colonel John "does it more natural," the fictitious David Balfour "does it with the better grace." The good Colonel never, of course, discourses to us about his contending emotions, or dilates, like Mr. Balfour, on the various trains of casuistry which meet in his simple soul. He never describes a place, nor a person, not even when he meets his King, the Duke of York, or the Duc de Fitzjames; he only describes action, vividly enough. He leaves out the love-interest, with the merest allusion; and thus, though the Colonel played a heroic part in romantic occurrences, he did not write a romance. He arranges his recollections ill, ignoring essential facts, and, later, dragging them in very awkwardly. His Memoirs are such as an elderly warrior of his period would naturally pen; they illustrate the chaotic condition of Highland morals and manners in 1745-54, and introduce us to figures familiar in the Prince's campaign of Scotland.¹

Scotus, Scottos, or Scothouse, the estate of the Colonel's family, lies in the south of Knoydart, and on the north side of the entrance to Loch

¹ Written before 1810, the Memoirs are published in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* of 1828. Mr. McLennan has founded on these papers his excellent romance, *SPANISH JOHN*.

Nevis, just opposite to the Aird of Sleat in Skye. On the north of Knoydart, and on the south shore of Loch Hourn, is Barisdale, the seat of the Colonel's cousin, Col of Barisdale, the tallest man, and the greatest robber, ruffian, and traitor of Clan Donald. Universal testimony, from that of the Chevalier Johnstone to the Whig Manuscript of 1750, applauds the family of Scottos as brave gentlemen, honest in the midst of "a den of thieves" (says our Whig author) loyal when loyalty had most to tempt or discourage it. Our Colonel's father was a younger son of old Scottos. He resided at Crowlin; concerning his means of life we learn nothing, but the Colonel was always well supplied with money in his boyhood. The clan were Catholics, and John's father, in 1740, sent the boy, then aged twelve, to be educated at the Scots College in Rome. He was accompanied by a lad of fourteen, Angus Macdonald, of the Clan Ranald family. From Edinburgh they sailed to Boulogne, and in Paris were entertained by Mr. George Innes, head of the Scots College and brother of Thomas Innes, the first really critical writer on early Scottish history. From Paris the pair of boys went, partly by water, partly in a *calèche*, to Avignon and Marseilles, whence they embarked for Toulon. Here they met with the following adventure, which may be given as an example of the Colonel's style in narrative, though it had no sequel. Most of his adventures led to nothing, unlike the course of fiction.

One night as we walked through the streets and were cracking nuts, my comrade, who was somewhat roguish, observed a Monsieur with a large powdered wig, and his hat under his arm, going past us; he took a handful of nuts from his pocket and threw them with all his force at the Frenchman's head, which unfortunately disordered his wig. Monsieur turned upon and collared him; by good luck a

Spaniard was of our party, who instantly ran to the relief of my comrade and gave the Frenchman a severe drubbing. We then adjourned to a tavern, when our Spaniard, calling for a bottle of wine, brought me to a private room, and after bolting the door, to my great terror and surprise, drew a stiletto with his right hand from his left bosom, and made me to understand by signs that with that weapon he would have killed the Frenchman, if he had proved too strong for him. He then took a net purse out of his pocket wherein there appeared to be about a hundred Spanish pistoles, and made me an offer of a part: I made him a low bow, but not standing in need of it, would not accept of his liberality, for I thought I had enough, being always purse-bearer for myself and companion. My friend made sometimes free with my pockets, merely to try if I should miss anything, and was happy to find that I made a discovery of his tricks by immediately missing what he took in that way. . . . I bought out of our stock two large folding French knives, by way of carvers, in case of any sinister accident.

Such an accident of travel presently occurred. A Mr. O'Rourke of Tipperary, on his way to study at Rome, introduced the boys to a certain Mr. Creach, late of the Irish brigade in Spanish service. Mr. Creach, finding Master Macdonell alone in his room, tried to rob him. Macdonell flew at the man; Angus Macdonald entered; the pair threw Creach on the ground, and John had his "carver" out, with a view to cutting Creach's throat, when O'Rourke interfered with this wild Celtic justice. Arrived in Rome, the boys found that the fame of their exploit had preceded them and done them good service, as they were reckoned lads of spirit.

John, though the youngest pupil in the lowest class of the seminary, was advancing rapidly in his studies when, in the winter of 1743, Prince Charles rode out of Rome to a hunting-party, and, disguised as a Spanish courier, continued his course as far as Antibes. France had invited him, though, when

he arrived, she neglected him. John now conceived that, in the event of the Prince's landing in England, "My clan would not be the last to join the young Charles. . . . This set my brains agoing, which were not very settled of themselves. I got disgusted with the life of a student, and thought I would be much happier in the army."

John, therefore, contrived to get "introduced to King James by noblemen attending on that Prince, who inquired of me particularly about my grandfather and granduncles [Glengarry and Barisdale, apparently,] with all of whom he had been acquainted personally in the year 1715," when Glengarry distinguished himself so brilliantly, avenging the fallen Clan Ranald, at Sheriffmuir. A recommendation for John was sent to General Macdonnell (of the Antrim family) then commanding the Irish of the Spanish forces in Italy, and, though the Cardinal Protector demurred to John's change of service, our hero was equipped with a sword by the Rector of his College. "Presenting me with the sword, his eyes filled, and he told me that I should lose that sword by the enemy, which was verified in seven or eight months after." The Rector had the second sight!

Mr. Macdonell, a sage of sixteen, was now horrified by the ethical ideas which he surprised in the conversation of the young Italian gentlemen who rode with him to join the Spanish army. They assured him that his military value depended on his emancipation from the prudish notions of a "parcel of bigots," but he was destined to refute this theory. General Macdonnell admitted his young clansman to his own table, and put him in the way of seeing fire. He thus describes his first view of that element; probably his emotions are common to recruits.

I'll tell you the truth, I felt myself rather queer, my heart panting very strong, not with bravery I assure you. I thought that every bullet would finish [me], and thought seriously to run away, a cursed thought! I dare never see my friends or nearest relations after such dastardly conduct. My thoughts were all at once cut short by the word of command "Advance quick!" We were at once within about one hundred paces of the enemy, to whom we gave so well directed a fire, that their impetuosity was bridled. The firing on both sides continued until dark came on, which put a stop to the work of the evening. The enemy retreated some distance back, and we rejoined our own army. I went to Genl. McDonnell, who asked me if I had smelled powder to-day; I told him I had plentifully. "What, Sir," said he, "are you wounded?" "No, please your Excellency." "Sir, you will never smell powder until you are wounded." I got great credit from the officers commanding the party I belonged to for my undaunted behaviour during the action, but they little knew what past within me before it began.

The smell of powder was soon in our hero's experience. The Neapolitan general who commanded on alternate days with the French leader, withdrew his troops from a strong position on the heights above Velletri, which was attacked by Prince Lobkowitz and the famous General Brown, with forty-five thousand Austrians. There was daily fighting, and General Macdonnell was stopped by his superior officer, while in the very act of driving the Austrians from the deserted heights, which they, of course, had occupied. An Austrian surprise cut off Macdonnell's regiment from the main force, and he thus describes what occurred.

For my own share I was among the last that gave way but, when I once turned my back, I imagined that the enemy all aimed at me alone, and therefore ran with all my might, and thought there was a weight tied to each of my legs, till I had out-run everyone, and looking behind, saw the whole coming up.

I halted and faced about, every one as he came up did the same, we soon formed a regular line, and resolved to revenge our dead comrades and to fight to the last; but found our situation to be as bad as before. . . . Reduced to extremity we offered to capitulate on honourable terms, but could obtain no condition except surrendering at discretion, rather than which we resolved to fight while powder and ball remained among the living or the dead. Our officers and men fell very fast. I among the rest got a ball through my thigh which prevented my standing; I crossed my firelock under my thigh and shook it, to try if the bone was whole, which finding to be the case, dropped on one knee and continued firing. I received another shot which threw me down; I made once more an attempt to help my surviving comrades, but received a third wound which quite disabled me. Loss of blood and no way of stopping it soon reduced my strength, I however, gripped my sword to be ready to run through the first enemy that should insult me.

All our ammunition being spent, not a single cartridge remained amongst the living or the dead, quarters were called for by the few that were yet alive. Many of the wounded were knocked on the head, and I did not escape with impunity. One approached me; at first, I made ready to run him through, but observing five more close to him, I dropt the sword, and was saluted with *Hunts-foot*,¹ accompanied with a cracking of muskets about my head. I was only sensible of three blows and fainted; I suppose they thought me dead. On coming to myself again, I found my clothes were stripped off, weltering in my blood, and no one alive near me to speak to, twisting and rolling in the dust with pain, and my skin scorched by the sun. In this condition a Croat came up to me with a cocked pistol in his hand, and asked for my purse in bad Italian. I told him that I had no place to hide it in, and if he found it anywhere about me to take it. "Is that an answer for me, you son of a b—ch?" at same time pointing his pistol straight between my eyes. I saw no one near, but the word *quarter* was scarcely expressed by me, when I saw his pistol-arm seized by a genteel young man dressed only in his waistcoat, who said to him, "You rascal, let the man die as he pleases; you see he has

enough, go and kill some one able to resist." The fellow went off. Previous to this a Croat, taking my gold-laced hat and putting it upon his own head, coolly asked me how he looked in it. He then with his sabre cut off my queue and took it along with him.

A civilised scalp!

The Austrians, after all, lost the day, and a certain Miles Macdonnell rescued our hero, and had him carried into hospital. Recovering, he returned to Rome, and was welcomed in a flattering manner both by his King, who presented him with a sum of money, and by the young Duke of York. After seeing some service on the Po, young Macdonnell obtained leave to go to France and join a detachment which was to aid Prince Charles in Scotland. At Lyons they heard of the Prince's defeat of Hawley at Falkirk, but at Paris the news was worse, and of all the Jacobite volunteers (who were Irish) John Macdonnell alone persevered. He urged that, as the Prince's affairs went ill, "It was ungenerous not to give what aid we were capable of, but I could not prevail on any of them to be of my opinion." In fact it was now plain that France did not mean to lend any solid assistance to the Cause. The Duke of York since Christmas had been waiting at Dunkirk and Boulogne, expecting permission to sail for England with a large force, but delay followed delay. Young Macdonnell now went to Boulogne, where he met the Duke, and was introduced by him to the Duc de Fitzjames and to Lally Tollendal. Here the good Colonel's memory deceives him, for he avers that Lally wished to take him to Pondicherry. Now Lally was deep in the Scottish rising, and did not leave France for India till ten years after 1746.¹ Young Macdonnell, in

¹ *Hunts-foot* (*sic*) i.e., leg of a dog, a term of reproach with the Germans.

¹ Lally's adventures were romantic, and are only touched on by M. Humont, in his *LALLY TOLLENDAL*, p. 32-5.

these weeks of hope deferred, lived with the Duke of York at Boulogne, Dunkirk, and St. Omer. Finally, he set sail from Dunkirk with several Irish officers on the very day of Culloden, April 16th.

Here the Colonel is guilty of an artistic blunder in his narrative. It is plain, from his later statements, that the Duke of York made him the bearer of a letter, and a sum of £1,500 or £2,000 in gold, to Prince Charles. But we do not hear, till later, of the money or the missive. The little company with Macdonell rounded the Orkneys, landed in Loch Broom, and at once heard the fatal news of Culloden. Macdonell's uncle, Scottus, had fallen with twenty of his men, "and nobody knew what was become of the Prince." Colonel Macdonell never gives dates, but he must have arrived in Loch Broom between May 8th and May 12th, 1746. On May 8th, a meeting of chiefs was held at Murlagan, and a tryst appointed at Loch Arkaig, in Lochiel's country, for May 15th.¹ Our hero heard something of this at Loch Broom, and determined to join the rallied clans. He first went to Laggy, at the head of Little Loch Broom, where he found Colin Dearg Mackenzie of Laggy, with several other Mackenzie gentlemen, and sixty of the clan. "We thought ourselves as safe [he and his friend, Lynch, an Irish officer,] as in the heart of France."

Now began the purely personal romance of the Colonel. The Mackenzies entertained him and Captain Lynch at dinner in a dark and crowded room; he noticed that men gathered suspiciously behind him, and he remembered that they had remarked on the weight of his portmanteau. He therefore rose more than once from table to inspect that valise, but,

¹ Mackenzie's *HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS*; see documents on pp. 233-44.

while the company were drinking the Prince's health, Colin Dearg walked out. Absent, too, was the portmanteau, when the guests left the table, but Colin explained that he had packed it on the back of our Colonel's horse. There, indeed, it was, but when the Colonel stopped at Dundonell, and opened his valise in search of a pair of shoes, a canvas bag containing £1,000 was missing. A gentleman of the Mackenzie clan had slashed open the portmanteau, and stolen the money of the Prince whose health they were drinking! It was the affair of the Loch Arkaig hoard on a smaller scale. The situation of our injured hero was the more awkward, as Dundonell, where he found himself, was the estate of a Mr. Mackenzie, nephew to the thief, Colin Dearg. Mr. Mackenzie was absent; Mrs. Mackenzie was at home, but in bed. However, she saw Macdonell, who told her what had occurred, and entrusted to her another bag of five hundred guineas: "If killed, I bequeath it to your ladyship. God be with you! I wish you a good morning." Accompanied by Lynch, Macdonell now returned to Laggy. He dared not use force against Colin Dearg, for, if he fell, Colin would win his own pardon by producing a letter from the Duke of York to Charles, which our hero was carrying, though he now mentions it for the first time. Accused by Macdonell of taking the money, Colin Dearg denied all knowledge of it, and, as he was attended by a tail of armed clansmen, Macdonell had no resource but in retreat.

He breakfasted at Dundonell with "the most amiable lady," took up the £500, and after fatiguing marches, reached Loch Arkaig. On the shores of the remote and lonely loch our Colonel met, and recognised, his gigantic kinsman, the truculent Col of Barisdale. Col said that Lochiel

and Murray of Broughton were at Achnacarry; he himself and Lochgarry were mustering men, "to try what terms could be got from the Duke of Cumberland." This must have been on May 14th. At Achnacarry the wounded Lochiel received our hero kindly, and Mr. Murray of Broughton took charge of the remaining £500 and the letter from the Duke of York to the Prince. Lest any one should think that the Colonel is romancing, there exists documentary evidence to corroborate his tale. The unhappy Murray of Broughton, in his accounts of the Prince's money after Culloden, writes: "From a French officer who had landed upon the East Coast, £1,000. N.B.—This French officer was charged with 2,000 guineas, but said he had 1,000 taken from him as he passed through the Mackenzies' country, and gave in an account of deductions from the other thousand." Murray adds that he has charged himself with £1,000 "tho' he still thinks he did not receive quite so much." He must have received the £500, and some loose cash. Murray was writing from memory, so was Colonel Macdonell. Murray calls him a French officer, and really he was in French service. There cannot have been two such officers who, at the same time, were robbed of £1,000 by the Mackenzies, and reported the loss just after Culloden.¹

Macdonell slept at Achnacarry, and was wakened by the pipes playing *Cogga na si*. News had just arrived of an attempted surprise by Cumberland, whose forces were actually in sight; Barisdale was accused of having concerted the surprise, but the story is improbable. Eight hundred Camerons and Macdonalds now retreated by the west end of Loch Arkaig, and our hero, with Captain

Lynch, made for Knoydart. Lynch later returned to French service, carrying Macdonell's report to the Duke of York, and soon fell at the battle of Lafeldt, where the Scots and Irish nearly captured Cumberland. As for Macdonell, "I had put on a resolution," he says, "never to leave Scotland while Prince Charles was in the country." The death of Macdonell's father, and the infirmity of old Scottos, also made his presence at home necessary to his family. So, he says, "I waved the sure prospect I had of advancing myself both to riches and honour," in the service of Spain.

Knoydart, during the winter of 1746-47, must have been in a state of anarchy. Old Glengarry, accused by Barisdale, was a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle; young Glengarry was in the Tower. Col Barisdale and his son were captives in France, on a charge of treason to King James. Lochgarry had fled to France with the Prince. Old Scottos was decrepit. No rents were paid; the lands had been wasted by the English; clansmen were seizing farms at will.¹ In these melancholy circumstances our Colonel marched alone into the Mackenzie country, to hunt for the money stolen by Colin Dearg. Then this odd adventure befell him.

I went to take a solitary turn and met a well-dressed man in Highland clothes also taking the morning air. After civil salutations to each other, I entered into discourse with him about former transactions in that country. He of himself began to tell me about French officers that came to Lochbroom—how the 1,000 guineas had been cut out of one of their portmanteaus by Colin Dearg, Major Wm. McKenzie of Kilcoy,² and Lieu-

¹ Letter-Book of Alastair Ruadh. M.S.

² William, fourth son of Donald the fifth of Kilcoy. He married Jean, daughter of Mackenzie of Davochmaluag, and died without issue. HISTORY OF THE MACKENZIES, p. 585.

tenant Murdoch McKenzie from Dingwall,—all officers of Lord Cromartie's regiment, being all equally concerned; and how not only those who acted the scene, but all the people in that part of the country had been despised and ridiculed for their mean and dastardly behaviour; but that had his (McKenzie's who was speaking to me) advice been taken, there should never have been a word about the matter. The following dialogue then ensued. *Question.* "And pray Sir, what did you advise?" *Answer.* "To cut off both their heads, a very sure way indeed!" *Q.* "What were they, or of what country?" *A.* "The oldest, and a stout-like man, was Irish. The youngest and very strong-like, was a Macdonell of the family of Glengarry." *Q.* "How was the money divided?" *A.* "Colin Dearg got 800 guineas, William Kilcoy got 800 guineas, and Lieutenant Murdoch McKenzie got 300 guineas." *Q.* "What became of the other hundred?" *A.* "Two men who stood behind the Irish Captain with drawn dirks ready to kill him, had he observed Colin Dearg cutting open the portmanteau, got 25 guineas each; and I and another man, prepared in like manner for the young Captain Macdonell, got 25 guineas each." *Q.* "You tell the truth, you are sure?" *A.* "As I shall answer, I do." *Q.* "Do you know to whom you are speaking?" *A.* "To a friend and one of my own name." "No, you d—d rascal," seizing him suddenly by the breast with my left hand, at the same instant twitching out my dirk with the right, and throwing him upon his back, "*I am that very Macdonell.*" I own I was within an ace of running him through the heart, but some sudden reflection struck me,—my being alone, and in a place where I was in a manner a stranger, among people which I had reason to distrust, I left the fellow upon his back, and re-entered the house (Torridon) in some hurry. My landlord, Mr. McKenzie of Torridon, met me in the entry, asked where I had been,—I answered "taking a turn." "Have you met anything to vex you?" "No," I returned smiling. "Sir," says he, "I ask pardon, you went out with an innocent and harmless countenance, and you came in with a fierceness in your aspect past all description." "Mr. McKenzie," said I, "none of your scrutinizing remarks; let us have our morning!" "With all my heart," he replied. Soon

after, being a little composed, I related to him my morning adventure. He remarked that the man was a stranger to him, and had been a soldier in Lord Cromartie's regiment. That very day I quitted that part of the country and returned home, where I continued some-time.

The *some time* must cover the years from 1747 to the autumn of 1749. Old Glengarry was released at that date from Edinburgh Castle. To him, at Invergarry, Colonel John told the story of his wrongs, and from his chief he obtained an escort of five men. With these at his heels, he marched to Dundonell, and told Mr. Mackenzie that he desired a meeting with Colin Dearg. Colin came, but his escort consisted of some thirty-five men armed with dirks and clubs. The Colonel, however, was determined to beard his enemy, and devised the following tactics. He himself would sit between Colin Dearg and Dundonell: two of his five men would slip out, and guard the door with drawn swords; meanwhile the Colonel would insult the Mackenzies. If they raised a hand, he would pistol Colin and dirk his host, Dundonell; his three retainers would fire the house, and the Macdonells would escape in the confusion, or perish with their foes. It was a very pretty sketch for a *camisado*.

After a short pause, Dundonell mentioned the cause of our present meeting in as becoming a manner as the subject would admit of; to which an evasive answer was returned by his uncle, Colin Dearg, pretending to deny the fact. I then took him up, and proved that he himself was the very man who with his own hands had taken the gold out of my portmanteau, after cutting it open with some sharp instrument. This I said openly in the hearing of all present. To which I got no other reply than that "the money was gone and could not be accounted for." I returned that "If the cash was squandered, the reward due to

such actions was yet extant,"—and being asked what that was, I answered, "the gallows." At this expression the whole got up standing, and seeing them all looking towards me, I drew my dirk and side pistol, and presenting one to my right and the other to my left, swore that if any motion was made against my life, I would despatch Dundonell and his uncle, who seeing me ready to put my threat in execution, begged of their people for the love of God, to be quiet, which was directly obeyed. In the meantime my men had taken immediate possession of the outside of the door, and were prepared to act according to my orders. I called to them to stay where they were, but none of the people in the house knew what they had gone out for.

The money was gone, no man dared to touch our hero, and he and Dundonell went peacefully home together! Our hero had dominated and insulted the Mackenzies, and was obliged to be satisfied with that result.

In the following year (1751-54) Knoydart and Lochaber were perfectly demoralised. The hidden treasure of Loch Arkaig had set Macdonalds against Camerons; cousins were betraying cousins, and brothers were blackmailing brothers. The odious and almost incredible details are to be found in the Duke of Cumberland's MSS. at Windsor Castle. The murder of Campbell of Glenure by Allan Breck, or by Sergeant Mohr Cameron, and the reports of Pickle, James Mohr, and a set of other spies, had alarmed the Government with fears of a rising aided by Prussia. Consequently arrests were frequent, and no man knew whom he could trust. Col of Barisdale, a double-dyed traitor, was dead in gaol, but his eldest son was being hunted on island, loch, and mountain. Now in a letter from an English officer, Captain IZARD, dated September 30th, 1751, and preserved at Windsor, he says: "Dr. Macdonald, living at Kyles, and brother of Glengarry. told that young Barisdale lay at his

house the Monday before, and proposed going to the Isle of Skye."

The giver of this information was not a man in whom to confide. Our hero, however, confided. Disguised as a rough serving-man, he went fishing for lythe with "my relation, Dr. Macdonell of Kyles, an eminent physician." An English vessel, the Porcupine, under the notorious Captain Fergusson, came in sight. Dr. Macdonell insisted on taking our hero on board her, and there, as he sat over his punch, informed the English officers that the servant who accompanied him was a gentleman. Fergusson arrested Macdonell at once, on suspicion of being young Barisdale, and he lay for some time a prisoner in Fort William. Now the Doctor may only have blabbed in his cups, but, taken with Captain IZARD's report, his behaviour looks very bad. Our hero, however, does not suspect his relation, the Doctor, but denounces his cousin, Captain Allan Macdonald of Knock, in Sleat, as his betrayer, and "the greatest spy and informer in all Scotland." However it be, the betrayal of Colonel John was certainly a family affair. A long list of charges, doubtless of Jacobite dealings, was brought against him, and a midshipman on the Porcupine assured him that Allan Macdonald of Knock was the informer. So the Colonel was locked up in Fort William, then, or just before, crowded with prisoners, such as Lochiel's uncle Fassifern, his agent Charles Stuart, Barisdale's second son, and Cameron of Glen Nevis, with his brother Angus. The date must have been June or July, 1753, for young Barisdale was taken in July, and the Colonel was then a prisoner. Young Barisdale just escaped hanging; Fassifern was exiled; Stuart was accused of the Appin murder; Sergeant Mohr Cameron was betrayed and executed; the traitors

were clansmen of the victims, and, though our Colonel says nothing of all this, the facts gave him good cause for anxiety. It is fair to add that no mention of his enemy, Macdonald of Knock, seems to occur in the Cumberland Papers, where so many spies hide their infamy.

Our hero escaped by aid of Mr. Macleod of Ulnish, sheriff-depute of Skye, "being both my friend and relation as well as the friend of justice." This gentleman suppressed the only good evidence against the Colonel, which indeed only proved his wearing the proscribed kilt. After nine months of gaol the Colonel was released, and seized the first opportunity to challenge Knock, who would not face him.

So ends the Colonel's adventure. "I was then in love with your mother," he says simply, and on this head he says no more. He had "kept the bird in his bosom," a treasure lost by many of his kin, and among them, one fears, by Allan of Knock. A certain

Ranald Macdonell of [*in*] Scammaldale and Crowlin, who, born about 1724, married in May, 1815, and died in November of the same year, aged ninety, is said to have "severely punished that obnoxious person known as Allan of Knock, over whose remains there was placed an inscription not less fulsome than false." Allan, whether he betrayed the Colonel or not, has obviously a bad name in Knoydart.

The Colonel lived happily on his property till 1773, when he settled in Schoharie County, New York. When the American rebellion broke out, he served in the King's Royal Regiment of New York, and, after the final collapse of the British, he retired to Cornwall in Ontario. As General Macdonnell wrote of him in 1746, "He has always behaved as an honourable gentleman, and a brave officer, irreproachable in every respect."

ANDREW LANG.

¹ ANTIQUARIAN NOTES, by C. Frazer Macintosh, p. 156.

AN OLD GERMAN DIVINE.

THE name of Abraham a Sancta Clara would probably have remained unknown in England, except to professed students, had not one of those literary accidents to which many smaller men owe their immortality served to keep his memory alive among all readers of German poetry. In 1798 the new theatre at Weimar was to be opened with a representation of *WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP*. Writing to Schiller on October 5th in that year, Goethe expresses his regret that he has been unable to supply a promised contribution to the play; to make amends he despatches a volume by Father Abraham, which he feels sure will inspire Schiller for the Capuchin's sermon. The volume in question was a collection of fugitive pieces, called *REIMB DICH ODER ICH LISZ DICH*. It delighted the recipient, who hoped to draw with good effect from such a source of inspiration; and indeed the worthy father's quips and cranks would be accounted by some right pleasant reading. But the claims on Schiller's time were numerous. He, therefore, in haste translated or copied from his model what was intended to be a mere stop-gap, to serve for the few performances at Weimar. Such was the genesis of the famous sermon, the opening lines of which I quote in the dress in Sir Theodore Martin's version, of which may be said what Schiller says of his own rough draft, the spirit of the original is fairly well preserved.

Huzzah! hurroo! and hullabaloo!
 Fine doings these, and with me here too!
 A Christian army, and these its works?
 Are we Anabaptists, or are we Turks,

Making on Sunday such riot and rout,
 As if the Almighty had the gout,
 And couldn't strike in, to kick you about?
 Is this a time to caper and fling,
 To spend in debauch and junketing?
Quid hic statis otiosi?
 Why stand you with hands in your
 bosom, when
 On the Danube war's Furies are loose
 again;
 When Bavaria's bulwark is broken down,
 When the Swede in his clutch holds
 Ratisbon town?
 Yet here in Bohemia the army lies,
 Stuffing its paunch, and blinking its eyes,
 Bottles, not battles, its chief concern,
 Wine-stoup and tabors liked better
 than sabres,
 Drabbing and dicing, grabbing and
 slicing
 Oxen, but skulking from Oxenstirn!

And so on for some hundred and twenty lines. It does not appear that any considerable changes were made in the speech after the first production of the play; and Abraham's style has been judged by posterity mainly from Schiller's hurried imitation of its features. The sermon in the play is not a parody; on the contrary, it hardly does full justice to the eccentricity and quaintness of the preacher, of whose life, works, and ways a brief sketch is here attempted.

Johann Ulrich Megerlin, for so ran the baptismal name of him who was called in religion Abraham a Sancta Clara, was born at Kreenheinstetten, a sequestered village in Swabia, where his father Mattheis, or Theiss, Megerlin was the prosperous host of the Grapes tavern. The date of his birth was July 2nd, 1644, a little more than four years before the Peace of Westphalia; so that Abraham's career belongs not, as Carlyle once thought,

to the period of the Thirty Years' War, but to the ensuing epoch of Habsburg weakness and foreign ascendancy in the German Empire. Of his early childhood we have a suggestive picture drawn by a contemporary, who describes how the little fellow used to stand among the swine, geese, ducks, and fowls, "guarding them or keeping them company." After receiving a rudimentary education in the German school of his native place and in the Latin school at Messkirch, he was admitted to the Jesuit gymnasium at Ingolstadt, where he remained until the close of his fifteenth year. The excellence of the Jesuits as teachers has long been acknowledged, and is extolled by Abraham himself in his own lively fashion: "They shall take you a clumsy block of wood, fit only for a pig-trough, and carve it into a goodly Mercury." Possibly his removal from such skilful hands was connected with the death of his father, which took place in the same year, 1659. The business of the tavern now passed into the hands of the eldest son, Jacob, with whom the widowed mother continued to live. The pitiless industry of German scholars has revealed the fact that domestic relations in the Grapes were not at this time of a harmonious character; official records still exist to show that Jacob and his mother were both fined for brawling and mutual abuse. The effect of early associations upon later development may easily be exaggerated; but it is not extravagant to suppose that the blunt speech and homely wit of the village taproom bore fruit in Abraham's sermons, and that his rich fund of proverbial sayings began to be accumulated among the peasants of Kreenheinstetten. Yet his residence at home cannot have been of long duration. After studying under the Benedictines at Salzburg, "where he

received the salt of wisdom," says a biographer whose whim it is to imitate his hero's quibbles, the youth proceeded to Vienna, and at eighteen years of age was received as a novice of the order of barefooted Austins. He chose the name Abraham, doubtless, out of respect to his uncle, the composer Abraham Megerle, to whom he was indebted for personal kindness and material support.

The period of his novitiate appears to have been one of great happiness and profit. It was spent in the monastery of Maria-Brunn, famous for its golden image of the Virgin and lying in wooded country six miles westward from Vienna. To these years of probation belongs an anecdote which is at once an illustration of monasticism and a contribution to psychical research. The story was related by Abraham himself twenty-eight years afterwards, and the occurrence must therefore have produced a lasting impression on his memory. In the monastery was an old lay-brother whose small stature, disproportionate to his virtue, had gained him the (to our thinking) disrespectful name of Godly Tommy. His life was simple and devout, nor was there any fault to find with his conduct, except that sometimes, when washing the platters in the kitchen, he would grind his teeth and mutter discontent into the bowl. Tommy, or let us rather say Thomas, in due course of nature quitted this world and, one would have thought, its irksome duties. Then a strange thing happened. For some nights in succession the whole of the brotherhood distinctly heard the sounds of washing up. There was a timorous flocking to the kitchen; the door was opened, and the noise ceased. It was shut again; the washing and setting down of dishes was once more audible. However, prayer and masses availed to rid the monks of the nocturnal

disturbance, and to liberate Thomas, let us hope, from the perpetual bondage of an uncongenial task.

Abraham had gone to Maria-Brunn, it would seem, in 1662; he remained in the house of the golden Virgin until 1666, in which year he returned to Vienna to be ordained priest. His first official employment was as preacher on holy days in the monastery of Maria-Stern at Taxa, near Augsburg. Here his reputation was speedily established, with the result that he was summoned back to Vienna and for many years fascinated or amused enormous congregations in the imperial city. Men of all classes, we are told, came again and again to hear their vices set forth, and even the Emperor himself was a frequent attendant in the chapel of the Augustiner-Kloster to which the popular divine was attached.

The best introduction to the study of Abraham as a preacher will be to give his own account of the difficulties with which a preacher has to contend, especially as it affords a good illustration of one of his styles, and has, in the main, a modern atmosphere. The passage will be found in the first part of his longest work, *JUDAS DER ERTZ-SCHELM*.

As long as a preacher maketh a fine, eloquent, ornate discourse, larded with stories and pithy saws, he is everyone's good friend. "Long life to the father! A worthy man! 'Tis pleasure to hear him," and so forth. But let him with Paulus begin in sharp earnest: "O foolish Galatians! *O insensati Germani! O insensati Christiani!*" Let him begin to tell the great lords the truth, that they shall once in a way use their spectacles, nor look for ever through their fingers; that they shall not let their justice be as a spider's web, wherein the flies, which be small, stick fast, but the birds, which be large, break through; that they shall not be as the still, which draweth from the flower the last drop of sweetness. Let him begin to preach to *Ministri* and Councillors that they shall learn to count three; that they shall lay to heart that lesson, given by

Christ to his closest councillors, *Visionem, quam vidistis, nemini dixeritis*. Let him begin to preach the truth to the nobles, that they do shear the poor like very barbers; that their chief revenue lieth not in corn and wine, but in pot-herbs, for they do rob the peasants' pots right grievously. Let him tell the truth to the clergy, that they be full often as the bells, which do ring others into the church, but themselves remain without; that they be as Noah's carpenters, who built the ark to the saving of others and were themselves drowned; aye, that many priests be as owls which, drinking in the night-season the oil from the lamps, do nourish themselves from the Church, but are all unprofitable. Let him tell the truth to the soldiers, that they do stubbornly believe their very consciences to be privileged, whereas their *privilegia* are but privy-lies; the truth to the magistrates, that they be full often like unto broth wherein the fat is scarce; the truth to the toll-gatherers and officers of the State, that they be oftentimes too free in housing not strangers, but strangers' goods; the truth to the vintners, that they do serve out mock wine for Hock-wine, Purge-undy for Burgundy, and dabble in the fuller's trade; the truth to the peasants, that they do feign them to be simple, yet are no more simple than Swiss breeches with a hundred folds; the truth to the children, that they take not after Passau blades, whose goodness is in pliancy; the truth to the women, that they do pluck up their skirts too high and wear their frocks too low. Let your preacher use his roughing tool in this wise; let him tell thus the mere truth, and such speaking shall cost him squeaking; such words, swords; such commentation, lamentation. *Inimicus factus sum dicens*. He shall set himself at enmity with all. His *auditorium* shall decay away; his pews shall presently become but quarters for old wives; his church, as a fair when the booths be down. On all sides he shall hear: "What reck I of this preacher?" *Sic facta est veritas in aversionem*.

Should the reader feel disgusted at the vile puns and jingles, he may console himself with the assurance that the English imitations are no worse than the German originals, and with the reflection that even Aristotle took such bastards of wit for the legitimate offspring of natural clever-

ness or trained intelligence. Every page of Abraham's works, every period of his discourses blossoms with these hot-house flowers of speech. Schiller's *Der Rheinstrom ist worden zu einem Peinstrom* was transferred bodily, and the play on *Länder and Elender* was likewise borrowed. The good father tortures Latin and German with impartial cruelty; and if the former seems to suffer less frequently, it is, perhaps, from lack of skill on the executioner's part rather than from any pricking of compassion. Sometimes, indeed, he appears to repent him of his misdoings; but habit has grown too strong, and the relapse into punning or rhyming is immediate. "In this present volume," he observes in one of his prefaces, "I deal solely with serious things, that thou may'st see that I celebrate not always the festival of Saints Jucundus and Hilarius, but have in lore and store sober matter which I proffer as my poor offer toward my neighbour's good."

It is true that the German of to-day retains a fondness for alliteration and end-rhymes; that such ornaments were far more popular in the seventeenth century; and that they were, in particular, beloved by the common folk, to whom it was often the preacher's business to appeal. But all this granted, it cannot be denied that in the long extract we have given, there is, side by side with a certain fluency which is almost eloquence, a certain extravagance which is almost buffoonery. Abraham, moreover, has other faults. He resorts not seldom to a method of iteration and climax which reminds us of Mr. Chadband, and which may still be detected in the rhetoric of the crossways. He worries a text as a terrier does a rat. His "practical applications" are of appalling boldness. The unclean beasts, for instance, in

the story of St. Peter at Joppa, become in his rendering, the various terms of abuse, "gallows-bird," "idle dog," "booby," and so forth, which husband had to swallow from wife, or wife from husband, in the undermost layers of Viennese society. He does not hesitate to parody Marian litany or *paternoster*. Banal phrases, scraps of doggerel, Latin tags, anagrams, alphabets, all are pressed into his service. His was preaching-run-mad, as Carlyle calls it. Yet he gratified the taste of the day, and, as we have said, drew vast congregations. Perhaps the effect of his discourses was owing chiefly to the numerous stories or "concepts," gathered from curious reading in forgotten books, or from his own experience, with which the whole mass was seasoned. Add the broad Swabian dialect, the preacher's imposing presence, his resonant voice, and you will have the chief components of the attractive force which caused men to throng the churches where Abraham was to be heard,—a rapt multitude, laughing or weeping with his changeful moods.

A little incident that happened in the early years of his ministry at Vienna should not be omitted even from a hasty sketch of his career. The monks of the Augustiner-Kloster had long been disturbed by the grunting of the swine in the adjacent pig-market. Their silent meditations were interrupted; when they lifted up their voices in the psalms of David, there was a horrid dissonance from the neighbouring pens. Custom had not blunted the keenness of the annoyance; on the contrary, the thing had become intolerable. Either the monastery must be moved, or the pig-market. There were meetings of the convent and hot discussions. At last in 1672, as we learn from an entry in the monastic records, the prior bethought him to send Abraham,

whose tongue had already marked him out for distinction, to lay the grievance before the City Council. Abraham discharged his mission, and the burgomaster laughingly consented to the removal of the market. But what the pleasantry was which moved the laughter is no longer to be ascertained by the most careful searching. It has gone to join the mournful company of perished jests.

On the whole this first residence in the Augustiner-Kloster was a time of tranquillity, despite the pigs. Abraham seems, if we may use a phrase which is here not without its fit meaning, to have basked in the smiles of the Court. In 1677 he received a special mark of royal favour, being nominated Hofprediger to the Emperor Leopold the First. The patent, or diploma of this appointment is still extant, and supplies us with the, not unexpected, information that the preacher was listened to by Catholics and Protestants alike, *frequentiori qua orthodoxorum qua acatholicorum concursu*. But in spite of preferment and popularity, there is reason to think that his life continued to be of the utmost simplicity. Apart from journeys to Italy and France he seldom left the walls of his monastery except in pursuit of his calling, to occupy a pulpit or to visit the sick. We find him lamenting that his vow kept him poor, so that he could not relieve poverty. His descriptions of death-bed scenes are often accompanied by personal recollections of their horrors. Such scenes must have been multiplied when the year 1679 opened, bringing with it the plague, which devastated Vienna for eleven months. During the latter part of this time, however, from July to December, Abraham was sheltered in the house of Count Hoyos, Land-Marschall of Lower Austria, reading mass daily and devoting his leisure

to the composition of a homily to be published presently under the title *MERCKES WIENN*.

This homily is, in effect, an account of the plague, interspersed with appropriate moralising and exhortations. The narrative, where nothing but narrative is attempted, is singularly graphic and vigorous; otherwise, there are the usual alliterations, end-rhymes, and catch-penny witticisms. First we have a picture of Vienna sunning itself in royal splendour before the rage of the pestilence broke loose. The imperial residence was crowded with courtiers; messengers from great princes came and went; when the Muscovite embassy or the Polish knights rode in, an Argus would have found food enough for a hundred hungry eyes. Pageantry in the streets, music from palace windows or noble courtyard, seasoned day by day the lives of the burghers. One would have said that "a hole had been made in heaven from which its joys poured down by the bushel on the good city of Vienna." Then the canker began. At first, creeping slowly through the Leopold-Stadt, and across an arm of the Danube to another suburb, death seemed to content itself with victims of the humbler sort. But in July the ravages extended to the heart of the town. In the earlier stages of their progress the nature of the disease had been concealed. This was now no longer possible. Disfigured corpses lay in the open streets. To be attacked by the plague was almost certain death. So rapid was the action of the virus that, as we are told, men eating would fall, spoon in mouth, men confessing perished with their sins on their lips. The Emperor and the Court fled. In the stricken city hardly any sound was to be heard by day or night save the mournful prayer "God shield thee!" The rich died as the poor; priests, scholars,

soldiers were carried off. Within six months nearly seventy thousand souls had been claimed by the Angel of Death.

During the worst fury of the pestilence its historian was, as we have seen, in comparative security. The stories therefore which have been related of his heroism in the crisis can only be explained as mythic accretion. Under the orders of his superiors, or following the dictates of his own prudence, he had secluded himself so soon as the magnitude of the evil was apparent. Without further knowledge than we possess it would be unjust to censure his conduct. But whatever may have been the motives of his retirement, it was probably through it that he was enabled in the following year, when the Emperor returned and the great thanksgiving was held, to deliver the sermon which closed the ceremonies. That he had not in any way forfeited the esteem of his brethren is shown by his election, about this time, to the office of prior of the monastery of St. Loretto.

For about two years Abraham controlled his barefooted Austins in Vienna with what discipline of wise severity or loving-kindness cannot now be learned. Then a change came over his fortunes. In 1682 he was removed as a simple Sunday preacher to the St. Anna Monastery at Grätz. Here again the records fail us; we have no means of accounting for this seeming degradation. All we know is that for seven years Abraham's home was the house of the Austins in the Münzgraben at Grätz; that for the last four years of his stay he was its prior; and that an important part of his literary work was done there. The brightest of his occasional pieces, *AUF, AUF, IHR CHRISTEN!* dates from this time, as do *GACK, GACK, GACK*, an account of that monastery of Maria-Stern where his career began, and the

first two volumes of *JUDAS DER ERTZSCHELM*, already mentioned. A brief notice of these works may now be appropriate.

The year 1683, in the spring of which *AUF, AUF, IHR CHRISTEN!* was composed, was the year of the great Turkish war, the last in which Moslem hosts pressed forward to the boundaries of Western civilisation. The issue was a grave one, for if Vienna were lost, Rome itself was in danger. Hardly had the stake been greater when Charles Martel checked the onward progress of Abderrahman in the plains by Tours. The Austrian Emperor, roused at length to a consciousness of the peril, had looked for aid in every quarter. In England his representative had been met with ridicule by the Ministers, with confessions of impotence by the King. But Pope Innocent the Eleventh had given money and moral support. John Sobieski, Max Emanuel of Bavaria, and the Elector of Saxony were all prepared to take the field in defence of the Cross; even Louis the Fourteenth, in spite of his standing quarrel with Leopold, would have been glad to pose as the champion of Christendom and to avert the danger which his own machinations had provoked. On the other hand, Tököly, leader of the Hungarian rebels, was ready to make common cause with the Turks in return for recognition as sovereign of Hungary. In the first weeks of 1683 the Moslem army mustered at Adrianople; in April came the forward movement; by the beginning of May Belgradé had been reached, where the Sultan held a final review, and committed to his Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, the green banner of the Prophet and the supreme command of two hundred and thirty thousand men. How Vienna was besieged, how Leopold fled once more, as if the Turks had been a second plague, how

the valour of Germans and Poles saved the Cross from the Crescent, these things do not concern us here: for the *approbatio* of Abraham's call to arms "*Auf, auf, ihr Christen* (up, up, ye Christians)!" was signed by the Theological Faculty of Vienna on May 4th, on or about the day of the review at Belgrade.

Inspired by the great events of which the news reached him in his monastic seclusion at Grätz, Abraham's book was a stirring exhortation to resist the hereditary enemy, those leeches who sought to drain the life-blood from the Church of Christ. The serpent-brood of Mahomed is sprung from Ishmael; as Ishmael was cast forth from the tents of the patriarch, so must his descendants be expelled from the lands of the faithful. The career of Mahomed is sketched in the darkest colours that tradition could supply; then comes a condensed narrative of the spread of the Moslem faith and the conquests of the Moslem arms. The fall of Constantinople, in particular, kindles the indignation of the good father: "Constantinople, an earthly Paradise, a gorgeous Queen of the East, an ornament of the whole earth, a jewel of the Christian Church, a noble city at the building whereof God himself did aid with his miracles! This imperial residence, this dwelling of many Saints, this monsterness of many relics! Constantinople, once the bride of Christ, become the mistress of Mahomed!" The present advance of the Turks, like many other disasters, had been predicted by heavenly signs; it was the vengeance of God for the sins of mankind. The great need of the Christians, if they were to repel the invader, was unity. That invader was cruel with a cruelty beyond that of the bears which devoured the mockers of Elisha, beyond that of the lions which consumed the accusers of Daniel ("a mouthful that the devil

will surely have blessed unto them"); more cruel than Adoni-bezek, who cut off the fingers and toes of seventy kings ("it were well nowadays if some had no fingers that they might leave dipping into other men's pockets"); more cruel than Herod who put the Innocents to death; more cruel than Nero, Valentinian, Julian, etc. Past victories over the Turks furnished a ground of hope; but the chief trust must be in God, from whom all victory is, and to whom fervent prayer must be offered up. Of the hortatory matter a specimen may follow.

Up, up, I say, beloved brethren! It may be that there will be among you many who have lined their doublets with hare-skin; that there will be many who do put on a weathercock-face; that there will be many, whose look is sour as the vinegar-jar; many who do already tremble like unto the tail of the bird wagtail; many who do hang their mouths like a Melampus on the first Friday after Easter; many who do already make lament as the owls beneath an old church roof, and there is no Saint more followed than *Kümmernis*, She of Mourning. Some get them more maggots in their brains than Pharaoh had flies in Egypt. But shame to you, ye faint-hearts; smell rather at the flower which I do proffer you, the flower that is called heart's ease. Be bold; put your trust in God. He is the God which gave Samson his strength, which gave victory to Jephtah, which gave the Israelites conquest. This God, this God will help us. Hope from our weapons only is frail; therefore saith the great Ambrosius, *Ideo homo non vicisti, quia de tuo præsumpsisti*. Yea, all our firmness becometh frail, but whoso leaveth himself in the hands of God, he can never be left desolate.

GACK, GACK, GACK, GACK A GA is, as has been stated, a pious memory of an old home. The origin of the monastery of Maria-Stern, whose praises are here recited, is remarkable enough to be worth relating. Irmentrude, wife of Isenbert, Count of Altdorf, was once informed by a credible witness that a poor woman in her vicinity had been delivered of three children at a birth.

To the noble lady it seemed impossible that this fecundity should be ascribed to ordinary conjugal relations; the mother must be an adulteress, fit only to be thrust into a sack and drowned. Such unworthy suspicions drew meet punishment upon the head of her who had formed them. After the lapse of a year she herself was brought to bed, and bore to her absent lord twelve children, twelve lusty boys. Here was a pretty pickle! How would a husband interpret this? Prompted by Satan, the Countess resolved "to be the mother of one, the murderess of eleven." Accordingly, an old waiting-woman was despatched, with the superfluous eleven in a basket on her arm, to drown the innocent proofs of uncommitted sin in a neighbouring stream. But Providence interposed. The Count met the woman as he returned from his hunting expedition. What was in the basket? Young hounds, he was told; then haply some might be kept and trained. Resistance was vain. The basket was opened; the eleven babes and their father "eyed each other with amazement on both sides." The children were reared in privacy, and subsequently presented to their now repentant mother. From this time the family took the name *Hund*, or hound. It was one of the race, Johannes Wilhelm Hund, that founded the monastery at Taxa. The site of the building was pointed out to him by a miracle; a hen laid in an unusual place an unusual egg, whereon was clearly visible a radiant star and, in the star, a woman's head crowned. The stone on which the egg was laid became the foundation-stone of the chapel, which was presently erected in the form of a star. The shrine was honoured with special marks of the divine presence, and rose accordingly to be a noted place of pilgrimage.

All the miracles of Lourdes will be

found anticipated in Abraham's story. These things recur with a strange persistency; because they are history, or in imitation of it, they repeat themselves. Take a few examples. Maria Neisnerin of Bäsensbach was rent by a mad cow, so that the flesh and skin hung down on either side of her throat, while there was a large hole in her gullet, through which whatever was poured into her ran out again. Such was her condition that the sacrament could not decently be administered. She vowed a pilgrimage to Maria-Stern and speedily recovered. Georg Marquard of Freysing had been bent and crippled with rheumatism for a year, being scarcely able to keep himself up on two crutches. As no remedies availed to help him, he too vowed a pilgrimage to the shrine at Taxa. From that moment he grew daily better, made the *kirchfahrt*, or journey to the church, and left the crutches behind him there. Maria Stadlmayrin of Sainbach fell stone blind; for fourteen days not a gleam penetrated her darkness. She vowed a mass and a journey to Maria-Stern. Immediately she perceived a little light, and in a few short days had regained her full power of vision, as the whole village testified. Barbara Griessin lost her hearing, so that for four years she was inaccessible to the sound of the loudest bells. In vain did she resort to various places of healing; it was the Divine will that redress and comfort should be withheld. At last she undertook the pilgrimage to Taxa; whereupon, the very day of her coming, her hearing was perfectly restored, and the whole neighbourhood bore witness to the fact. It is with such matter that the pages of GACK, GACK, GACK, GACK A GA are chiefly filled, matter suggestive enough to students of psychology as well as consoling to the believers in special providences.

Though JUDAS DER ERTZ-SCHELM is the book on which Abraham expended most labour, its four parts filling as many substantial volumes, it is not his greatest achievement. His characteristic weaknesses are all represented, while his merits are less conspicuous than elsewhere, because hidden amid a tangle of irrelevancy. Like other works of his, this was partly intended, as the title-page sets forth, to supply preachers with materials and illustrations for their discourses. Taking as a basis the legendary story of the traitor Judas, son of Ruben and Ciboria, the author uses its various incidents as pegs on which to hang moral or religious lessons. Thus the unhappy marriage of Judas's parents leads him to formulate precepts for husband and wife, and advice for those "whose teeth water for wedlock." Judas fled when the psalms were sung; the truth is enforced that devout singing is an angelic employment. Judas, it appears, thrust himself into the first place at the washing of the apostle's feet, and refused precedence even to St. Peter; hence comes a long dissertation on arrogance. Judas was negligent of prayer; its efficacy is thereupon extolled. The scope afforded by this method of treatment is plainly wide, and one begins to wonder whether any end is contemplated or, humanly speaking, possible. Certainly when the fourth volume closes with a note on the necessity of suffering and the need of patience, the reader finds himself a conscious proof of an obvious proposition. We suspect that Abraham, like many divines, stopped because he had exhausted, not his subject, but himself.

The two latter parts of JUDAS DER ERTZ-SCHELM were written at Vienna, whither Abraham returned in 1689, to take up his abode once more in the

monastery of St. Loretto, of which he had been prior. Higher distinctions now awaited him. In 1690 he was made Provincial, and two years later Definitor in his Order. That he retained his vigour in old age may be inferred from the fact that at sixty-two he composed a mystery-play for performance before the Court. On November 25th, 1709, he became aware that the gout, from which he had long suffered, had made fatal inroads on his strength, and he received the holy sacraments. From day to day he grew weaker, until on the morning of December 1st, seeing that the end was now come, he caused the sacrament of the altar and supreme unction to be given to him. He then bade his attendants take the sacred scroll from the cross, and grasped it firmly. As the Angelus bell was ringing at noon, he passed quietly away and the scroll could with difficulty be extracted from the dead hand: "*Ware also solcher Tödl*," says the contemporary biographer, "*ihme ein Schild seines ewigen Heyls* (in the sacred name lay his assurance of everlasting salvation)."

Of Abraham's folly enough has been said: if he was somewhat of a buffoon, so was the Protestant Schupp; that he was an honest man, has never been doubted; of his credulity he has himself furnished abundant testimony. It might be contended that credulity is the gravest of faults in a teacher of the people, and that Abraham's quality was superstitious rather than religious. It should, however, be remembered that the most sceptical of us believe much more than we can prove, and that it is the normal course of history that the faith of one age should be accounted superstition in the next.

W. GOWLAND FIELD.

COUNTRY NOTES.

III.—THE INN

It stands on the common, five minutes' walk from the Village and as many steps from the quietest of high roads. The red glow of the autumn sunset fills the crazy porch, the low bar, and the parlour, and dyes the irregular outbuilding and the fading garden; in front is the disused windmill, and behind, the long stretch of level evening country with the light from the sky lying on its quiet breast like a caress. On one side of the house, the common's one tree bends over the common's one pond, with its late leaves motionless in the sunset stillness; on the other, a row of crooked cottages stands darkly against a darkening east. The rude sign of the White Horse (long since black) may be seen dimly above the porch; an old dog, waiting perhaps for some convivial master within, and soothed by the quiet of the highway and the evening, has fallen asleep under a bench. A Protestant van, sent to assist a Protestant emissary to disseminate Anti-Popery tracts among the villagers, stands tenantless in the stable-yard, where a benighted hen or two are still looking for the corn the Anti-Popery horse should have dropped from his nose-bag. A cottage-door opens with a flicker of yellow light into the still red evening and a very small child in a very small frock with a very large beer-can, comes up to the Inn, tiptoes to reach the door latch, admits herself within and a sudden sound of voices into the night, tiptoes to shut the door, and shuts in with her the

lights and cheerfulness. A shepherd, with his dog at his heels, slouches up the highway, looks longingly at the place with its pleasant red windows, hesitates a moment, and slouches on. Far off, a foolish cock crows foolishly. The sound of wheels at a long distance, and then of voices, tells that the market in the country town has been over this half-hour and that the marketers are returning. The after-glow fades suddenly, like a joy, and the twilight deepens into night.

Within, the bar-parlour, already half filled, is pleasantly warm with a great fire of faggots on the hearth, and bright with cheery red curtains. It is furnished with a great beam across the low ceiling, some rather worm-eaten wainscoting, a long deal table, benches, a great chimney-seat, a wooden arm-chair, a bar, very bright pewter pots, advertisements of tobaccos and a Highland Whiskey, Arctic oleographs of icebergs and walruses, and a crooked almanac, two years old, representing a lady, in full evening-dress, embracing a young gentleman in a snowy forest. The atmosphere of the room is a cheery mixture of rustic beer and smoke, fustian clothes, and last Sunday's hair-oil.

Behind the bar, resting for a moment, is Mine Hostess, shrewd and rather Puritanical of aspect, invariably dressed in mourning, because it gives one such a stamp among one's acquaintances to always look as if one had just lost a relation, stern and not unkindly, holding pronounced and

gloomy views on the question of drink, and "a parsil o' fools a-fuddlin' themselves," and yet keeping the house because one must live and "if you don't keep it, it'll get someun worse." An old gaffer has taken the chimney-seat that he may pile up the fire surreptitiously when Mrs. Jenks is not looking. In the only armchair before it, one William is smoking a long pipe very slowly, and looking into the flames with a misleading air of wisdom and meditation. Some white-headed Jock, with the smock frock and simple soul of a bygone generation, takes his half-pint contentedly in a corner alone. Two friends are treating each other, with a kind of idea that it must necessarily be cheaper to pay for another person's drink than for one's own; they sit together, looking each into his pewter-pot as its contents disappear, in complete silence, with the notion that they are really convivial and enjoying themselves.

There is a good deal of desultory conversation from a little group at the long table. Presently a heavy, simple individual, some twenty years old, and an agriculturist by his boots, gets up from it to announce that "I'll have one more half-pint, and so I will, Missus." But Mine Hostess, who lives up to her honest lights after all, tosses him back his halfpence scornfully and says, "You go back to your wife while you can walk straight, you stoopid fool, you." Thereat two of Jim's friends, who have had experiences of the Missus's ways in their own cases, wink at each other slowly as Jim goes. A literary person, or at least a person who has not been clever enough to evade an education so successfully as some of his friends, draws out an old newspaper from his pocket, spreads it out on the table, puts down his pewter pot on the top of it to keep it in place, and is about to respond

with a nice murder to a rather feeble and indifferent chorus of, "Give us a bit o' noos, Samm'l, give us a bit o' noos," when the usual village politician, who has been biding his time behind a cloud of tobacco-smoke, gets up heavily, bangs with his fist once on the table, as if he bore it a grudge, and then, to attract as much attention as he can, bangs again and starts off, "Feller-countrymen," as usual. Not a bad looking man is Graves. Five and forty years old perhaps, just a shade more intelligent than his companions and with a certain gift of the gab which has amused himself, and done no harm to any one else, for the last twenty years. No one listens to him particularly; no one has ever listened to him very particularly perhaps. Mrs. Jenks indeed behind her bar clatters about her pewters rather aggressively, her own political opinions being summed up in the notion that "the old leddy [she always speaks of an August Personage by this term and respects her infinitely] 'ud get along quite as comfortable without any o' them fools o' men a-chatterin' at her." The surreptitious old stoker in the chimney-seat, who is not listening at all, and has never listened, says "Ang-core! Ang-core!" loudly every now and then, to give himself an opportunity of routing at the fire unnoticed. An elderly gentleman, of disposition perfectly tranquil and beery, reaches out an agricultural hand to steady his mug, when the orator, with a superlative thump on the table, announces that "the Constitootion is rotten to the marrer," and an ill-advised person in the background enquiring what may be the marrow of a Constitution, Billy Graves thumps again and says that whatever it be, it's rotten, and "we" are not going to stand it. Every one says "Hear, hear!" at this, with the idea that it is the right

thing to say and commits them to nothing.

Then there is a short silence. The fire crackles and splutters; the lamp flickers not uncheerily; Mine Hostess draws the red curtains over the windows and the night. Old Jock from his corner, in his simple toothless speech, begins reminiscences (much dreaded by the company) to the effect that "*He* remembers when there weren't no Constitution to speak of, and the Queen was a little gal, and wages was that pore and ——" till he is interrupted by Samuel, who has spelled out his murder to himself during Graves's oration, turning over his newspaper with a crackle, and replying laconically to someone's question if a local sale has come off yet, "In course it ain't, stoopid." William and a friend discuss a neighbour's flitting and the market-price of pigs, which interests them much more, as it interests every other person in the room, than the fate of kingdoms or the government of a State. The stoker will take another pint ("which is number two, Missus,") and Mine Hostess hands it over to him, with her usual grudging air of a person who receives no benefit thereby. The orator recommences, with more thumps, to an audience perfectly placid and tranquil, and the enquirer, who wished to be informed on constitutional marrows, fast asleep, and snoring slightly, with his honest red head on the table. Graves has proved in five minutes, and to his own entire satisfaction, the absolute necessity for the complete abolition of the Royal Family, the Church, and the House of Lords, when someone, who is much too little to reach the door-latch, which has to be raised for her by Mine Hostess, comes in with her tumbled, curly head, and one small, shy, grubby hand plucking at the little skirt of her red frock, runs up

to the orator, and rubs her fat face against his denouncing arm to inform him, in her broken language, that Dick is sick and Mother desires his immediate return. Accordingly Vindictive Justice (who is, it may be surmised, a little less harsh than his words) with Peggy in his hand, is out of the house before the earliest of the marketers (whose cart-wheels someone first heard while the Archbishops were being abolished) has entered it, though not before Mine Hostess, who has never had a child, has had time to draw Peggy for a minute behind her bar, leave a rough kiss on the little curls, and put into a very red little hand a packet of very sticky sweets. The softness which Peggy brings, and all little Peggies, perhaps, can bring, to the hard face of the woman who has never had a child, is gone before the most prosperous farmer of the place (as farming goes nowadays) precedes quite a little crowd of marketers into the cheerful thick atmosphere of the bar-parlour; and Mrs. Jenks is looking sharply after her change, and telling all and sundry, "If there's such a lot of you want a glass all of a hurry, why, you must drink out of the pewters as t' others have done with, and not give yourself no airs." No one, as a matter of fact, does give himself airs in this respect.

The room is quite full of people now, and one or two of its first occupants leave it. The stoker makes way at the fire for an old country-woman who has been selling eggs and butter, and chickens at ninepence a piece all day, who is nearly eighty years old, has been up since four o'clock in the morning, and is as shrewd at a bargain, as coarse of speech, as rough of manner, as ignorant and as honest, as she has been any time in her simple life. She throws a condescending word now and

then to the stoker,—she has always been twice the better man of the two—lights her old pipe and smokes it with perfect unconcern and enjoyment, showing that her faculties are still pretty sharply on the alert by contradicting quite pleasantly and laconically any erroneous statement which reaches her from the other side of the room. Here a couple of small farmers, already half fuddled, talk over the purchases of the day and go to sleep in the process. Another who holds the neglected farm by the church, and a dubious moral reputation, stands by the bar, leaning his arm upon it, taking his beer slowly and looking about the room with his coarse, shifty eyes, the low type of a low class, mean, sensual, idle, whom education and a more scrupulous public opinion have yet to influence. Old Joe, from the Shop, announces confidentially to Mine Hostess, that "It 'ud give you the jumps, Mum, it would indeed, if you could spare time to go and see how they sets out their wares at them places." A girl who has come home, perhaps for a first holiday, from a first place, who is sixteen years old, very bright-eyed and simple, and of a refinement in dress and mind which would have been almost impossible in her circumstances if she had come into the world half a century earlier, looks round rather anxiously for her charioteer. He has to take her another five miles yet, and is now reading a local paper, with the flame of the tallow candle nearly burning his shock hair, and taking his beer quite leisurely. Hereupon the small farmer offers, in a rather low voice, to take Tina (sentimentally christened Clementina) the rest of the journey in his own gig, which is waiting outside in the darkness. But Mine Hostess, who is much too clever not to have caught the suggestion in spite of the noise of voices and the spluttering of

the fire, looks into the shifty eyes with her straight ones, and says sharply, "You get home by yourself and leave the girl alone, now;" which command, Mine Hostess's being an unlimited monarchy, the farmer meekly obeys.

Presently a woman comes in with a shawl over her head to fetch the beer for her husband's supper, exchanges a few words with one or two of the company, and goes out. Old Joe, in answer to a question, announces the time from a very old silver repeater as nine o'clock, "not to deceive you." Clementina and her charioteer go out into the darkness, the girl pinning her shawl closer round a pretty throat and nodding good-bye to the company. Someone draws aside the red window curtain and reports the night fine, the wind rising, and the moon not yet up. The stoker, with a surreptitious parting kick at the fire, opines that "his ole woman 'ull curse, that she will, if he don't get back now;" whereupon Sally, who has finished her pipe and is snoozing comfortably, rouses herself sufficiently to say cheerfully, "Sarve you right," which elicits a solitary laugh. Samuel tries to get up another political discussion and fails. A wretched girl creeps in with her jug and creeps out again, poor, dull, half-witted almost, with the sense of the coarse comments which follow her falling stupidly upon her brain. Old Jock in his corner wakes up slowly from dreams, perhaps, of a time when the world was not better, but simpler; when the country poor lived too often and too much like the beasts they tended, but when he was young and when Jeannie, who has remained to his old fancy young for fourscore years, was with him still. The red-headed "Marrer of the Constitootion" (who is his great-grandson or his great-nephew, or some such relation, and quite disrespectful and fond

of him) says, "Come on, old 'un," and they go out together.

Mrs. Jenks announces closing-time with a snap of stern lips, and clatters some pewters to give emphasis to her remark. Sally gets up from her chair leisurely; a little group in a corner break up; Samuel folds and pockets his newspaper; the fuddled farmers, awed by Mine Hostess's eye, manage a tolerably clear "good-night," and get each other out pretty steadily somehow; a sleepy rustic rouses himself suddenly. Mine Hostess goes to the door to see the last of her guests safely off the premises, comes back to the parlour, lowers the lamp, blows out the candle, looks round the darkening room with a sort of sigh, which may be for her life, or some dead hope, or simply because she is tired and must be up betimes to straighten things in the morning. She bolts the door behind her, and the place is empty, with a dying fire flickering on the beamed ceiling, on the disordered chairs and table and the bar, and on ghostly

shadows, perhaps of the simple people who have sat in the place to-night. Here at least, clear enough, is the old chair where Jock sat, and many other simple smock-frocked old Jocks have sat in their time, and, after a very little while, will sit no more for ever. A spark leaping up to, and reaching, a half-burned faggot shows the table where fell the simple shock head of the sleepy rustic, who had no learning himself and mistook other people's for a lullaby; his day too is dead almost, and better dead, no doubt. Here is the place where Tina stood,—Tina who did not know much and was considered by many comparatively enlightened persons invaluable for domestic purposes in respect that she did not know more. A last sudden flame rises and flickers like a hand waving a farewell; the embers blacken; the simple ghosts sink back into the shadows whence they came and the fire is as dead,—as a Past.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

A GENTLEMAN OF SPAIN.¹

THE very curious book which was published by the Society of Spanish Book-lovers (*Sociedad de Bibliófilos Españoles*) in 1888, under the title of MEMOIRS OF DON FÉLIX NIETO DE SILVA, MARQUIS OF TENEBRÓN, lay hid for well nigh two centuries in manuscript. The original remained in possession of the representative of the family, the Duke of Moctezuma, but some curiosity must have been felt about it, for at least one copy was made, which came in due course to be described in the catalogue of a sale by the name of MIRACLES OF THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCK OF FRANCE. The vigilant eye of some Spanish book-lover, perhaps Don Antonio Cánovas himself who wrote the introduction to the printed edition, fell upon it. In a happy hour he was tempted to look further, and was rewarded by one of those pieces of good fortune which do occasionally come to the pious student to whom

Things long past over suffice, and men
forgotten that were.

The title in the catalogue proved on inquiry to be sufficiently accurate, and yet the manuscript contained what it must have rejoiced a true Spaniard to discover, namely, the vivacious portrait of a very valiant gentleman of Spain, who lived in the obscure times of the decadence in the later years of Philip the Fourth and the reign of Charles the Second (*El Hechizado*, the Bewitched), but who,

¹ MEMORIAS DE D. FÉLIX NIETO DE SILVA, MARQUÉS DE TENEBRÓN, &c., &c. Published by the Spanish Book-Lover Society; Madrid, 1888.

though born in evil days, was a model of the best qualities of his race.

The Rock of France (*La Peña de Francia*) is the highest peak of the Sierra de Francia, a spur of the Sierra de Gata. It is almost due south of Salamanca, and east of Ciudad Rodrigo, stands some five or six thousand feet high, and commands a wide view towards Portugal on the west and the mountains of Avila on the east. Here, during the reign of John the Second of Castile, a French Franciscan found in a cave near the summit an image of Our Lady, having in fact been duly instructed to that purpose by her in visions, and after many wanderings. The history of the invention was written at large by the Licentiate Don Jaime de Portillo y Sosa, Precentor of the Cathedral Church of Guatemala, in the ninth chapter of his chronicle of all the wonder-working images of the Virgin which there are in the world. The image was believed to have been hidden by Christian fugitives at the time of the Moorish conquest. Be this pious supposition true or not, the shrine became famous, and a Dominican house and church arose on the very summit of the mountain. They stand in a ruinous condition now, but are still a place of pilgrimage, though the image revealed to Simon Vela has vanished no man knows where; at least no man says, though it is believed that there are inhabitants of the town of Sequeros, at the foot of the Sierra, who could tell if they would. They are indeed grievously suspected of having stolen that image, not from piety, but for

the lucre of gain because the pilgrimage interfered with their fair. One is glad to know that they have done themselves no good.

We must begin with Our Lady of the Rock of France, for to her we owe the memoirs of Tenebrón. In his latter years, when he was governor of Oran for the King, he decided to set down for the edification of his children all instances in which My Lady, as he calls her, had saved his life. He had a peculiar devotion to this shrine, and this virgin. He appealed to her for help, and attributed all the good fortune of his life to her; what did not redound to her honour he does not think worth telling, but as he saw her hand in well nigh everything, we get his life told with no small detail. It is no regular narrative which we have from him, but a succession of instances of God's Providence interposing on his behalf, written not by a Scotch Covenanter or English Methodist but by a Spaniard who worshipped the Virgin of the Rock, as a pagan worshipped the goddess of his tribe and people, and who moreover was no anxious fanatic, but a man of the world, a noble, and a soldier. A peculiar charm is given to the book by the song of praise which ends each story, commonly in the formula "*Bendita sea la Virgen de la Peña de Francia, y su misericordia* (blessed be the Virgin of the Rock of France and her mercy)." It is pious, it is melodious with a certain cheerful cadence, and it is brought in with a manifest simplicity of heart at the end of stories which our shamefaced modern piety is surprised to find leading to a litany.

Félix Nieto de Silva was the younger son of the Count of Alba de Yeltes (also Don Félix Nieto de Silva) and Doña Isabel de Saaz y Coloma, and was born in 1635. The family was of old descent, a branch of

one of those stocks of nobles which were common to Castile and Portugal. Saaz, the name of his mother, is the well-known Portuguese name *Sã* writ large, and we have his own evidence that he spoke the language as fluently as his own Castilian. The estates of the family were in the country about Ciudad Rodrigo and Salamanca, and it seems to have possessed houses in both towns. The elder brother Don Luis gained an evil reputation for himself as Corregidor of Zamora, from 1651 to 1653. Don Antonio Cánovas has printed at the end of the Memoirs a long string of complaints brought against Don Luis by the people of the town when his government came to an end. If the townsmen of Zamora did not belie their Corregidor, he must have been indeed one of the most perverted cavaliers of the reign of Philip the Fourth. He made very free with the wives and daughters of the poorer citizens, and was very ready to proceed to violence towards their husbands and fathers. To the profound scandal of the Bishop he brought friends "in yellow satin" down from Madrid. It may surprise English readers who think that all Spaniards trembled before the Church, to learn that, when the Bishop rebuked the Corregidor for the open scandals of his life, his paternal reprehensions were treated with audacious contempt. Don Félix made his appearance as a fighting man under the patronage of this brother, but in a way which he has not thought proper to record in his memoirs, no doubt because, as Don Antonio Cánovas says, he could not see the hand of the Virgin of the Rock guiding him in this action. In pursuit of one of the Corregidor's quarrels, Don Félix felt himself called upon as a good brother to challenge, and all but mortally wound, one Don Alonso Polomino, a highly respectable gentleman of Zamora. The piety for

which Don Félix was conspicuous did not make it incumbent on him to abstain from taking the "satisfaction of a gentleman." More than once he speaks of being under arrest on account of a duel. Yet these passages belong to the *tollero*, the wild time of youth, which, as he remarks later in life, is infernal. In after years he was more disposed to arrange the quarrels of others than to make them for himself. At the time when he fleshed his maiden sword on Don Alonso Polomino, he must have been between fifteen and eighteen. The honourable profession of arms was the obvious career for such a youth, and he naturally found employment in the frontier war which had begun with the revolt of Portugal in 1640, and was dragged out by the weakness of both sides, and the pertinacity of Spain, till 1668.

Though Don Félix says nothing of his share in his brother's misgovernment of Zamora, he does not pass over his own early youth without quoting instances of the merciful intervention of Our Lady of the Rock on his behalf. They show that spirited Castilian boys of the middle of the seventeenth century were very like English boys of the nineteenth.

When I was about nine or ten [he says] I was at school at Salamanca, and lived in the house of my aunt, Doña Maria Coloma, my mother's sister, and we went for the winter to a village of hers, called Cubo. My aunt had two sons, Don Alonso, who afterwards was my son-in-law, and his brother Don Diego, and we were all at our Latin grammar; and one afternoon we went, all three, out of the village, and saw the herd coming, and my cousin Don Alonso seeing the father-bull said, "*Yo quiero torear* (I will course the bull)." Then he got on a she-ass, and my cousin, Don Diego, said, "I will carry your spears."¹ And he took some

¹ The *renores*, or short spears, such as are used for pig-sticking, which were the weapons of the *toreador* who killed the bull on horseback.

sticks from the hill-side, and put them on his shoulder. Said I, "Then I will call the bull." And I took out my handkerchief, and went to the bull and called him [by flapping the handkerchief in defiance]; and so soon as he saw me he rushed at me at full gallop, and when he was just upon me, I know not whether I fell or was thrown down by my guardian angel. I fell down by a furrow on my face, and the bull, it seems to me, bounded over me, and gave a snort, and passed without goring me. I lay quiet, and he went towards the open country, and after giving four or six bounds, he turned, and looked at me and bellowed, and then he went on his way, and stopped again, and again looked at me bellowing, and doing this many times, I lying quiet; he moved away from me until it seemed to me that I could escape, and I waited till such a time as he was about turning towards the country, and so soon as his face was away from me I got up and ran to the village, whereby I escaped. *Bendita sea la Virgen de la Peña de Francia y su misericordia.*

The child in Don Félix was father to the man. As he is in this story, so he is all through. There is always the same readiness for an adventure, the same alacrity to take the most dangerous place, and when in it, the coolness to do the right thing, and keep his wits about him, with at the end the pious thanks to the Virgin. His memoirs go on like the bull, *brincando*, bounding from one miracle to another. Shortly we find him serving as captain of cavalry at the siege of Badajoz in 1658, and there we have a curious story from him containing something of Bunyan and more than a little of Don Quixote. The siege was bloody, and Don Félix passed his nights on the ramparts. One morning on coming off guard he had been ordered at once to go on fatigue-duty (*salir á fagina*), so that he had had no opportunity to confess. In the afternoon he went towards the Church of St. Francis to fulfil his religious duties. Now the devil, who does not sleep, had so arranged it that

various young captains were sitting in the shade of the porch. Don Félix must already have had a reputation for piety, for he was greeted with accusations that he was on his way to the confessional, and not without a certain jeering insinuation that it was no proof of manhood in him; and "I, miserable sinner," he says, "did in fact, after a sort, deny my faith, saying I was going to see about sending a letter to Castile." Here he inserts a passage of self-reproach, and of warning to his sons, bidding them beware of the common folly of the world which thinks a man the less brave because he performs his religious duties. Putting mere differences of dialect aside it is precisely what any religious Englishman of the time would have said, whether he thought and fought with Falkland or with Cromwell. Yet his pious purpose urging him, Don Félix was going into the church, when an orderly brought him the news that the cavalry were ordered out. After a night of guard on the ramparts, fatigue-duty in the morning, and loss of his *siesta* because he wanted to confess, he had now an afternoon in the saddle, and to finish all was left in command of an outpost with a promise from the General, Don José de Larreátegui, that he should be supported if attacked. He was attacked, and was not supported, for so admirably did the generals of Philip understand their business, that Don José de Larreátegui forgot all about the outpost. There was nothing for it but to cut their way back to the city as well as they could. It was in this scene of confusion that our author was favoured with the most indubitable miracle of Our Lady of the Rock which he has to record. He had lunged at the face of a Portuguese, had missed, and before he could recover his opponent returned the lunge. The weapon of

the Portuguese, a long supple sword, entered beneath the arm and came out at the neck, so that it passed against the side of his face. "*Ah! cornudo que me has muerto* (Ah, you have killed me, you cuckold)," said Don Félix, thinking, as he well might, that his last hour had come. Yet he fought for his revenge, and at last compelled the Portuguese to let go of the sword, which remained fixed tight all through the rest of the skirmish, though Don Félix cut his fingers badly in trying to pull it out. When at last he reached support he called upon one of his soldiers to rid him of the sword, which the man did by taking it with both hands, and pulling it with all his strength. Then Don Félix sent for a priest, and made his confession, thinking that surely he must be dying. Yet when the breast-plate was at last taken off it was found that the sword had not entered his body, but had only cut him across the chest. After two months of hospital he was as well as ever. The story, which reasonably enough passed for wonderful, was told to the King, who thought it showed great valour. "To me," says the hero, and his words carry conviction, "it did not seem so, for I was not afraid, nor have I in my life been more master of myself, foreseeing and executing everything that turned out so well for me, since I escaped. And to ride through so many horsemen, whom I could not count for they were in no order, but I am persuaded there were more than five hundred of them, I being alone, and with the sword hanging at my right breast, and it being necessary for me to break through them, giving and taking,—one sees clearly it was a manifest miracle, and not courage."

Don Félix notes in another place that he had his touches of Don Quixote, and this story proves he was right. A man of the cold North

would have preferred the common-sense course of having the breast-plate taken off to get rid of the sword. The Spaniard, convinced that he was mortally wounded, behaved like a Knight of the Round Table, had the spear drawn out of the wound, and made his confession.

One kind of Protestant critic would no doubt be shocked by discovering that "the mariolatrous Spaniard" looked upon the Mother of God as an excellent partisan cavalry officer, attributing to her his good management in the recovery of a herd of cattle carried off by the Portuguese. He had gone in pursuit with twenty-five men, and came up with the enemy just as they were crossing a river. The Portuguese left the cattle in the ford, and rode across. His men were eager to recover the booty, but Don Félix, watching right and left with vigilant eyes, had seen two little spirals of dust floating up from behind some rocks on the other side. He suspected a trap, and halted his men; they were convinced that the dust was raised by the cows scraping the ground, but not so their commander. He put it to the test by detaching his lieutenant towards the ford with six men. Before they reached the cattle two bodies of Portuguese were seen coming round the edge of the rocks. "Somebody fire a pistol," cried Don Félix. At the sound of the discharge the lieutenant turned, and was recalled by signal. Now, said Don Félix, "what think you, did the cows scrape well?" Then the Portuguese tried another wile. A part of them marched out up the river, and the commander sent him a message saying that he might have the cows, for they did not want them, but were in search of horses. In vain was the net spread in the sight of Don Félix; he stood steady, and once more contrived to draw the enemy by means of a detach-

ment. At last the Portuguese gave it up as a bad job, and the cattle were recovered. "*De buena sotana de palos nos ha librado Vmd* (your Worship has saved us from a good jacketting)," said his men, and Don Félix laughed the gratified laugh of the man who has made the critic see that he was in the right; "and so we returned, well pleased, seeing the good fortune we had had, which I justly attribute to the pious influence of Our Lady of the Rock. Blessed be her mercy and praised for ever."

With such leadership as unhappy Spanish gentlemen got in those days, and too commonly since, Don Félix could not always tell how they came back joyful from their adventures. In fact in his memoirs, as in almost all the rest of the history of Spanish fighting, it is wonderful to note the contrast between the courage and sense shown in such small affairs, and the hopeless blunders of the generals. The author says little of the greater operations, as his object is to tell only those of his own adventures in which he was helped by his patroness. Yet he tells us enough to show that, whenever a general was in the field, he was apt to be a person of the stamp of that Don José who forgot all about the outpost at Badajoz. Once when led into disaster he had to make the last desperate appeal to his men, which we can imagine coming from poor Admiral Montojo at Manila the other day: "*Hijos, perdidos estamos, y si nos hemos de perder huyendo, perdámonos peleando firme todo el mundo* (boys, we are lost; and since we are lost if we run, let us take it fighting,—steady all!)" It is an appeal to which the Spaniard, when decently led, will answer as readily as any man. On this occasion his command was almost crushed by numbers, and had finally to escape as best it could, *barajado* (shuffled up like a pack of cards) with

the prisoners. He himself got off in the *mêlée* by the help of his knowledge of Portuguese, but at the end he had to leap his horse down a steep bank to the river. The animal fell, and his right spur being entangled in the harness, his foot was dislocated, yet he crawled back on hands and knees to recover his sword, and finally swam the river. The piety of Don Félix was of the kind which trusts in God, and keeps its powder dry. In this very fight he had pushed out, to cover the infantry, to the last outlying point of sane valour. Beyond that he would not go for it was tempting God; and so having done his best for the general cause, he applied himself by hard riding, and hard hitting, to save his own command. It is pleasant to hear him speak of his men as "the most valiant that captain ever had;" and there is not a word to show that it ever struck him they were what he had made them.

It would be easy to go on with stories of Don Félix in the imminent deadly breach, but there is another side to his character. He had the humour, as well as the courage, of the true Castilian, and being a pious man thanked the Virgin of the Rock for both. One chapter (if chapter is the right name) of his record of Our Lady's mercies is written to show his sons how to behave when prisoners of war. In such circumstances, says Don Félix:

Many will try to pull your clothes.¹ You cannot well fire up;² yet if you are too meek every scurvy companion will crack his jest on you. Now see how I was inspired to do the right thing, when prisoner to Manuel Freire de Andrade. It happened that I being in company with various Portuguese officers in the

castle of Trancoso, there came a certain cleric, a worthy in spectacles, who was received with great respect. This person sat down with me in the window, and held forth about the rights of the King of Portugal. It was just at the time that our King was making the Peace of the Pyrenees with the French King, and was taking his daughter to be married to him. Now said the priest, would it not be better if your King married his daughter to ours, and then we could unite for the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre from the Turk.

Observe that to propose to a Castilian that the King of Spain should marry his daughter to the King of Portugal, was as if one were to suggest that Her Gracious Majesty ought to arrange an alliance with an uncrowned King of Ireland. But it was impossible to *echar ronca* when one was a prisoner of war, and to a priest. His patroness showed Don Félix a more excellent way. When the reverend man was done his harangue, Don Félix struck one hand on the other with the air of a man ravished with surprise; whoever has seen the grave air of the ironical Castilian, can see the gesture as with his eyes.

"What says your worship? What says your worship?" quoth the priest. Quoth I, "I say, most reverend father, that some angel hath brought your Reverence here. It can be no less." Quoth he, "How so?" Quoth I, "I will tell you. The most learned men on both sides have discussed these relations of Castile and Portugal without settling them; armies are debating them in the field, and yet the quarrel is on foot, so that neither arms nor letters have achieved this adventure. Therefore it cannot be, but that God has reserved it for two born fools, and it does not appear that there are any two more fit for the purposes than your Reverence and I, so that without doubt we will bring it to an end."

The priest retired in a rage,—small blame to him—and the Portuguese officers laughed consumedly.

This imprisonment had a curious

¹ Or as we might now say, to pull your leg.

² The Spanish expression is *echar la ronca*, to give the challenge of the stag.

end. Manuel Freire de Andrade was prepared to exchange his prisoner against a Portuguese officer, a kinsman of his own, then in the hands of the Spaniards. The government at Lisbon refused to consent to the arrangement on the ground that the Portuguese, Correa by name, was not a *fidalgo*, or noble, and that Don Félix was. Andrade being exceedingly angry at this, offered to allow Don Félix to escape. He, however, on second thoughts declined to accept the favour, seeing that it must bring his friend the enemy into trouble, but asked for leave on *parole* for fifty days to arrange an exchange. It was granted with many compliments by Andrade. Don Felix made his way to Madrid, but in the meantime a Portuguese, serving with the Spaniards, had been captured by his countrymen, and by them hanged and quartered as a traitor. The Government at Madrid threatened reprisals, and from Lisbon came the answer that Don Félix should be made to pay if any such thing were done. Here was a coil. The King's ministers told Don Félix that he was not to go back, and even let him know that he would receive a royal order to that effect. But he, having his touches of Don Quixote, replied that to take an order from the King which he did not mean to obey would be to show himself wanting in respect to his Sovereign. Go back he would,—firstly on the point of honour because he had given his promise as a gentleman to Andrade; and secondly, for the admirably rational reason that he might be taken prisoner by the Portuguese again, and then they would do him a displeasure for having broken his *parole*. Hanging for hanging, he preferred to swing as an honest man; *pundonor* (the point of honour) and right reason, which indeed generally coincide, were never better reconciled.

Happily the exchange with Correa was finally arranged, and Don Félix was free in person and in honour.

It may interest the Psychical Society to know that our hero had a communication from the dead, in fact from his first wife, Doña Jerónima de Cisneros y Moctezuma, who was also his cousin. It came in this way. He was in Madrid, preparing to go to a colonial governorship which had been given to him, little to his liking, for he would greatly have preferred to serve with the armies at home. However, it was not his custom to dispute the King's orders when honour allowed him to obey them, and he was making ready for his journey. At this moment there came to him a letter from one Maria de Pantoja, who had been nurse to his first wife and was a pensioner in his house at Alcántara, saying that the soul of her lady had appeared, had asked that the family would all take the communion on her behalf, and say certain masses to the Virgin of the Rock, and that her husband would come to see her. Don Félix received the message with the oddest possible mixture of unquestioning faith and an almost rationalistic common sense. That the soul of his wife might appear, if God so pleased, he never doubted. What did strike him was that, as it was so much easier for spirit to travel than for flesh, the dear soul might surely come to Madrid instead of making him go to Alcántara. He put the case to his confessor, who bid him write to that effect to the nurse. The message was duly sent, and there came back the answer that Doña Jerónima was not free to come to Madrid, but hoped that her husband would come to her, seeing that in her life he had always been willing to do her every courtesy (*finezas*). This appeal to his affection and honour was irresistible and, after further consultation with his con-

fessor, who was intensely interested in the story and desired to be informed of all that happened, he left his business at Madrid, and hurried to his house at Alcántara. The reader will hear without surprise that he did not see the ghost. Doña Jerónima had not appeared to Maria de Pantoja but to another servant in the house. Don Félix sent for the woman and they had several conversations. She adhered to it that not only had she seen Doña Jerónima, but that the ghost of the lady was then with her in the room. In vain did Don Félix endeavour to persuade the spirit of his first wife to reveal herself to him. That something was there he had no doubt; the only question was whether it was indeed the ghost of his wife, or of an evil spirit tempting the woman. Finally, he became persuaded of the truth of the vision, and listened reverently while the girl told him that she had seen the spirit of her mistress surrounded by angels, vanishing in a glory, leaving no more precise message for her husband than an exhortation to be a good man. This seemed a lame and impotent conclusion, but observe, while Don Félix was at Alcántara *Don Juan came to Madrid*. The italics are our hero's and they have a weighty meaning. This was the younger Don Juan de Austria, the son of Philip the Fourth and the actress Maria Calderon. Don Juan carried on a series of struggles with the Queen Mother and Regent, Mariana de Neuburg. When he came to Madrid on this occasion an attempt was made to murder him. Two years later he gained the upper hand, and it was found that he suspected Don Félix of being one of the would-be assassins. Then Don Félix was able to prove by the letters he wrote to his confessors and others, at Madrid, that he was at Alcántara at the time. For him there was no doubt that his Lady of the

Rock had again intervened, and that by her assistance his wife had withdrawn him from danger. We can at least agree that not many ghost-stories are much better authenticated, and that few appearances of the dead to the living have had better justification.

The latter end of Don Félix, who was created Marquis of Tenebrón for his services about this time, was characteristic. He wished to receive the governorship of Oran, but was disappointed by a court intrigue. The officer appointed, Bracamonte, led his garrison into a Moorish ambush within a few months, and was there cut off. Then the place being no longer worth having to any courtier (a race of persons for whom he had a noble contempt) it was given to Don Félix. There, as has been already said, he died at his post, deserted by his country, and supported only by his third wife whom no persuasion could induce to leave for a safer place than a town surrounded by Moor and Turk. Of the rest of the deeds of Don Félix Nieto de Silva, Marquis of Tenebrón, of the governorships he held in Galicia, Cadiz, and the Canaries, of his three marriages, and his children, of the quarrels he arranged, the enemies, and the famines he fought, are they not written in the book of his memoirs in the Castilian of a soldier and a gentleman?

It is a pleasure just now to look at such a Spaniard as this. The days are very evil for Spain, and one has to allow that it is largely, even mainly, by the fault of her sons. The fine qualities of the Spaniard, and he has many, do not work for good government. There is something in him which is not European, something akin to the nobler kind of Asiatic, the Rajput, the Arab, and the Turk. One would attribute it to the Berber blood left in him by centuries of Moorish rule, if one did not remember that he

was just the same man in the days of Hamilcar. The Spaniard who defended Numantia, who fought under Hannibal, who followed Viriatus, was exactly the Spaniard of Parma's famous infantry, of the defence of Saragossa, and of the bands of Mina or El Empecirado. No national character has been more marked, and more tenacious than his. Its faults are obvious to every criticaster,—a certain incapacity to govern or be governed, a tendency towards a tribal anarchy, a capacity for great ferocity in moments of passion, a liability to lose the advantage he has gained by violent spasms of fierce effort in a reaction of sloth. All this, and even more, may be objected against him. But the good things of the Spaniard are very real. They are not, it may be allowed, what a practical world admires. He is infinitely inferior to the American in them; if he were not he would hardly have left Manila in the condition which enabled Commodore Dewey to perform those remarkably safe and easy prodigies of heroism which have sent all the American, and some English, papers into hysterics of admiration. Yet at his worst he has never been vulgar, and has rarely been insignificant.

If we want to find what redeems him it cannot be better sought than in those *cosas de Don Quixote* which the Marquis of Tenebrón confessed in himself. Don Quixote was not only the madman who rode at windmills under the impression that they were giants; he was also a very fine gentleman, and his insanity was only possible to a man of great courage and cha-

racter. No base man would have been mad in such a way. The raising of the Spaniards in support of Philip the Fifth was a Quixotism, and so was the revolt of the whole nation against Napoleon. There were plenty to preach to him the homely virtues of submission to the strong on both occasions. To-day they are preaching at him again. It is easy to find texts. Being a man who needs those two simple things, which are yet so difficult to supply, a creed and a king, and both being in decadence, he has fallen into the hands of the attorney species. Therefore he has suffered much, and will suffer more. Some of us will talk to him of decaying nations; others who conceal the fear of blows (to call it by its right name) under a great profession of love for their "Anglo-Saxon kinsmen" will be copious in advice to surrender. Spain once defeated, the game of twisting the Lion's tail will go merrily on again, and the Jingoese, who clamoured for the liberation of Cuba, will once more clamour for the liberation of Ireland. Meanwhile the Spaniard, one trusts, will act in the spirit of Don Félix's appeal to his men, "If we must be lost, let us take it fighting." After all, there is a real wisdom in *gli eroici furori*, by which Spain decided her own fate at the beginning of the century. Because she has been careless, indolent, unwise, ill-governed, is that any reason why she should submit to wanton aggression? It is better to take it fighting: in that way honour is safe, and something may be rescued; but all is lost by surrender.

DAVID HANNAY.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

MANY years ago Matthew Arnold discovered that the journey-work of literature was far better done in France than in England, and with the zeal of an enquiring philosopher he set himself to find a reason. Differences of race and habit were not enough. It was not enough that Voltaire and others had converted the French language into a well-ordered mechanism, which would obey even the half-practised hand. History, which might have traced the growth and decline of English prose, seemed a blind guide. Two things only were evident, that in France the common biography was handled with skill, that in England it was bungled with an ungrammatical *maladroitness*. How, asked the critic, shall we explain the difference? And, by a method of reasoning similar to that employed in Wordsworth's *LESSON TO FATHERS*, he answered "England has no Academy."

The argument is seductive by its mere simplicity. To abolish an imagined difficulty by a phrase is a temptation which few critics can resist; and yet one wonders that so wise a philosopher as Matthew Arnold did not turn a deaf ear to the siren of obviousness. Even if the superiority of the French be acknowledged, and the acknowledgment can only be made for argument's sake, the explanation is carelessly superficial. True, France has an Academy which England has not; but France has also a *Place des Vosges* and a stately procession of boulevards; and either of these architectural triumphs might be proved to exert as powerful an influence upon

literature as the opinion of the elderly gentlemen who meet every Thursday upon the *Quai Malaquai*. For, literature is a plant of wayward fancy, which flourishes as it will and where it will. The best intentions in the world will not aid its growth or check its development, and as the Academy has never aspired to be a hothouse, so the Academicians have seldom pretended to cultivate any other garden than their own. How, indeed, should a collective opinion foster the least of the arts or the humblest of the crafts? And the day-labourer above all ignores the authority of superior erudition. When Disraeli warned his countrymen against appealing from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many, he uttered a true, as well as a brilliant, epigram. But his thought was incomplete, and he might have added that the many had mediocrity for their certain birthright. A man of talent arrives at an intelligent opinion by his own road; but shut him up in a room with thirty-nine other men of talent, and it is certain that he will conspire with his associates to formulate an opinion which, being neither his nor theirs or anybody's, is inevitably foolish. So the history of the French Academy, which has rarely been composed of forty intelligences, is worthy all the study which industry cares to give it, but it is not the history of French literature.

The truth is that by its constitution the French Academy is incapable of controlling the literary destinies of France. Although its earliest function was to purify the language, it has frankly recognised that its labour

is Sisyphean. One edition of its portentous dictionary yields to another: the public libraries of France place the solid volumes upon their shelves; and there the matter ends. The law does not punish an infraction of the dictionary's usages by fine or imprisonment; and it is merely for their own amusement that the Academicians consecrate this word and condemn that. The very scheme was a scheme of impoverishment. No word, said the pious founders, shall be admitted within the covers of our book that is not sanctified by our approval; and so the old French dictionary was resolutely purified of colour and force, that the susceptibilities of a coterie might not be affronted. The principle thus laid down has been respected ever since, and the members of to-day's Academy are still resolute in the work of purification. But they waste their toil, not only because a law cannot be imposed without penalties, but because the most of men do not follow the example of Dr. Johnson's prude and consult a lexicon that they may discover what words are omitted. Moreover, the Academic dictionary can never claim the respect of scholars. Who would consult it when the masterpieces of Littré or Darmesteter were at his elbow? A lexicographer requires a host of talents which are wholly strange to the historian or journalist; and not even the contriver of cheap paragraphs would care to accept in a question of language the authority of M. Coppée or the Duc de Broglie.

Through its dictionary, then, the Academy has not exercised a feather's weight of authority. The furtive appearance of this harmless work is greeted with a smile of amiable indifference, and if the eighth edition never achieved completion French literature would not suffer even a momentary check. Therefore we must look further afield, to discover the secret of

Academic sovereignty. Doubtless the champions of the Institute will argue that as it is the ambition of every scribbler to wear a green-collared coat, so the scribbler is always ready to cut and hack his style to suit the Academic pattern. But here, also, there lurks a misconception. Leaving out of view the men of genius who, for obvious reasons, have never sat beneath the famous cupola save by accident, the chance of election is too remote ever to become a literary influence. Let us suppose that the men of letters in France number forty thousand at any given moment, and it is incredible that these heroes will suppress whatever personality be theirs to win a prize when the odds are a thousand to one against them. Nor when you narrow the purview is the power of the Academy more reasonable. Even though a certain lack of distinction is acceptable within the sacred walls, it is impossible to imagine a person of mediocre talent, who shall ape the manner of M. Francis Chalmes (shall we say?) with no better object than to occupy an honoured arm-chair. No, it must be confessed that the college of Richelieu does not check the extravagance of aspirants, and there remains only one method whereby the Academy might hope to exert a discreet tyranny. For many years it has been the great prize-giver of France. Eloquence, poetry, research, and even virtue are rewarded by the voice of the Forty, and, says the champion of this most respectable institution, it is by the proper distribution of awards that the Academy purifies the language and holds aloft the banner of literary art. No statement could be falser. In the first place no man, whose books are worth examination, ever sat down to write that he might be crowned by the Forty. The crown may be awarded to a masterpiece, though that in itself is incredible,

but it will never be thus awarded because its author had in his heart the fear of reprobation or in his head a long list of grammatical rules. Moreover, the habit of examination and award proves that in these matters chance is stronger than merit, and while a book "crowned by the Academy" may find a hundred more readers in the provinces, it does not on that account win the approbation of the critical, or add a single leaf to its author's legitimate wreath of glory.

If, then, France's superiority be granted, we must seek an explanation outside the walls of the Institute. For the Academy is, so to say, an annex to the temple of literature, and it is vain to look for the sacred fire upon the parasitic altar. But this is not said in the Academy's reproach, since it is plain that the casual meeting of forty citizens must be essentially unimportant, and it is only the rashness of zealots which has ever charged this irresponsible body with wielding an influence. Having given a set of practical reasons why the Academy can only affect its own prosperity, we are free to return to first principles (always a tiresome enterprise) and to point out that forty writers, chosen by the balancing of parties, can never possess a collective opinion. One member, for instance, may have a clear judgment and an intrepid courage, but no sooner does he impart his view than it becomes matter for intrigue; and as nothing but compromise can express conflicting testimony, it follows that the Forty are seldom right. This failure, however, to understand the claims of talent is no crime; it is but the natural function of Academies, and possibly this particular Academy would never have cherished a false vanity had it not been indiscreetly praised for accomplishing tasks far beyond its reach.

Again, the Academy has been reproached on the ground that its forty members are frequently insignificant and undistinguished. The reproach is true in substance and false in reason. If you scan the lists of those who have occupied the famous arm-chairs between 1634 and the present year, you will find that the majority is absolutely unknown to you. Now and then, it is true, you encounter memorable names,—La Fontaine and Voltaire, Racine and Hugo, Chateaubriand and Lamartine; but who to-day remembers the unnumbered ecclesiastics, the trifling politicians, the pompous intriguers, who in their own age were powerful enough to open any door? In excuse it may be pleaded that there is no possible means of collecting forty men of genius underneath one roof, even if at a given moment forty men of genius lived and worked in the world. The Academy, in fact, could not compel the entrance of genius, unless it first recognised its existence, and in the way of recognition there lie a hundred hindrances. A man of genius rarely makes an immediate effect; and it would be strange indeed if forty citizens of literary tastes should discover prophetically the gifts of their contemporaries. Moreover the Forty are not anxious to make unpleasant discoveries. When Jules Simon defended his colleagues on the ground that they formed a club whose first object was to be select, he spoke the truth with a rare candour. He was no more anxious than his friends to encounter those brilliant wits who were ensured of immortality. A man of genius is doubtless a fascinating companion and a brilliant memory, but he would sit ill in the presence of a dictionary, and he would lower the standard of the club, which is nothing if not mediocre. So Dumas was excluded because he had

black blood in his veins; and no place was found for Balzac because he carried a load of debt upon his back; and if Victor Hugo accepted an arm-chair he accepted it (as he said) because he was a captain and wished to defend those who fought beneath his banner. Thus intrigue finished what a timid ambition began, until to enter the Academy is to know the right people; and since an election is managed by parties, it must always be an affair of balanced votes. The consequence is that at no moment has the Academy represented the best talent of France; at no moment will it ever represent the best talent. It resembles the *salon* of a great lady stripped of feminine influence. If you were permitted to open the door, you would meet forty of the "best" people, such as might greet you in the drawing-room of an enterprising duchess. But you would not feel abashed, as in the presence of surpassing talent. You would only notice that most of the faces were familiar, and experience the same kind of shock as thrills you at Madame Tussaud's or the Musée Grévin.

The Academy, then, exercises no influence, either good or bad, upon the literature of its country. Nor does it attempt to collect round its erudite table its greatest contemporaries. It is merely an exclusive club, whose members must satisfy a curious and difficult standard. None the less it is a distinguished and respectable institution, of which France is reputably proud. If we may apply Matthew Arnold's method of criticism, we would say: strip the Academy of its folly, injustice, and inconsistency, and you will find remaining a pearl of great price. In the first place the Academician is by no means an ungainly figure, and even France need not disdain his aspect. Being born, like the poet, and not made, he shares

certain characteristics with his colleagues, and he may easily be recognised by the curious. Before all things he must be respectable. There is no room in the Institute for draggle-tailed Bohemianism, and the habit of the tavern must be laid aside with all the venial sins of youth before the elect takes his place under the cupola. *Bene vestitus, mediocriter doctus*, the excellent motto of another learned body, aptly describes his qualifications, for the Academy loves nothing so well as gentlemanly behaviour tintured with literature. A book, or the promise of a book, is essential; but once the book is assured the Forty prefer to elect their members for some other quality, social or political, rather than for prowess in literature, which is its own reward. The Academy judges, like the world, that a book is all the better because its author is notorious in another field, and the Muse knows no more agreeable embellishment than a dress-coat. So that the man of fashion who knocks at the door has a far better chance of entry than the tattered poet who lives near the Odéon, and whose verses will be sung when the Palais Mazarin is in ruins.

In the next place the Academy is a pleasant link between literature and society, a link made all the stronger because half-a-dozen dukes are always ready to take their seats by the side of critic and historian. Indeed, the dukes are strong enough to constitute a party, and no election is safe until the candidate has conciliated their support. The dukes return from the drudgery of the dictionary to the Faubourg St. Germain with a justifiable glow of pride, and they carry back to their quarter news from the world of letters which, without their aid, might never reach it. But it is the Academy's greatest glory to have kept alive for two hundred and fifty

years an admirable tradition. As it is to-day, so it was in 1634 when the coterie, accustomed to meet in the house of Valentin Corrat, was raised by Richelieu to the dignity of a public institution; and since its foundation was laid in an age of formal majesty, it has preserved an elegance of manner even to the drab end of a drab century. It takes no step without an august elaboration. Its house upon the quay is so seldom visited by the profane that it has become a mystery, a symbol, as it were, of respectable literature; while its members, by wearing a distinguished and distinguishing dress, are marked off conspicuously from their less fortunate fellows. Moreover, ceremonial is the first and last duty of the Academy. It meets, it receives, it adds to its dictionary, it distributes prizes with that sublime air of obedience to law which claims respect for the most trivial action. The practical philosopher may call it useless (and uselessness is not the least of its virtues), but, despite the malice of detractors, it is one of the best excuses for pageantry left in Europe; and until France fulfils the prophecy of her generals and is erased from the map, it will remain an eminent privilege to wear the plumed hat and green collar.

But in nothing does the Academy prove its love of formality so clearly as in the ordained canvass and election of its members. For he who would enter the Palais Mazarin must not only fulfil the conditions of learning, behaviour and success; he must prepare himself for the contest by an insidious intrigue. He will not present himself at all (unless he be Emile Zola) without an assurance that one, or more, of the cliques, into which the Academy is divided, desires to support him. The attempt once resolved upon, the candidate proclaims his intention in a letter

addressed to the Perpetual Secretary, and then, even though he be the most notorious citizen of the Republic, he is forced to pay an official visit of solicitation to each of the Forty. The reason of this imperious law is plain enough. When the Academy was first established, Richelieu and the founders could not conceive that any man would be modest enough, or sufficiently contemptuous, to decline the honour of election. But ridicule and detraction dogged the institution from the first, and not only did St. Evremond and others make it the object of their satire, but it received an open insult from an elected member who refused the proffered arm-chair. Henceforth the humble visit became an obligation, and though many an anxious candidate be black-balled, the Academy itself may never again feel the shame of favours spurned. Doubtless the visits are an occasion for much mirth and no little embarrassment. It may be difficult for open hostility to present a tactful front before the effrontery of a "perpetual candidate." M. Zola soliciting the vote of M. Brunetière, his secular enemy, might be the material of a screaming farce, but of course the occasion is privileged, and possibly nothing save the conventional politeness passes on either side. However, once the visits are paid, the candidature is officially posed, and the aspirant can do no more than interest his friends until the day of election. Then he is chosen or rejected by a secret ballot, and since an absolute majority is a stern necessity, several votes may be taken without a practical result. The secret, as a rule, is admirably kept, and though for many years M. Zola carried but one voice, the name of his brave supporter was never known, and rumour did no more than murmur *Dumas*.

The candidate, even after election,

is not yet a full Academician. He must then be publicly received, and not until he has passed this ordeal is he permitted to exclude such words as offend him from the sacred dictionary. Nor is the reception a foregone conclusion. He who would join this most exclusive of all clubs must obey the rules without doubt or question. He must compose such an address as will not only occupy six columns of the *TEMPS*, but will also please his colleagues. M. de la Rochefoucauld, whose Muse was incapable of a sustained flight, never presented himself before the Academy because, said he, he could not make a discourse of half-a-dozen lines. And there is the case of M. Emile Ollivier, who remains a warning to reckless aspirants. Now, M. Ollivier was elected to an arm-chair just before the War of 1870 was declared. The campaign, of course, interrupted the pursuits of peace, and this statesman's reception was put off until such time as the French army should return from Berlin. Had the Emperor brought back victory, M. Ollivier would have been received with acclamation. But he was involved in the general ruin of defeat, and since he insisted upon respecting the memory of his master, the Academy insisted on turning a deaf ear to his discourse. So the discourse was never delivered, and though M. Ollivier is in one sense an Academician, he has never been received, and thus he stays without the fold. This example, however, is not commonly followed, and the routine is simple and familiar enough. Indeed, so rigidly are the forms observed, that from one ceremony you may infer them all, and the reception of M. Hanotaux, which took place some two months since, differed in no way, save by a touch of added magnificence, from the inevitable routine.

That M. Hanotaux should take his

seat beneath the cupola was pre-ordained. He was an Academician in the cradle, and his career has been largely devoted to amassing the proper qualifications. He has written a book, but it is not a very good book, and none could pretend that he is the most distinguished writer of his age. He is moderately learned, and he is France's only Minister of Foreign Affairs. Indeed, he seems to hold the office in perpetuity, and though Cabinet succeeds Cabinet, it is understood that M. Hanotaux is indispensable at the Quai d'Orsay. Whether or no he is a great statesman is as yet uncertain, partly because he has been overshadowed by Russia, and partly because the standard of French statesmanship is not lofty. But his respectability is impregnable, and he possesses in an eminent degree the qualities of the successful Academician. His election then, was certain, and his duties at his reception were simple enough. In the first place he was asked to provide himself with the proper costume,—a green embroidered coat, a white waistcoat, cocked hat, and sword: the curious, by the way, may note that the cost of this elegant dress is precisely six hundred and ninety-four francs. In the next he was required to compose a eulogy of M. Challe-mel-Lacour, to whose chair he succeeded. But here again nothing is left to chance. The eulogy is printed, read, and secretly approved long before it is delivered, and doubtless the Academician-elect supplies the material for his own biography, presently recited in the pompous tone of research by the scholar whose duty it is to receive him within the fold. However, a performance is none the worse for patient rehearsal, and this one is interrupted by nothing unforeseen. Since early morning the doors have been besieged by a thrifty mob which has no ambition itself to penetrate, but merely keeps a

place (at a respectable figure) for the fortunate ticket-holders. As the spectator enters the theatre, disappointment awaits him. He instantly discovers that there are no arm-chairs at all! Probably he has had a vision of forty chairs, each of which has been sat upon by no others than the dozen tenants who have held it in succession since 1634. But, alas, instead of separate chairs, charged with separate histories, there is but a row of common benches, backed and narrow and covered with a dingy green velvet. In one corner stands the newly elected, marked off from his fellows merely by an improvised desk which holds his papers. The officers of the Academy sit austere, like judges on the bench, while the spectators rise tier above tier, until some appear vaguely under the roof. The dignity of the well is reserved for the relatives of the victim, and a curious tribune, cut like a hole in the wall, is assigned to the President of the Republic. But on this occasion it is untenanted, for M. Felix Faure watches the triumph of his friend from a common seat, though his modest position is atoned for by the neighbourhood of a Russian Grand Duke, who is present, as in duty bound, to honour the patron (or the client) of his imperial master.

The ceremony is neither splendid nor exciting. Only those Academicians nearly concerned,—the elect, his sponsors, and M. de Vogué, who replies to his discourse—are in Academic costume. Nor is there anything in the harangue of M. Hanotaux to arouse enthusiasm. It is cold, dry, uninspired; Academic in the worst sense, it reveals neither the temperament of the author nor the character of the defunct. M. de Vogué, on the other hand, is human, interesting, almost eloquent. He addresses M. Hanotaux throughout in

the second person, and he reminds him narrowly of his life's incidents, as though he were an examining judge, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs were standing in the dock. Then the elegant mob files scrupulously out, conscious that it has observed the worthy performance of a formal duty. Indeed, dull as it is, it is done with that admirable exactitude that comes of habit. You feel that the drama is really impersonal, that those who speak are impelled not by their volition but by the weight of traditional authority, and that they might be transferred to another century without feeling the displacement too bitterly.

On such occasions as this, then, the Academy is seen at the highest point of its intelligence, for that other meeting, at which the Forty strive in turn to fashion anew the praise of virtue, is but an occasion of ridicule, and one still regrets that M. Meilhac, that master of farce, died a few months before the duty was his. The receptions, on the other hand, are pure ceremonials, for whose performance the Academy most worthily exists, and in the presence of such solemnity detraction seems to speak with the voice of envy. But the Palais Mazarin is not always solemn; like everything else French, it also has its humours, and for the moment the fun of M. Zola's candidature is irresistible. Now M. Zola neither deserves nor obtains the popular commiseration; to batter the doors of a private club, which declares its distaste for your society, is neither dignified nor valiant. But M. Zola is of those who are fired by opposition, and the more loudly the Academy declares its unwillingness to receive him, the more loudly will he knock at the padlocked door. This persistence in another cause might be admirable. The whole world outside France has

displayed a proud amazement at M. Zola's determination to clear Captain ——but no, *la chose est jugée*, and we must not mention the forbidden name. And yet it is best to take the indiscretion of M. Zola in a spirit of raillery. After all, to possess a perpetual candidate gives the ancient Academy a lively impetus, and though the editor of *NANA* is never likely to sit upon the green velvet bench, he confers a kind of honour by his patient solicitude, and he has added an agreeable chapter to a rather dull history.

For it must be confessed that the history of the Academy is a trifle dull. There was a certain curiosity in its inception, because, though public institutions frequently decline into private coteries, it is only this once that a private coterie has been elevated into an excuse for national pride. But for the rest, it is but a record of intrigue and dissension, except when, like the happy nations, it has no record at all. Its patrons were august and unimpeachable. To Richelieu succeeded Séguier, and to Séguier the Great King himself, under whose auspices and those of Louis the Fifteenth the Academy enjoyed its conspicuous distinction. At the Revolution it suffered with the rest of France. Chamfort, himself a member, drew up an infamous indictment, and though a National Institute was established in the year III., and though Napoleon was its patron and autocrat, the Academy did not recover its ancient shape until 1816. Its career since Waterloo demands no comment. While the other institutions of France have undergone perpetual change, while Empire replaced Monarchy and Republic replaced Empire, the Academy has remained faithful to its

traditions and to France's, representing the average opinion with the same fidelity now as yesterday. The forty-first arm-chair, reserved in fancy for the man of genius whom the Forty exclude, has always been more illustriously tenanted than the chairs which are officially occupied. The energy of youth, however, has been spent in denouncing a body which intrepid youth, when once admitted to it, is eager to respect. St. Evremond and Chamfort, Barbey d'Aurevilly and Daudet have poured out their contempt in vain. But because the Academy has achieved in France a success of ceremonial, that is no reason why we in England should emulate its achievement. Of course forty men of letters might be driven into a vacant corner of Burlington House and asked to deliver speeches and award prizes. But the result cannot be contemplated with equanimity. An English Academy would lack tradition, behaviour, and the habit of centuries. It would be driven, perforce, to undertake the amelioration of literature, an impertinent task for which the most enlightened forty in the world would prove unfit. The college established by Richelieu has not often done good; it has been a hindrance rather than a stimulus to literature. But the French, who possess the genius of formality, have raised this useless institution to honour and glory; they have converted into a private club what might have become a national folly. Therefore let us give all possible credit to the heroes of the Palais Mazarin, and pray that we shall never make ourselves ridiculous by a sincere and practical form of flattery.

WILLIAM MORRIS.¹

A DEFINITIVE and authorised biography of William Morris is, we are told, being written by Mr. Mackail; but in the meantime the sumptuous volume published last year by Mr. Aymer Vallance is a very acceptable record of his many-sided activity. Still, big as it is, the book can only outline the different enterprises to which Morris put his hand. The list of his published writings alone (to which might be added many not yet published) would seem to fill the working measure of a much longer life-time than sixty-two years; yet beside being poet, sagaman, essayist and lecturer, Morris was an employer of much labour, the inventor of a new style in house furniture,—the first of his century—and an amazingly laborious and fertile designer with brush, pencil, and graving-tool. And in all these divergent fields of work the man was always one and the same; working in a dozen directions but throwing his whole nature into each; a radiating centre of energy, emitting always, if not light, at least genial heat. He was no great lover of the Bible, but one Biblical precept he exemplified to admiration: *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*

A German philosopher remarked acutely that man is never so completely himself as when he is playing, and Morris always worked as if he were at play. It was indeed the central assumption of all his

socialist theories that work is, or should be, just as agreeable as play; that play should be often simply a change of work; and that all really disagreeable work is *ipso facto* damnable and a degradation to humanity, which could and should be got over by the right use of machines. It was the pleasant creed of one who always had that taste for work which is the best recipe for happiness, when combined, as it was in the case of Morris, with ample opportunity to choose congenial employment. Yet, to do him justice, when he took up the propaganda of Socialism he struggled sorely with economic theories and statistics though almost pathetically incompetent to see the trend of them; and as often as he appeared on platforms to defend the Socialist cause, he was helpless in argument against men of the most commonplace ability. Morris was a bad reasoner, and like all bad reasoners, when logic was against him, got angry and resisted the conclusions instead of examining the premises. It is not difficult for anyone to show the futility of his schemes for the regeneration of mankind, if it be assumed that human nature is a constant quantity; but human nature has altered considerably almost within living memory, growing less able to endure the sight of wretchedness; and it is at least arguable that writings like those of William Morris may alter still further the objects of desire.

The sum of his teaching is this: if we would all work a little, and be content with comfort, there would be enough to provide comfort for every-

¹ WILLIAM MORRIS: HIS ART, HIS WRITINGS AND HIS PUBLIC LIFE: a Record, by Aymer Vallance. London, 1897.

body, and nobody need work too much. Thus there would be an end of luxury and misery, and as a matter of course art would grow up everywhere to beautify the whole of existence. Such is, so to say, the formula of his Utopia, essentially an artist's Utopia, essentially too the sanguine and roseate conception of one who had never been "*de lodice paranda attonitus* (hard set to find an extra blanket)." To paraphrase Juvenal a little, if Morris had lacked a servant and a decent lodging, the bloom would have been off his imaginings. He had much too original a nature to take his theory of life ready-made, and like everyone else who does not take his theory to order, he made one out of his own circumstances. It is all the more interesting on that account, but Socialists should remember that the gospel according to William Morris is designed for a world consisting of William Morrises. The same holds good of all Utopias and their designers, one would say; but Morris simplified the problem to an exceptional degree, because, having no interest in problems of governing, he did away with government altogether in his commonwealth. But some consecutive account of his life is necessary to show how, after revolutionising domestic decoration, he was led by logical steps to contemplate a revolution in society; and how, from being a poet interested only by the oldest and simplest tales, traditional settings for the broadest and least complex emotions,—interested in short by the mere beauty of life, its form and colour—he became by no sudden change but by gradual development, the preacher of an economic propaganda, and, in his own way, a martyr for conscience sake.

William Morris was born at Walthamstow in 1834; it is more important to remember that he matri-

culated at Exeter College, Oxford, in October, 1852, in the same term and at the same college as Sir Edward Burne-Jones. An intimate friendship grew up between the pair and lasted till death. Mr. Jones, as he then was, having decided to become a painter, left Oxford to settle in London; but Morris proceeded to his degree in due course. The influence of the place sank into his very fibres; the teaching, not of its professors, but of its more eloquent stones. He was in love all his life with earth, as he somewhere has expressed it, like a lover enamoured of the very skin and surface of what he loves; and beautiful buildings upon this beautiful earth were to Morris like ornaments upon a woman, things that spoke straight to his sensuous imagination. Oxford, and after Oxford Rouen and Amiens, were his first teachers, though he naturally studied them somewhat as a disciple of Mr. Ruskin. But when he went to London to join Mr. Jones, he fell like his friend under the influence of Rossetti, whom that friend described to him then as "the greatest man in Europe." It is a strong expression; but certainly the case of Rossetti supports strongly a recent theory advanced by an Italian writer. According to Signor Ferrero, a man of genius is a man who differs remarkably from his fellows; the essence of genius lies in difference rather than in superiority. The men who have most profoundly affected the mind or destiny of nations have been men of alien race, who owed their ascendancy to qualities not only admirable, but rare in their field of action; thus Napoleon was a Corsican, Cavour a Swiss, Disraeli a Jew, Bismarck, according to Ferrero, a Pole, and Parnell of English blood; and each succeeded from possessing what was deficient in the race among whom his lot was cast. Whatever one may

think of this theory, it is clear that Rossetti's influence was the dominant one in that artistic movement which has so profoundly influenced the imaginative work of the last half-century; and it is probable that the foreign strain in him enhanced by its mere strangeness the novelty and fascination of his genius. At all events the movement at the outset was stamped with something alien and exotic in character, and this is nowhere more noticeable than in Morris's earlier poetry; though none of the group, not even Millais, was more profoundly and typically British than this son of a successful man of business, who inherited not only the money, but the commercial aptitude of his father. It is true, as Mr. Vallance points out, that Morris introduced to the world the special mannerisms of that school. His first volume of verse, *THE DEFENCE OF GUINEVERE*, appeared in 1858, before any of Rossetti's books had been published. But Rossetti, like Morris, had contributed to the short-lived *OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE* of 1856; he had undoubtedly, as Mr. Vallance admits, circulated his poems in manuscript among the circle, and *THE DEFENCE OF GUINEVERE*, for good or bad, has more resemblance to Rossetti's poems than to the other work of Morris. *THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON* which appeared in 1867, showed its author no longer employing a mannerism but a developed manner. In the earlier volume Morris had adopted either the ballad-form or the dramatic monologue; and real poetry was overlaid with a spasmodic and contorted delivery of the matter. The dramatic monologue especially demands a concentration which was never Morris's gift; and the more obvious artifices of Rossetti's method, especially the refrain, when used by Morris, failed entirely to produce

that haunting effect which lesser poets than Morris have so often achieved. But in *THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON* there stood revealed an unmistakable master of narrative verse; one whose telling of a tale was sweet, fluent, and lucid; who roused no strange thoughts nor flaming aspirations, but kept before the mind a continual stream of beautiful images that had the shadowy distinctness of dreams. *THE EARTHLY PARADISE* followed, being completed between the years 1868 and 1870. There is no criticism that would obviously apply to the one poem more than to the other, nor to any part of the work more than to the whole. These volumes of tales make up an immense body of verse, sustained at a high level both of conception and execution, but not rising to any sudden excellence of inspiration. They are poetry whose merit lies in the whole rather than in the parts. The story never flags, for Morris never did anything without being interested in it; but the voice of the narrator and his emotion are uniform, almost monotonous, never exciting. Morris is never lyrical; the passionate cry of the singer is not heard in his verse; neither Orpheus has it nor the Sirens in the songs that are put into their mouths. The only real lyric in *THE EARTHLY PARADISE* is the poet's own introduction which describes himself in language so curiously inapt to his later career.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my
due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked
straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring
rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory
gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

These verses have indeed the lyrical

note, the power to suggest something more than merely what the words say; but it does not recur. Nor is Morris ever dramatic, as the great epic poets so often are; he describes a scene or a passion rather from the outside; he tells you how Medea looked, rather than how she felt; he pictures wonderfully the tragic group of black-robed figures when Pelias is brought in slain by his own daughters; but the agony of their suspense is ill given by any words that he can put into their mouths. His later work is stronger in this quality: the slaying of Sigurd, for instance, gives the passion of the scene; but there after all the poet is re-handling what has already been told with astounding dramatic force. Morris has not of himself the power to condense a whole mood into one single utterance; the deliberate flow of his narrative is not interrupted by the sudden assumption of another's voice and heart. Sometimes, indeed, as in the Venusberg story, which inevitably suggests some kind of inner meaning, he attempts a generalised psychology; sketching the man's revolt from Venus, the human desire for a monopoly in love, not of the present only but of past and future. Yet this is an exception and does not show Morris's gift to the best advantage. For the most part he is simply a teller of beautiful tales, and in his method of telling them he follows unreservedly one of the two paths possible to a great artist. It was his clear opinion that work should be done rapidly; that the important thing was to retain the original fervour of conception, and that an artist who struggled too long with mere workmanship was in danger of finding the early freshness of his idea evaporated. He thought, like Dryden, that a poem should move easily, never suggesting constraint, in Dryden's own phrase "never cursedly confined." He carried this theory so

far that in one day the seven hundred and fifty lines of *THE LOVERS OF GUDRUN* were completed. Work done under these conditions has a charm of its own; it is almost always easy reading. But the resulting impression on the mind is always indefinite; one remembers an agreeable poem, but that is all; it does not bite deep. No line of Morris's except his refrain of the "idle singer" has stamped itself on men's memories; there is no single passage out of all his works that every one instinctively turns to. And indeed no durable work can be produced as his was; a man may in a jet of work write three or four hundred lines at a sitting and find them all good,—as Dryden did in his *ALEXANDER'S FEAST*; but he cannot go on writing poetry day after day at that pace without sinking into a dead level. Morris chose the easy way; any real artist can go on with happy industry doing nothing but the things he knows how to do, and avoiding difficulties wherever they rise up before him; and so all that he does will be artistic, will bear the genial stamp of the artist's pleasure in doing it; but *non sic itur ad astra*, not by such primrose paths do men scale the stars.

His poetry ranks with his other achievements, not above them. It is excellent in its kind but it is not the best kind, and there is more of the very best poetry available to everybody than any of us can exhaust. For that reason mankind owes Morris a lesser debt for his poetry than for the other employments of his artistic faculty. In decoration he did not, like Mr. Ruskin, confine himself to pointing out that modern taste admired for the most part what was hideous; he set to work to give the world the chance of buying something beautiful instead, and brought about not a fashion but a revolution. Fashion, which has nothing to say to

taste, is swaying back again, and the shops are doing their best to reproduce the beauties of early Victorian wall-papers with their ribbons and true-lovers-knots; but thanks to the work of Morris, educated people have no difficulty in buying almost anywhere things that are pleasant to live with and even beautiful.

Morris began his artistic career by apprenticing himself when he left Oxford to Mr. Street the architect; and though the connection was soon severed it was an appropriate beginning. Architecture was in his mind not so much an art as the master-art, to which all other arts appealing to the eye should be subsidiary. Everything that an artist could make should be judged, he held, by its fitness to decorate or furnish some building. A picture could scarcely claim to be considered for its own beauty or suggestiveness, but as a possible piece of decoration, and for that reason Morris disapproved exceedingly of much in modern painting. But in this branch of art his friends were setting what he conceived to be the desired example, so Morris let painting alone and made it his special mission to introduce beauty into those adjuncts of a house which had no primary pretension to tell a story or express an emotion. After his marriage he set to work, and built for himself his Red House at Bexley in Kent, and from that may be said to date the revived use of brick as a building material, which has rendered possible a reform in domestic architecture, and done so much to embellish London. It was the decorating of this house, in which his painter-friends helped, together with a realisation of the difficulties which presented themselves to any one in search of artistic adornments for a house, that suggested the organisation of the firm, Morris, Marshall,

Faulkner and Co. The prospectus announced, says Mr. Vallance, that "a company of historical artists had banded themselves together to execute work in a thoroughly artistic and inexpensive manner, and that they had determined to devote their spare time to designing all kinds of manufactures of an artistic nature." Furniture and stained glass came first, and the firm for a long time claimed no monopoly of their designs, which were widely imitated. A resolution was taken after some time which a good deal limited their usefulness in the matter of glass. Morris, profoundly impressed with the iniquity of putting bad modern glass into old buildings, set an example of a self-denying ordinance and declined for some time to accept orders for any but modern churches. In the matter of furniture no such trouble arose, and each fresh demand produced new arts. Tiles were wanted for buildings, but none could be got of satisfactory design and quality, so tile-making was begun. It was the same story with wall-papers, weaving and dyeing; the firm found that in order to get what they wanted they had to make it. As each fresh handicraft was started Morris dabbled in it himself, and never designed without practical knowledge of the material conditions under which the design had to be executed. He and his friends impressed upon all the productions of the firm that character which they valued in medieval work,—a serious and solemn beauty. Japanese and Chinese art seemed to them lacking in this quality. What can you expect, said Morris, of a nation like the Japanese, who can have no architecture because of the constant earthquakes? While admitting the Oriental deftness of hand and sense of effect, he would not allow that Europe could learn from Japan; European art, when

it exists, must of necessity, he held, be distinct in aim and higher in kind than theirs. But what troubled him was that art, broadly speaking, was dead; that there existed no school of art, no popular sense of beauty; that whereas, in certain periods of the world's history, workmen, acting under a tradition that was like instinct, made all things pleasant to look at, now, unless by a rare exception, they made them ugly, and public taste did not discriminate between good work and bad. His first purpose then (for in speaking of the firm one practically speaks of Morris) was to renew the right tradition and to make, as the French say, a school.

Up to a certain point it will be allowed that he has done this; yet Morris was in no way sanguine, but rather desperate in presence of the results. Revolving upon the problem why men at one time inevitably produced beauty, and now as inevitably produced ugliness, he reached the conclusions which made him a Socialist. Art, he held, is the expression of a man's joy in his labour; consequently in a world where labour is slavish and mechanical there can be no art. There are now, he said, two classes; the idle rich, who have no knowledge of work and therefore no feeling for art, which is like the flower upon work; and the poor, to whom labour is a grinding necessity, not to be connected with any pleasure. There is no space here to discuss the theory which I have thus broadly stated. It will easily be seen, however, that the germ of it lies in Mr. Ruskin's writings, with their revolutionary ethics. Mr. Ruskin has always been a prophet, the voice of one crying in the wilderness; Morris was above all a man of action, eager to do things. The best thing for him to do, having made up his mind that

society needed to be put on a new basis, seemed to be to join the Socialists; this he accordingly did and preached Socialism on numberless platforms from 1882 onwards. His own creed summed itself up not in terms of duty,—Morris did not talk much of duties—but in a single right. What he wanted for every man was the right to find pleasure in his work. It is at least not an ignoble aspiration; Morris's assertion that work is in itself pleasurable is far more reasonable than all the sentiment talked about the inherent dignity of labour and the native virtue of ploughboys. The ideal England which he pictures in *NEWS FROM NOWHERE* gets its road-mending done by gangs of volunteers who go out to compete against one another like rival crews on a river; and the haymaking season is a kind of public carnival. Such were his own theories and visions, but he recognised loyally enough that in the practical business of furthering Socialism he must accept a programme and subordinate personal views in a great measure to it. This he did for years, giving to fanciful economists the support of his name, and writing pamphlets which put their doctrines in an attractive form. Differences, however, arose; Socialists could not think that a man whose primary concern was about art could be a serious politician, not seeing that to Morris art was the expression of a people's welfare, and that on his view, the existence of a sound art proved general well-being. First came a schism in the Social Democratic Federation; then the *COMMONWEAL* newspaper was started as the organ of a separate party, being conducted and paid for by Morris. In November, 1887, he assisted at the demonstration which was broken up in Trafalgar Square, not without loss of life. That scene convinced him of the impotence of

masses before regular troops, and postponed in his eyes the possibility of a millennium. Yet in his imaginative forecast of the new order, it is by some such means that the change is begun. Unarmed masses assemble, they are fired upon, but the troops cannot be made to continue their work; and thus begins a sort of *Jacquerie*, or war between the classes, while the professional soldiery stand aloof. However, Socialists had other views of warlike methods and ideals, not those of Morris. Anarchism was preached in the *COMMONWEAL* and Morris could not assent to it, still less to the advocacy of dynamite. He withdrew, and was abused soundly in his own paper; but when the paper got into trouble he stood bail in a heavy sum for one of his bitterest assailants. He had done with politics, however, and was now happily free to devote his energy to other pursuits.

From 1868 onwards Morris had been a student of the Icelandic under the direction of Mr. Eiríkr Magnússon. His delight in tales first gratified itself among the stories of Greek legend or medieval romance, but the Scandinavian traditions exerted an increasing spell on his mind. Between the Hellenic and the Norse lays in *THE EARTHLY PARADISE* it would not be easy to decide; and if I prefer to either the long epic of *SIGURD THE VOLSUNG* that is mainly because the fourteen syllabled ballad metre which Morris employed in it needs less polish, less filing than the heroic couplet. But increasing study drew Morris more and more to the distinctively Icelandic prose saga. He began by translations, collaborating with Mr. Magnússon; but in his later years he launched out a similar venture to convey his own imaginings. In December, 1888, appeared *THE TALE OF THE HOUSE OF WOLFINGS*, where the story was given in

prose, interspersed with snatches of verse; the complete development of this manner came in *THE ROOTS OF MOUNTAINS*, from which verse entirely disappears as a means of narrative. Here you had a man in an age of steam and quick-firing guns filling his mind with pictures of battle fought with spear, sword, and arrow; setting himself to depict with the utmost vividness he could compass, with deliberate realism, life as it was lived in the dales of Iceland when the Huns were sweeping Europe waste and sent stray parties even thus far over seas. Still, that is what other artists, Mr. Kipling for instance, have done, though not with such elaboration, nor with so full knowledge. But Morris was not content with the remoteness of subject; he had to invent a style that might be almost contemporary with the events, so consciously archaic it was. There was not merely a struggle to adhere to Saxon words; he would avoid *plenty* and use *foison* just for the sake of the strangeness. In the effort to be unfamiliar he will even misuse words, talking of a man's *slot*, whereas the word is used in strictness of deer, and would no more have been applied when it was in common use to a man's track than to a cow's. Truth to say, this affectation is wearisome. But even in this jargon Morris was too good a story-teller not to get his picture, and his imaginative vision realises itself perhaps more clearly to the reader in this form than in any other; the picture of what happens certainly remains with surprising distinctness in the memory, even though it is a picture of unfamiliar folk in unfamiliar surroundings.

In his very latest days Morris devoted much attention to a reform of printing; he had a fount of type designed with elaborate care, and

produced for his masterpiece the Kelmscott Chaucer (so called after his own house on the Thames), a book issued at the price of £20, which is by no means agreeable to read. The margin is heavily ornamented, and text and margin run into one another with little bays and tongues of print or design, till the result is a beautiful, but by no means lucid, arrangement of black on the page. Other books, for instance a MAUD, can be read with comparative ease and acquired at relatively small prices. For my own part, I admire the excellence of type, paper, and binding, but would sooner lay out my money on almost any other article that Morris ever offered for sale. However, that is a matter of opinion, and those who paid their £20 for the Chaucer made from a mere commercial point of view a very good investment.

But an entire article would be needed to discuss adequately Morris's views on typography with all they involve. The necessity for a cheap production did not seem to him inevitable; and whatever he made was made to be kept. Another article might deal with the contradiction between his hostility to capital and his position as a capitalist. Here, however, nothing has been attempted beyond the most summary examina-

tion of the man and his many-sided work. He is a difficult person to make up one's mind about. On the whole I incline to think that of his literary work SIGURD THE VOLSUNG will stand highest, because in it he hit upon the most congenial form. Whether his poems will outlast his tapestries, to say nothing of his stained glass, is a hard question; but there is no doubt that his tapestries and cabinets will last a long time, and probably will be valued increasingly as marking an epoch. His theories, as I have tried to show, were purely personal in their application and must inevitably disappear. They are not even consistent, as in his twentieth century Utopia, NEWS FROM NOWHERE, art springs directly from the deliverance of mankind from oppression, whereas in THE DREAM OF JOHN BALL, a retrospective Utopia of the Wat Tyler period, the same universal presence of the artistic faculty is noted, coexisting with a state of serfdom. But for whatever of his achievements Morris proves to be best remembered, he will certainly not be forgotten; he will inevitably survive to the eyes of posterity as one who set his mark plain and unmistakable upon the age in which he lived, and adorned our times with a vivid and versatile faculty of creation.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

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THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

By CECIL LOWIS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE fact that, while two is company, three is none, can nowhere be more pitilessly demonstrated than on horseback, when one of the three concerned is a lady and always able, by virtue of her side-saddle, to turn her back on one of her two attendant cavaliers without offence. Such was the galling discovery that Waring made during the ride that he took in company with Ethel and Heriot three days after his arrival in Tatkin. As he jogged along on his wiry Burman pony (an ex-racer with a remarkable turn of speed), he had ample leisure to wonder why, in the name of fortune, he had been asked, and with such a show of graciousness, to join the couple who rode together, now in front of, now behind, and now beside him, as the exigencies of the path permitted, but at all times, it seemed, equally oblivious of his presence except on the rare occasions when Ethel, realising with a sudden pang of conscience that she and Heriot were not alone, addressed a fugitive remark to him which only served to render his isolation all the more pronounced. Had he been more versed in the ways and wiles of womankind he would, without hesitation, have characterised Miss Smart's action as an attempt, and an unsuc-

cessful one, to play him off against Heriot; and, in so doing, he would have fallen into grievous error, for, as is frequently the case with large-hearted young women, it was a multiplicity of motives, many of them far more disinterested than her female friends would have given her credit for, which had urged the Deputy-Commissioner's sister to invite the recluse of Minmyo to form the superfluous third at her riding-party. As it was, however, Waring, to whom the workings of the feminine mind were a sealed book, made no attempt to assign reasons for what Miss Smart had been pleased to do; he only marvelled that he should be where he was, and resolved that, as he was there, he would not be deterred from carrying out the main object of his ride, which was to see that no harm came to Ethel on her pony.

It was not till the ride was drawing to a close, and the roofs of Tatkin had risen once more into sight, that Waring began to feel himself drawn into the current of talk that had been rippling around him. Ethel and Heriot had for some little time been engaged in an animated discussion as to the possibility of starting golf in the station, and the chances the game (which had just been introduced into Upper Burma) had of being patronised; and their taciturn companion

was now appealed to, first for his views on these weighty questions, and afterwards for his decision as to which of the many favourable sites in the vicinity would be best suited for the links.

"I should think one could get some very decent links about where we are now," he observed in answer to the latter question. They had halted for a moment to consider the lie of the land and Waring's opinion was hazarded with some diffidence, for his conception of the requirements of the royal and ancient game was, like that of the majority of Upper Burmans at that time, decidedly hazy.

"Too far from the station," was Heriot's pronouncement. "No one would take the trouble to come out here for a game."

"You mean you wouldn't, I suppose, Mr. Heriot," laughed Ethel, shaking a sunny head at the Forest-Officer. "I'm sure any person who was really keen on the game would be only too glad to come and play here. It's not really so very far, is it, Mr. Waring?"

"No, not very; but there are heaps of places where one could start ladies' links on the jail-side very much nearer than this, if that would do," said Waring, who had seen the ladies' links at Rangoon and felt that here at any rate he was on tolerably safe ground. "But I don't think," he added, "that there are any bunkers there, though of course——" and at that point he stopped, for it suddenly came over him that perhaps ladies' links did not require what he vaguely conceived to be an essential of the game.

"Oh, never mind the bunkers; we'll do without bunkers," exclaimed Ethel cheerfully. "It will make it so much easier."

"Or look upon the jail as one," said Heriot. "Very well, let's make a beginning with ladies' links close

to the station, so that no stumbling-block may be put in the way of the weaker brethren,—those who are not so keen as Miss Smart—in which category, by the way, you would appear to include me, Miss Smart."

"That I certainly do," replied the girl.

"What makes you think I'm not keen on golf?"

"I can't imagine you keen on anything in this wide world; can you, Mr. Waring?"

"I've seen him keen enough on polo at times," said Waring the cautious.

"He certainly plays hard enough when once he's started," admitted Ethel, "but I wouldn't call him an enthusiastic player, Mr. Waring, would you?"

"How do you know how I play?" interposed Heriot. "You're never on the ground till near the end of the last chucker."

"Oh, Mr. Heriot, how can you? I've been round often and often just after you have begun. It was only the day before yesterday that I was late. I know the play of all of you by this time."

"Do you really! then how do you think Waring plays? They say he funks terribly."

"Mr. Waring plays very nicely," answered Ethel, with a smile at the individual referred to; "better than you, I should think. But do you know, I don't think either of you play so well as Captain Pym."

"Oh, Pym's an exceptional player," exclaimed Waring. "You won't find a man that can come near Pym in Upper Burmah."

"To us poor mortals Captain Pym's play is a revelation," said Heriot. "But to return to golf; you haven't told me yet why you think I'm not keen on golf."

"I've told you I don't think you

can be keen on anything," replied Ethel. "You seem to have no enthusiasm, no zeal of any kind,—unless it is for smoking cigarettes."

"You are giving me a shocking character, Miss Smart," returned Heriot, who had drawn out his silver case and was feeling for his match-box. "You are quite wrong, all the same, though. I'm not demonstrative, like that shallow chap Waring there, but I have my feelings. I can live in the future as well as in the present. I assure you I am looking forward with the keenest delight to solacing my declining years with golf. I can imagine myself, a dear old gentleman of seventy or thereabouts, being wheeled down to the links in my bath-chair and doddering round with some octogenarian crony whom I fondly think I can give points to. But I will not, no, I will not consent to be dragged out three miles from the station in the heat of a tropical afternoon when I can get my game nearer home."

"Three miles! You surely don't call this three miles from the station? Why I don't think it's more than one," cried Ethel. "I do believe I could canter home in five minutes from here; in fact I'm sure I could. Come along, Mr. Waring, we'll try. You can follow when you've finished lighting your cigarette, Mr. Heriot."

She turned her pony's head homewards and darted off; Waring swung round after her, and Heriot was left by the road-side in a gathering cloud of blue tobacco-smoke. He was lighting his cigarette very leisurely; he, at any rate, was not going to exert himself unnecessarily.

It was a matter of a few seconds for Waring's swift little pony to catch up Ethel's mount, which was pounding along with neck extended and ears well back, and for a moment his bay forged ahead. A cry from Ethel,

"Oh, please don't go so fast," caused him to tighten his rein, and he had already changed his pace from a canter to a trot when his companion's pony clattered past him at a hand-gallop, and, before he had fully realised the situation, steed and rider were some twenty or thirty yards in front of him. Through the dust he could see that Ethel was in difficulties; she was sitting back, sawing with both hands at her pony's mouth, but the defiant wagging of the dun's neck showed that it had no intention of knuckling under to a plain snaffle. The beast was completely out of the girl's control, and Waring could see that it was bolting straight for the station and its stable. He caught a flashing glimpse of a white face turned back to him as he dug the spurs into his pony's side, and even while he rose to its first startled forward leap, there crossed his mind, like an uncomfortable dream, the recollection of an accident that had happened to a native policeman, a few months back, under circumstances like the present. The excitement of the chase stirred his blood, but through all the angry throbbing of his brain he could only think how vividly the pale face that he had for a brief second seen conjured up the memory of another face,—the face at the end of the long limp body he had once helped to lift up from where it had fallen below the low stable-eaves, the skull fractured against the woodwork, a sickening, unrecognisable mass.

He was almost level with her by the time they had reached the knot of native huts outside the Civil Lines, where the inhabitants scuttled nimbly to left and right; but the sound of his pony's hoofs behind stirred the dun to redoubled effort and for a hundred yards or so it nearly succeeded in shaking its pursuer off. In the end, however, blood and training

told; the bay drew up hand over hand, and as they flew past the Court-House, one of the outermost buildings of the Station, Waring leaned forward and outward in his saddle and had the satisfaction of feeling the fingers of his right hand clutch and tighten round the dun's bridle. They were close to the Military Police Lines by this time, and a second later they were racing along between the bamboo palisades of the Station compounds. Already the long row of low-roofed stables loomed ahead of them. For the twinkling of an eye Waring raised his head to see the course they were taking. It was all he dared allow himself, the next moment he was straining at the dun's head and with his left hand trying to pull his own pony in, but on neither of the steeds, now galloping neck to neck, was any effect produced. The bay was by this time as excited as Ethel's pony, and with one hand Waring was quite unable to hold it back. They were only fifty yards off the stables now, and a few more strides would sweep them under a labyrinth of treacherous overhanging eaves. There was no time to warn Ethel of the risk she ran. Only one course was left open to Waring. Letting go with his left hand of his own reins, he made one clutch with it at the dun's mane and slid off his own pony. In a moment he was swept off his feet by the onward rush of Ethel's mount, but he clung desperately on. The pony almost fell, recovered itself, plunged forward, stopped with a jerk, and Waring found himself standing at its head, hatless, with torn riding-breeches and dredged from head to foot with a thick layer of dust, while half a dozen tall Sikh policemen clustered round, zealous in their offers to help to hold the pony and assist Ethel to dismount.

She sprang to the ground and faced him, a little pale, it is true, but with a smile that showed she had not realised a tithe of the risk she had run. "Good gracious, Mr. Waring, you are in a state!" she exclaimed. "I am so very sorry. I do hope you are not hurt,—your poor clothes!"

"Oh, I'm not hurt, thanks," he replied. His first act, after being assured of Ethel's safety, was to signal to two of the policemen to lead the panting ponies to the stables, his next to pull out his handkerchief and to begin dusting himself aimlessly. "No more are you, I hope," he added looking up between the flicks at her. "It was a nasty jar and must have shaken you up a good deal. You'd better let one of these men bring you out a chair to sit down upon."

"No thanks; I'm not in the least shaken, only a little frightened. It's not nice being bolted with like that. What a horrid brute! You were quite right, Mr. Waring; Captain Pym had no business to lend me such a bolter. But whatever made you jump off your pony? I'm sure mine would have stopped almost directly."

"Perhaps; I wanted to make quite sure, though," said Waring, gruffly working with his handkerchief at his left shoulder-blade. Though still rather dazed, he had his wits sufficiently about him to see the necessity of keeping from her how great her danger had been; and he felt devoutly thankful that her knowledge of the languages of India was slight when he perceived that one of the policemen who remained loitering about after the ponies had been led away, had taken upon himself to recall to memory the almost parallel case of the lamented Bugwan Singh, and to point out to his companions, with much circumstance, the spot where that luckless Asiatic's cranium had left its impress on the stable-eaves a few yards from where

the runaway had been brought to a standstill.

"You'd better come along to the house, Miss Smart," he said, catching Ethel's eye fixed with interest on the speaker as he stood and gesticulated under the low roof. "You really must be a bit shaken. I'm afraid you will feel the reaction directly."

"I don't think I'm nearly as much shaken as you are," she made reply. "At any rate," she added, with a nervous little laugh, "I'm not in such a terrible mess. I really must dust you a little more. There, that's very much better," she continued after a deft application of her *chowry*¹ to the back of his jacket. "Are they fetching your hat, by the way? Ah yes, I see, here it comes. It's very bad for you to be standing bare-headed in the sun; put my handkerchief over your head till the man gets here with your hat. Here comes Mr. Heriot at last."

The Forest-Officer approached with his usual unruffled composure. He must have seen from a distance the fast-gathering crowd collected round his two dismounted companions, but there was nothing to show that he had stirred his pony out of the deliberate trot which experience had taught him was not incompatible with the thorough enjoyment of a cigarette. He gazed at Waring without emotion. "Had a spill, old man?" he enquired. "What has Waring been doing, Miss Smart, trying acrobatic feats on his pony?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Waring curtly; and Ethel added, "Poor man, he's made himself in a horrid mess jumping off his pony to stop mine! It bolted, you know."

"Ah," said Heriot gazing round him through his scrupulously adjusted eye-glass, "very near the stables,—

¹ *Chowry*, a fly-flapper, usually made of the tail of the Thibetan yak.

looks as if you had both been trying to emulate the example of Bugwan Singh of pious memory."

"Tell me, who is Bugwan Singh?" cried Ethel. "Every one seems to be speaking of Bugwan Singh. That tall man over there in a red *puggree* has been doing nothing the last few minutes but talk about a Bugwan Singh."

"Bugwan Singh was a Military Policeman," said Heriot, ignoring Waring's warning glance, "and once upon a time poor Bugwan Singh's pony bolted with him; it's a way Burman ponies have sometimes, as you know, Miss Smart. This one took him under the eaves just there,—do you see?—where your friend in the red *puggree* is standing. Nasty things to ride under, are these low overhanging eaves. It was a sad case,—skull smashed to smithereens,—that's the worst of being six-foot-four. Ask Waring; he knows all about it. Helped to gather up the fragments that remained, didn't you, Waring? Is anything the matter with you, Miss Smart?"

"I'm more shaken than I thought I was," murmured Ethel. She had turned a more ghastly white and clutched at Waring's sleeve for a moment. "Let us get home as quickly as possible," she said. "Thanks. You were quite right again, Mr. Waring; I'm beginning to feel the reaction."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was not till the excitement of the chase had to some extent worn off that Waring made the discovery that he had strained the thumb of his right hand rather severely. He first became aware of the injury in the Smarts' verandah, into which cool retreat the Deputy-Commissioner insisted on conducting him, on his

arrival with Ethel, in order that he might take something to steady his nerves and fortify his system before returning to his quarters at the mess. Ethel had there, much to Waring's dismay, waxed eloquent over what she was pleased to look upon as her rescue; and her brother was clearly impressed with the imminence of the risk which his sister had run, and did his best, in his own rough, off-hand manner to convey to Waring a sense of his obligations. He had sundry brief suggestions to make for the treatment of the wounded thumb, and urged Waring repeatedly to have the strain attended to by the Civil Surgeon without delay; he even went to the length of applying, clumsily enough, some special embrocation of his own. But nothing that Smart could do afforded Waring such relief as did the pressure of his sister's palms on the aching joint. She finished rubbing in the embrocation, and bound the thumb up, using her own handkerchief as a temporary bandage; and the while she made all fast and firm her patient was at a loss whether to marvel most at the ungainliness of his own fist, as it lay partially disabled between her hands, or at the whiteness and dexterity of the girl's fingers as they secured the spotless cambric round that brown and awkward member. Smart's last injunction, shouted after him from the head of the steps, was to be careful to lie up for the day, and not on any account to use his hand working. Thus it was that the first of the glorious, sleepy mid-day hours that separate eleven o'clock breakfast from afternoon tea found the obedient Treasury-Officer, not sitting thankless at the receipt of custom, but extended—in strict compliance with the last of the Deputy-Commissioner's orders—in a long arm-chair, in the shaded depths of the mess verandah, with

nothing to do but to smoke, to gaze at his injured hand, and to congratulate himself on not having followed Smart's suggestions in their entirety. His thumb had not yet been inspected by the Civil Surgeon, and he was in consequence still privileged to wear the handkerchief that Ethel's fair hands had bound round it. It was a business-like handkerchief, not an ineffectual square of lace, and it was folded about his hand in an exceedingly business-like way, quite, as Miss Smart had been careful to explain, in accordance with the best traditions of the St. John's Ambulance Association. Waring followed its course with his eye again and again round his thumb and wrist down to the point where there was a perhaps rather unprofessional knot, and an end sticking bravely out, on which the letters *E.S.* stood worked in white silk. The end had been spread wide to show the monogram at its plainest, so that, as Ethel had jocosely observed, while wrestling with that final knot, he might remember to whom he had to return the handkerchief.

As if he were likely to forget! As if he could, for a moment, keep her out of his thoughts! As he lay there in the drowsy noon-day stillness, with no sound to break in upon his meditations but the twittering of the sparrows amid the rafters overhead and the muffled chatter of the native servants in their quarters behind the mess, his memory was free to rove at will over all the incidents of the last four days, from the hour of his first meeting with Ethel, down to the inspired moment when, sitting with his hand in hers, dimly conscious of the grateful pressure of her fingers, he realised, with a half fearful rapture, that the final episode of the morning's ride had, as it were, broken something down between them and brought her wonderfully close to him,

And as he pondered on what those four days had brought forth, an inward voice seemed to tell him that it had not come upon him suddenly, this living throbbing reality that set his brain a-whirl. Almost ever since he had first seen her there had been lurking in his heart, as yet unrecognised, an indefinable germ-like something, which had needed but the magic vivifying touch of sympathy to burst forth into fullest, noblest life, unmistakable, all-assertive. One touch was all that was required and it had come that morning from Ethel's hands. A strange power of love had with that touch sprung into being, and his dull, bachelor's heart was to-day beating to a new measure. He might, if he had not been so blind, have known that it was coming.

And, ah, the mockery of it all ! For, following relentlessly on the full conception of his new-born passion, came the knowledge of its utter hopelessness. The bright vision of smiling eyes and of deft white fingers plying round his injured hand faded as he remembered how Heriot's complacent disregard of her sudden weakness that morning had appeared to affect Ethel, and how her fair face had clouded when, without a word of sympathy or concern, he rode steadily away. She would never have looked like that if she had not, in spite of all, cared for him still. Of that Waring was convinced ; and he needed no prophet to tell him that unless something occurred to alter the girl's feelings towards Heriot it would be sheer waste of time for another man to strive to win her love.

The thought of the imperturbable Forest-Officer roused him. He rose suddenly from his seat, took two or three rapid impatient turns up and down, stood for a while irresolute, and then sat down down listlessly at his writing-table, which had been

brought out into the verandah. He felt he must do something to take his thoughts away from Ethel and Heriot. He pulled open one of the drawers ; it was full of old letters, their serried ranks reminding him importunately that his home-correspondence had of late fallen sadly into arrears. Almost involuntary he picked up a pen and drew a sheet of paper towards him with the intention of beginning a letter to his mother, but the pain that followed on the first stroke he made reminded him that he was to do no writing for a day or two. Still, though the pen was forbidden him, there was no reason, he thought, why he should not distract his mind by reading some of his old letters. They would probably serve better even than a novel to carry him out of himself. He sank back presently in his easy chair with a thick bundle on the table beside him.

Waring was not given to reading his letters from home with any great degree of care, and it not infrequently occurred that, in the re-perusal of his correspondence, he happened, with a feeling akin to surprise, on items of news which at the time had created no permanent impression on his mind, and had in the interval been practically forgotten. The present scrutiny did not prove an exception to the rule. Before he had skimmed through half a score of the letters, drawn at random from the heap at his elbow, he had been reminded of as many facts, not a few of some little interest to himself, which, now that he saw them again in black and white, he recollected, but which had, up till then, to all intents and purposes slipped his memory. He was not, therefore, surprised, when in the middle of a letter written to him by his mother some three months before, he came suddenly upon a name he had been puzzling his head over at

intervals during the previous forty-eight hours. It had conveyed nothing to him at the time he first read it, but, regarded in the light of subsequent events, it was now fraught with meaning, and the connection in which it was referred to by his mother was so decidedly interesting that he sat bolt upright in his chair with a sudden jerk and a subdued whistle, to re-read the passage in which it occurred.

Gertrude came back yesterday from Ventnor, where, as you know, she has been stopping with the Prices. The sea air seems to have done her a great deal of good. She has asked me to tell you that while at the Prices she met a girl, Millicent Dudley Devant, who is engaged to an officer in the Forest Department in Burmah. She has forgotten the name, but I daresay you may have met the man and heard of his engagement, so the news that Gertrude knows his *fiancée* may be of interest to you. Gertrude seems to have made great friends with the girl, who, she says, is charming.

That was all. It came back to Waring now. He recollected how, as he read, he had marvelled that his mother should, after all these years, still cherish the fond belief that everybody in Burmah was intimately acquainted with, and deeply interested in everybody else in the country, and how at the same time he had made up his mind that, of the half dozen Forest-Officers he knew, the happy man alluded to in the letter was certainly not Heriot, whom he had always conceived to be as resolute a woman-hater as himself. Beyond this he had not at the time given the matter a thought. Now, however, the prominence given to a certain photograph in Heriot's room, coupled with its owner's unexpected development into a lady's man of the most pronounced type, put an altogether different complexion on the passage that Waring had read. The memory

of Heriot's writing-table, as he had seen it last, strewn with three, if not four, letters exhibiting to all beholders the Ventnor post-mark, floated before his eyes. In the face of all that he had seen and now knew, he could not believe that the man who was engaged to his sister's charming acquaintance was other than the Forest-Officer of Tatkin. It could not well be anyone else. The growing certainty that Heriot was that favoured mortal sent a pleasurable glow through Waring's frame, and under its soothing influence he found himself gradually readjusting his mental vision, till, before he knew it, he was again in that seraphic state out of which the shadow of his rival had just scared him. There was some chance for him with Miss Smart after all. If it was a fact that he was already plighted to Miss Dudley Devant, his friend could not, he thought, continue to persist in paying court to Ethel Smart. Even if he did, Ethel must of necessity learn in some way, and at some not very distant date, that the Forest-Officer's affections were already engaged, and ought surely to be prepared then to recognise in its proper light the devotion of other less brilliant but more single-hearted admirers. In any case Waring felt that the last few minutes had served to clear his own field of action of some of its obstacles. He had something, at any rate, to go upon.

But, he went on a moment later to reflect, was it absolutely certain that Heriot was engaged? Might not there be even now some mistake, or, even supposing Heriot to be the man referred to in the letter, might not something have happened to put an end to the engagement? As he slowly pondered on the Forest-Officer's doings during the past few days, he could really imagine that they bore

out one or other of the last two suppositions. Heriot was not the man to go out of his way to indulge in a mere empty flirtation. Waring's knowledge of his character was at best but superficial, yet it was profound enough to force upon him the conviction that his friend was not merely playing with Ethel Smart. He had kept his eyes open and felt intuitively that the Forest-Officer, under his cloak of idle nonchalance and even of occasional studied neglect, was bringing a grim earnestness to bear upon the business he had in hand, an earnestness which suggested some definite motive; and the question for the thoughtful Treasury-Officer, was what could that motive be? It was altogether a perplexing matter, and for the better part of that hot afternoon Waring lay in his chair with his eyes on the roof above, marshalling facts and striving to find some solution of a problem that seemed to present a fresh difficulty from whichever point of view it was looked at.

About four o'clock the object of his puzzled thoughts mounted the verandah steps, strolled towards Waring, sank into a chair near him and shouted for his tea. He looked so insufferably clean and complacent that Waring longed for an opportunity to ruffle his composure, and felt that he could go to any lengths, even to a reference to Miss Dudley Devant, to effect this end.

It took some little time for Heriot to bring his glass to bear upon Waring. "What's the matter with your hand?" he asked.

"Strained my thumb this morning stopping Miss Smart's pony," returned his companion.

"Ah, to be sure," murmured the Forest-Officer; "I had almost forgotten. No other casualties, I trust." He gazed critically at the bandage on

Waring's hand as he spoke. It seemed as though he had observed the monogram on the handkerchief, and was trying to decipher the letters from where he sat. Waring made no attempt to conceal the end; he only trusted that the handkerchief would be identified. But if Heriot recognised the bandage he did not show that he had done so, and presently leant back in his chair, yawning.

There was silence for a minute or two. Then Heriot shifted his legs slowly, and called again to his boy for tea. Almost immediately after this Waring, who had made a sudden resolution, found himself addressing his uncommunicative neighbour. "You remember the photograph I noticed in your room the other day,—Miss Devant's?" His words came slowly and with a little effort for he was not sure how Heriot would take what he was going to say.

"I do."

"I thought then that I'd seen or heard the name before, but couldn't remember where."

"Ah."

"Well, I've found out since where I had come across the name; it was in a letter. My sister appears to have met Miss Devant at Ventnor last summer,"—Heriot was silent and Waring continued in a dry monotone—"and to have heard about her engagement."

Still no word came from Heriot. He was leaning back in his chair with his eyebrows raised, apparently interested in nothing but the fact that his boy was slowly approaching across the verandah with his tea. The tray was deposited on a small table by Heriot's side, there was a rattle of tea-cups and the servant withdrew. Heriot picked up a lump of sugar and gazed at it reflectively. "Yes," he said in a tone as of encouragement, but without looking up at Waring.

"About her engagement to,—to you," continued Waring.

Heriot lifted the milk-jug with measured deliberation and poured out a small quantity of milk into his cup; he was always very particular about putting the milk in before the tea. "You don't say so! To think of that!" he said impassively. "How small the world is."

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT a month had elapsed since the events chronicled in the preceding chapter. The festive season of Christmas had come, and was passing amid most commendable efforts at gaiety on the part of the residents of Tatkin and of the surrounding district, and sunrise on the first day of the new year found Waring seated over his early breakfast of tea and toast, taking stock of the achievements of the past twelve months and speculating, in no very roseate humour, as to what the coming twelve had in store for him. It was a cold morning. The sun had not yet dissipated the night mists which brooded white and dank over the Station, and Waring was sufficiently chilly to be glad to take refuge in the grateful folds of a thick dressing-gown, an article of attire he but rarely wore. It was barely half-past six and, considering the excesses of the last few days, he was not without a feeling of complacency at being up and doing so early. The festivities at the Smarts', where the whole Station had collected the night before to see the old year out, had been continued until the new year was several hours old, and it seemed to Waring as though he had hardly closed his eyes between the sheets, before the sound of some one moving in heavy boots about a room near his roused him by its persistency, and he had himself risen and called

down the dim verandah for his early tea.

As now he sat by his table, plunged in a profound reverie, the steps of the unseen wearer of the boots resounded in the verandah, and from his chair he saw Heriot stalking past the curtain, dressed in riding-costume. The footsteps descended the stair, and, after a short interval, Waring heard the clatter of a pony's hoofs, muffled by the mist, die away in the distance. He did not need to be told with what object Heriot had left the mess. It was the same, he could assure himself, as that with which he had ridden out the last two mornings. The Forest-Officer had, without a word of previous intimation, left Tatkin for camp a couple of days after his ride with Ethel and Waring, and had not re-appeared at headquarters till the afternoon of Christmas Eve. He had taken an unobtrusive part in the Christmas festivities, had competed ingloriously in the lawn-tennis tournament, and had played, but without distinguishing himself, in the great polo-match, in which Tatkin, thanks to Pym's superfine play, had inflicted a terrible defeat on the champions of Thayetchaung. For the rest, he had been as assiduous as before in his attentions to the Deputy-Commissioner's sister, and had succeeded in filling Waring's mind with a vague sense of depression and disgust.

The latter's suit had progressed but lamely while Heriot was absent in camp. Ethel had been kindness itself to him during the past four weeks, had from time to time accepted the offer of his escort on morning rides, had asked him on several occasions to tea, and had invariably treated him with the most friendly graciousness; but it was the old story. Her kindness was, he

could feel, dictated more by gratitude for what he had done than by any tender sentiment and he was certain that her heart was, through all, with the wanderer in camp who had so unexpectedly deserted her. Hence it was that he had not availed himself as freely of the opportunities offered him as he might have, and had as yet gained no inkling of whether Ethel was even aware of Heriot's engagement to Miss Dudley Devant. He himself, proud soul, could not find it in him to breathe a word of that matter to any one. If there was really an engagement, Heriot's behaviour in the past had showed that he had no desire that its existence should be generally known; and for his own part he was not the one to babble mischievously, even when silence was to his own disadvantage, though at the same time he had to confess that he would have been greatly relieved to learn that the news had been communicated to Ethel otherwise than through himself. How, moreover, he asked himself again and again, could he in any way refer to the matter when he himself was not absolutely certain that Heriot was pledged to his sister's friend? The Forest-Officer had made no attempt to deny that he was engaged. He had not tried to continue the dialogue with which the last chapter terminated, yet he had showed no anxiety to have the subject changed, and it was left to Waring at the close of the pause that followed Heriot's final remark, to break the awkward silence by starting a new topic of conversation. It would have seemed to anyone who had been listening as though it were immaterial to Heriot whether the relations in which he stood to a young woman in the Isle of Wight were known or not, though Waring

felt almost certain that this was not the case, and it was partly the very fact that Heriot was, so to say, at his mercy, and did not expect him to deny himself the rare pleasure of publishing abroad what he had learnt, that tied his stubborn tongue.

As he passed Heriot's conduct in review, this misty new year's morning, he decided, as he had often decided before, that the only explanation of which it admitted was that the engagement no longer existed. That this was so had become a sort of conviction with him. It alone, it seemed to him, could account for the significant fact that Heriot, since his return from camp, had continued to haunt Ethel with the same persistent determination he had exhibited before Christmas. It would be exactly like him, Waring thought, to allow everybody to suppose that he was plighted to Miss Dudley Devant when in reality he was nothing of the sort, merely in order to encourage others to entertain hopes which he knew would be vain. But then, might he not do the same in any case, even though—ah! another idea had suddenly gained hold of the thinker as he turned over in his mind the vagaries that Heriot's peculiar temperament might lead him into. Might not the engagement still hold good, and might not Heriot's whole action in behaving as he did towards Ethel have been prompted solely by a desire to irritate and dishearten himself, or for the matter of that, any one else who ventured to cherish hopes with regard to Miss Smart? The idea had occurred to him vaguely before, and now it struck Waring as strange that he should not have thought seriously of it till then. The more he remembered of the Forest-Officer and his peculiarities the more he realised how very possible it was

that that perverse personage was, after all, still engaged, and had been sustained, in that earnestness of purpose which characterised his attitude towards Ethel, by nothing higher than the prospect of exasperating some lovelorn individual (like himself) who would willingly have worshipped at her shrine. That must be the explanation, and if so, what a fool the fellow must think him for hanging back when he knew so much. Yes, he had been a precious fool not to have thought of it before. At all events, if this was the solution of the difficulty his own course, he reflected, would be clear enough. Our friend had quite made up his mind by this time that, if Heriot had, and could have, no serious intentions towards the Deputy-Commissioner's sister, he himself would, so soon as all doubts as to the Forest-Officer's engagement were set at rest, make his unflagging devotion show how terribly settled his own resolves were. And there was no time to be lost; if anything was to be done it would have to be done without delay. It was already January, and he had applied for, and expected to get his leave early in March. He felt that he could not quit Tatkin without having made some definite attempt to come to an understanding with Miss Smart,—for who could say whether he would be again posted to Tatkin on his return or whether he would ever have another opportunity of meeting Ethel in Burmah? And, before he could make a real beginning, much had to be done in the way of clearing the ground.

In this strain he mused till the sun, which had risen high above the palms, scattered the last shreds of the morning mist and sent a strong hot shaft of light across the verandah to his feet. With the sudden burst

of sunshine he awoke from his reverie, to find Heriot creaking up the steps, brown and jubilant, from his morning ride. The breakfast-hour was near, and after breakfast the duties of the day were to commence. There were to be sports for the Police, Civil and Military, that afternoon, and the morning was to be devoted by himself and the Battalion Commandant to putting the ground in order and arranging a programme of events. That evening the Station was to be entertained at dinner by the bachelors at the Civil mess, and, as mess-secretary, the responsibility for the successful issue of the feast rested on his shoulders. His work was cut out for him. It was time for him to get out of the dressing-gown, that already felt too warm, and bathe and dress.

He was sitting that evening, tired out, resting, as best he could, in the interval between the sports and dinner, when a bundle of letters was brought to him by a phlegmatic *chuprassie*. It was the English mail, just arrived. In order to take the bundle into his hand he had to put down an opened note that had been brought to him a few minutes before. It was from Ethel, and contained a pressing invitation to join in an expedition that she and her brother intended making a few days later to a pagoda of some interest several miles out of Tatkin. Heriot was to be one of the party. They were to sleep a night in the rest-house, the writer said; camp-furniture would have to be provided, and a hope was expressed that the journey would prove a great success. Waring had been debating how to answer this missive when he was interrupted by the arrival of the mail. If Heriot had not been going, he would have had no hesitation in accepting. Now

that his plan of action was generally outlined, he could not but acknowledge that the expedition would afford him exactly the opportunities he desired for clearing the ground. But the prospect of Heriot's presence made him pause. His frame of mind was not so hopeful as it had been in the morning. If the future were to be judged of by the past, the Forest-Officer would certainly act towards Ethel during the excursion as though he were absolutely free; and, look at it what way he would, Waring could not yet bring himself to the point of letting Miss Smart know all he knew, or suspected. If only he had a certainty to go upon he might have felt compelled, in fairness to Ethel, to let the fact of the engagement be known; but so strangely was his nature compounded that, in the absence of full knowledge, he shrank from speaking to the girl on a subject that touched him so nearly, as he would have shrunk from some mean, underhand action; and he felt certain that, so long as Ethel was ignorant of Heriot's engagement, his own presence on the expedition would be as little appreciated by her as it had appeared to be on a certain memorable ride. He would only be in the way. And yet, —things had altered since that ride. She knew him, liked him, better now than then, and perhaps Heriot would himself tell her of his engagement; he must see that this sort of thing could not go on for ever. He decided on the whole to suspend judgment till he had looked at the letters that had just been put into his hand.

They were not all for him. His share consisted of a letter from his sister and a *PUNCH*, both of which he put aside to read at his leisure. For Mullintosh there was a *SPORTING TIMES* and what looked like a tradesman's bill; for Pym a couple of postcards, and for Heriot a letter on thick

paper, the superscription in a jerky feminine hand. Waring glanced at the postmark on the last, as he handed the bundle back to the *chuprassie*, and read the word *Ventnor*.

That settled him. It was a small matter, but in certain dubious moods small matters often influence us far more effectually than great. The sight of the envelope bearing that tell-tale legend, which seemed to come like a living voice of protest from afar, clamouring to be heard, sent a fresh wave of feeling over him. How it was he could not say, but it seemed to him as though after this Heriot must let Ethel know exactly in what light he was to be looked upon. Some instinct told him that something must happen during the excursion to the pagoda, that things must come to a head, and that all would in the end be made clear. He felt a sudden determination that there should be, that he would make a way out of all this heart-breaking tangle. If all went right the next few days ought to see a finish of the business, so far as Heriot was concerned. He would do his best to see that they did; and then,—then, if his supposition was correct, and Heriot had only been putting him on the rack for his own private delectation, he would be free to press his own suit, uninterrupted; and where, he asked himself gleefully, would there be more freedom and less fear of interruption than on the projected expedition? Sanguine, confiding youth! He sat down forthwith and incontinently penned a reply to Ethel, accepting her invitation. Then he set to and dressed for dinner with a feeling that the ground was being cleared for him.

Heriot was given the letter from Ventnor shortly after it had left Waring's hands. It was not a long epistle. It took him barely two

minutes to read, for he skimmed it rapidly, as though he knew beforehand pretty well what the writer was going to say. For all that, however, it deserved more than the cursory inspection that Heriot gave it, for there was a deal of emotion concentrated into its three pages of straggling girlish writing. It ended with the following words :

I know I ought to have written last week, but I couldn't realise it at first or believe it was true, and I couldn't somehow write till after it was too late to catch the mail. I don't realise it yet, though I suppose I ought to have known what was coming by your last few letters. Still, I suppose you know best, and if you can't care for me any more, I suppose the only thing to be done is to think no more of each other. But it does seem hard,—so hard.

This rather pathetic document was signed *Millicent Dudley Devant*, and, had he been privileged to see them, its contents would no doubt have furnished Waring with food for much thoughtful comment. But at the moment he was too busily engaged on a letter of his own to think of what the contents of Heriot's might be.

Heriot was not profoundly moved by his correspondent's outburst of

grief. He shrugged his shoulders once or twice as he read, but to all appearances he was affected less by the general tone of the letter than by one or two orthographic errors that he noticed and scored under with his finger-nail as he read. He stroked his moustache pensively when the perusal was completed ; then he placed the letter in his pocket and whistled softly to himself as he polished his eyeglass, and as he whistled an observer might have seen that his face brightened a little. The observer, had he been acquainted with the facts of the case, might well have surmised that, now that he was off with the old love, the susceptible Forest-Officer was calculating what magnificent opportunities for consummating fresh conquests would be afforded by the approaching picnic to the Thonzè pagoda. He would not have been very far wrong if he had.

It was a coincidence, but, as he dressed for dinner, Heriot too was thinking how nicely the ground was being cleared for him.

Truly, with all this in the air, the expedition to the pagoda promised to be fruitful of situations that might prove interesting.

(To be continued.)

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

SOME years ago Alphonse Daudet was almost the only one among contemporary French novelists with whom it was deemed proper for respectable persons in this country to avow an acquaintance. That was, of course, before the soft and sentimental Loti had shed his exotic fragrance; it was before M. Zola had evolved into a quasi-religious explorer, or the reflected halo of LOURDES and ROME had caused good people to revise their prejudice against the author of NANA and LA TERRE. There was another consideration also which recommended Daudet to English readers. Some one or more had discovered a resemblance between him and a great novelist of our own whose name also began with a D. Likeness could only be the result, it seemed, of imitation. So the rumour got abroad and was kept up by easy, not to say odious, comparisons. Naturally the French author was annoyed at so futile an insinuation, hard to combat, and having (as he afterwards explained) no other basis than a certain affinity of mind (*parenté d'esprit*) and a similar experience of life. But the myth did him good in this country, from a business point of view. It roused our curiosity to be told that a Parisian novelist, already of high fame over there, had reproduced David Copperfield, Little Nell, and other familiar figures. People enquired for LE PETIT CHOSE, then perhaps for JACK; soon they forgot all about Dickens and continued to read Daudet for his own sake. For those who had wept over LE PETIT CHOSE and JACK, the pro-

digious adventures of Tartarin de Tarascon were at hand to make them laugh, or the process may have been reversed; and thus these works became sufficiently known to be talked about over dinner-tables and in drawing-rooms.

This course of development is, it is needless to say, not meant to be logical, still less chronological; it represents, however, what I believe to be the most probable genesis of Daudet's popularity in England. Many of us who had been arrested first by JACK or by LES AVENTURES PRODIGIEUSES DE TARTARIN made a point afterwards of reading whatever else came from the same pen; our reward was to find that neither of those works revealed the full extent of Daudet's power, or of his charm.

It is likely enough that, disregarding dates, we began with JACK, if only for the sake of the unmistakeable title. This well-known story, like most of Daudet's larger books, may be called a series of emotional pictures rather than a regularly constructed novel,—pictures connected passably well by the figure of a hapless boy, whose career is a course of misery relieved only by death. The characters of the young martyr and of his worthless mother were taken, so we are told, from life, with a few additions. However that may be, the general effect is of a pathos somewhat overstrained. George Sand declared that the book harrowed her feelings too much: Flaubert considered it too long; and both criticisms are easily intelligible. Otherwise, JACK contains many passages which

give scope to its author's descriptive faculty; the Moronval Institute, the engine-works at Indret, and, best of all, that mutual-admiration society of unappreciated genius,—D'Argenton the poet, Labassindre the tenor, Doctor Hirsch, and the rest of the *ratés*.

Except that tears and laughter are closely allied the transition is violent from the sorrow, real or artificial, of LE PETIT CHOSE and of JACK to the genuine merriment excited by the prodigious adventures of Tarascon's hero. It was a novel, and rather a bold, idea to caricature your own compatriots. In France the humour of the thing was not quite appreciated at first; people asked each other what it was all about. Moreover, when the story appeared in its original *feuilleton* form the hero's name was Barbarin. Unfortunately it happened that there was at Tarascon a family of that name, who threatened legal proceedings; and so, just as the proof-sheets of the book were complete, Daudet had to revise them all again, carefully erasing the *B* and substituting *T* throughout. To this accident we owe the alliterative Tartarin of Tarascon, and we feel as glad of the change as, no doubt, did the susceptible family. Even in its book-form this work was never one of the most popular among French, as distinct from foreign, readers; perhaps, as the author suggested, owing to the prevalence of local colour; perhaps because of a certain resentment which in its most acute form led menacing strangers from the South to go through Paris asking for the whereabouts of "that Daudet." Referring in later years to this first Tartarin book as a "burst of laughter" (a *galéjade*, in Provençal phrase), Daudet prided himself justly on the fact that in Tartarin he had "created a type;" a type in the same way that Sam Weller or Wilkins Micawber are types,

—that is to say, an exaggeration of certain qualities, but still a type to fix in our memory. We were already familiar with the boastful Gascon, the simple Breton, and the crafty Norman; but it was Daudet who first introduced us to that wonderful species *l'homme du Midi*, "the man who does not lie but makes a mistake, who does not always speak the truth but firmly believes that he is speaking it, whose falsehood is not really falsehood but a kind of *mirage* due to the magnifying effects of the southern sun." Such was Tartarin, who went to Africa seeking lions and fearing horribly lest they might come,—Tartarin, who was bold to scale the Alps imagining that crevasses and glaciers were an invention to stimulate tourists, but in mortal terror when he learnt that these dangers were real; such were the people of Tarascon who, under the auspices of their great man, crossed the seas to a visionary Utopia, an enterprise of lamentable end. The Man of the South deceives both himself and others, and he is easily deceived.

The idea of Tartarin, and its execution, showed Daudet to possess an appreciation of the ludicrous quite different from that quality of wit common to the French nature. And while the idea as a whole could have been conceived and carried out by none but a genuine humourist, there are still numberless morsels which to refined fancy will seem of an even more perfect excellence. Such, for example, to take only one instance, is that scene at the critical moment of the ascent of Mont Blanc, when the hero and his fellow-impostor Bompard, believing that their doom is sealed, though each is meditating treachery to the other, say farewell with appropriate emotion, and this notable dialogue ensues, in which the lion-hunter confesses his reputation unde-

served: *Tartarin* (solemnly): "Bompard, I never really killed a lion!" *Bompard* (with equal solemnity): "I never believed that you did!" And if any urge as an objection to this delightful satire that its range is limited to the peculiarities of one locality and one temperament, it is obvious to reply that the philosopher may discern in the double *Tartarin* some elements of human nature in general. Our spirit of adventure is commonly tempered by caution, our love of fame by considerations of security; and while *Tartarin-Quixote* says to us, "Cover thyself with glory," *Tartarin-Sancho* makes answer, "Cover thyself with flannel." To the trilogy dealing with *Tarascon* and its hero too great prolixity has been imputed. It is a dangerous thing, no doubt, to prolong a joke into three volumes, especially when separated by long intervals; and that is why the first book of *Tartarin* seems to us better than the second, and both the first and second considerably superior to the third. But there is no need to be captious. A truer estimate shows us that *TARTARIN* in one way, and *JACK* in another were the inevitable working-off of a certain exuberance in the first case of humour, in the second of pathos. In his greater books Daudet restrains and harmonises these qualities, reinforcing nature by art.

Among these greater books every one would rank *NUMA ROUMESTAN*. Here also it is a question of the meridional nature, an idea which Daudet made much of. The politician of emotions without morality, of eloquence without principle, is set in contemptible contrast to Rosalie, his high-minded wife who has sacrificed herself, and will apparently continue to do so, in order that Numa may still appear "a great man to all the world, except his wife." The root of these evils is an incompatibility be-

tween the northern and the southern temperament. But Rosalie, with all her virtue, is a rather cold austere figure, less attractive far than her sister the lovable, too short-lived Hortense, whose romantic passion for Valmajour, the *tambourinaire*, forms the underplot of the story. This Valmajour, a Provençal of fatuous conceit, who thought to take Paris by storm and ended by being hissed at the lowest music-halls, was one of Daudet's favourite creations, and he has told us (in *TRENTE ANS DE PARIS*) all about the original. The public, however, was more interested in identifying Numa Roumestan with Gambetta. This theory, in spite of many denials, has continued to survive; it has at any rate sufficient external plausibility, and its accuracy, or the reverse, matters little in the case of an author who drew so avowedly from life not only his minor characters, but personages so important as the exiled Sovereigns, the Duc de Mora, the Nabob, and so forth.

If one were bound by the slavery of dates, instead of being fascinated by that idea of the Midi, it would have been proper, before mentioning *NUMA ROUMESTAN* (not published till 1881), to refer to what Daudet called his "dawn of popularity,"—his first great success, *FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AÎNÉ*. How editions of this book were multiplied, and rights of translation sought from other countries, he has told us with natural pride. The scene of the story is laid in the Marais, the commercial quarter of Paris, and its motive was originally meant to be essentially a commercial one, in which case we should probably have had something like M. Zola's *AU BONHEUR DES DAMES*; but the prospect of putting it on the stage necessitated a stronger note of passion, and the interest was accordingly

centred upon Risler's wife, Sidonie, her schemes and her iniquities. Sidonie (who is a sort of lower-grade Becky Sharp) is one of the few very bad women to be found in Daudet's novels; her husband is one of the few excellent men. Risler's partner, Georges Fromont, and his wife Claire make up the quartet of principal characters, whose diverse conduct carries us with interest and conviction to the development of the first crisis,—the imminent ruin of the business averted only by the heroic efforts of Risler; thence to the final crisis,—a concession to pathos less probable but not impossible—when the honest man ends his life, broken down at last by the discovery of a brother's treachery, added to a partner's and a wife's.

It is in this book that we meet the oft-quoted Delobelle, the illustrious ex-actor, consumed by the idea of his own genius, who because he deemed himself worthy only of a great part (wherein managers did not share his view) sauntered and swaggered with fine clothes and magnificent airs, covering his sloth and selfishness by that grand phrase, "Never will I give up,—never!" This resolution was unfortunately exercised at the expense of his wife and daughter, who slaved day and night to provide the great man with the means of continuing his heroic pose. The girl Desirée is one of the many female figures in Daudet's books who attract all our love and pity. Chébe, the father of Sidonie (reminding us alternately of Mr. Micawber and of old Sedley), and the faithful old cashier of the firm may be added to minor characters sufficiently numerous and interesting to prevent our attention being monopolised by the unpleasantness of the main intrigue. Besides gaining a popularity which set Daudet at once among the great novelists of his day, this novel was crowned by the French

Academy. More than any of his books it seems to have suited both Academical and popular taste, and there are those who still consider it his masterpiece. Yet it was by no means one of those books to which the author gave most of himself, which exhausted him most. For Daudet was a writer who lived in his characters to an intense degree, thought their thoughts, and felt their emotions. We can imagine,—or we can learn from the *SOUVENIRS D'UN HOMME DE LETTRES*—how great a strain this process imposes upon a sensitive nature.

No book cost so much in this way as *LES ROIS EN EXIL*. It was a great conception, a theme worthy of struggle. In the bad days of Royalty, the days of popular revolution and Republican experiment, an exiled King and Queen take refuge in Paris. A few faithful friends attend them, a small court is formed, and round it gathers the throng of sycophants, adventurers, and traitors. The business of the exiles is to wait, and watch for an opportunity of restoration. But the Royalist cause is fatally injured by the character of the King. Less Royalist than all, the weak and pleasure-loving sovereign cares little for distant Illyria so long as the pleasures of Paris are at hand. The loyalty of his friends tries to conceal and counteract this worthlessness; with even greater loyalty the Queen ignores, or pardons, the misdeeds of her husband. The Cause is ever before them, higher and greater than any Person. At last even the Queen is compelled to give up her husband and transfer her hopes to their son. This delicate boy, whose education is the duty and the delight of an ardent high-minded Royalist, has the promise of every virtue. But Fate is on the other side. An accident befalls the young Prince,—the loss of one eye and

the necessity, to save the other, of an operation too dangerous for so weak a constitution. Then the spirit of the Queen yields to the heart of the Mother; if only her child may recover, she is content to bid farewell to palace and throne, to leave Royalty a dead thing to the dead past. Such is this story of many impressions, of actions ideal and commonplace, noble and sordid, composed from recollections of early Royalist enthusiasm tempered by the Republican conviction of later years. In this, as in most of Daudet's novels, critics who demand close and consecutive treatment, logical analysis, or rigid purity of phrase may find much to improve upon. But for the less particular reader, who is content if his interest and sympathy are stirred to their depths, *LES ROIS EN EXIL* is a standard work, so well does it blend poetry with observation, so vividly do certain of its scenes remain on the memory. That is a fine one, for example, in which Frédérica enters Christian's room as he is on the point of putting his name (for a consideration) to a document resigning the crown of Illyria, and pours forth on him all the indignation and contempt she had long managed to suppress; or that last scene, "the End of a Race," in which she takes little Zara to the great specialist, going unknown and waiting, a woman with her child, among the crowd of patients that throngs the doctor's ante-room. "Tainted blood," says the doctor; "It is the blood of kings," is her reply. And surely the book was worth writing if only for the one character of Elysée Méraut, than whom neither history nor fiction can produce a finer example of single-hearted devotion to "lost causes and impossible loyalties."

To about the same period as *LES ROIS EN EXIL* belongs *LE NABOB* (published in 1877). This also is a

study of Parisian manners, a series of episodes, the nature of which every one who has read the book can recall by a glance at the headings of the chapters. *Les Malades du Docteur Jenkins*, among whom are the Duc de Mora and the Marquis de Monpavon; *Un Début dans le Monde*, the reception in Jenkins's house in which the honest and vulgar Nabob is introduced to the great Minister, and displays a childish delight at finding himself in high society, not suspecting that he is only courted for the sake of his money, which is wanted to prop up a tottering financial concern; *Félicia Ruys*, the gifted lady sculptor for whose favour the Duke and Jenkins are rivals; *L'œuvre de Bethléem*, the Foundling Hospital with which Jenkins is connected, and for his devotion to which he is decorated with the Cross, though it is the Nabob who has provided most of the funds; *Une Election Corse*, when Jansoulet is elected deputy for Corsica, the climax of his success, after which his troubles begin. Enemies arise in the Press; financial rivalry is bitter; his election is declared invalid; Society, having no further use for him, discovers his vulgarity and shuns him. Finally the Nabob expires, in the *foyer* of his own theatre, a victim to the heartlessness of Paris. But before this end of the principal character many striking scenes intervene. *Les Perles Jenkins* recalls the death of the Duc de Mora; *Drames Parisiens* the still more dramatic exit of Monpavon sauntering to suicide with all the regard for "good form" which the cynic cultivates till it becomes his nature. The story has little sequence but that of strong situations. It is a patchwork of divers colours, which might be cut into strips and placed alongside each other according as they more or less match; but Heaven forbid any so fatal a dissection!

LE NABAB and LES ROIS EN EXIL represent the widest extent of Daudet's range. His other works appeal to narrower interests, though they may be for that very reason more carefully wrought. Foremost of these is the notorious SAPHO, the most concentrated of his novels, with never a divergence from the theme, never a break in its development. Of that theme what need be said, except that it was inevitable for an author of Daudet's repute to handle it at some time or other, and that he handled it in a manner most acceptable to the æsthetic, and least offensive to the moral sense? It was at any rate not a bad thing to exhibit under a different light a picture already made familiar by such works as MANON LESCAUT and LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS. Of its didactic value Daudet had the highest possible idea since he dedicated it "to my sons when they are twenty." That is a matter of opinion; but in any case the sons should, I think, be furnished with an edition without illustrations.

L'IMMORTEL, again, is an example of a subject closely followed out. Everyone, outside the Sacred Forty, has probably enjoyed this satire upon the intrigues (mainly feminine) by which membership of the Academy is supposed to be sought, the formalism, dryness, and affectation of Academicians as compared with the genius and attractiveness of Bohemia. "Poor Academy," one thinks, "did it deserve all this? Was it worth Daudet's while? Might not a scourging of such doubtful justice have been left to an inferior hand?" Daudet, moreover, though possessed of a certain sub-acidity which he often employs with effect, is not at his best in so bitter a vein as this. He is too charitable to do it thoroughly; pity constantly gains on indignation, till eventually we feel almost a fondness

for that poor old Astier-Rehu, *crocodilus* and *vir ineptissimus* notwithstanding. L'IMMORTEL is one of those books to which the epithet *clever* does justice, and full justice. It applies to various portraits of society, and especially to the description of a certain dinner-party given by the Duchess Maria Antonia Padovani, where there is an admirably worked contrast between the conventional words of politeness which the guests interchange, and their secret thoughts about each other. Together with L'IMMORTEL, L'EVANGÉLISTE and ROSE ET NINETTE (on the divorce-problem) may be classed as specimens of the merely clever novel, liable even at some points to a suspicion of imperfect taste.

It would be unreasonable, of course, to expect an equal or similar excellence amid so long a list of novels; nor, it must be remembered, is Daudet's fame solely bound up with the novel. It is unnecessary to enquire here what rank among poets the writer of LES AMOUREUSES might have attained had he continued on the pathway to Helicon; or to deliberate what exact position among dramatists should be assigned to the author of L'ARLÉSIENNE and LA LUTTE POUR LA VIE. But *Poésies, Pièces de Théâtre, Contes et Romans*,—the time-honoured custom of the publisher's catalogue classifies together the long and the short story. And since between them there is no generic difference, but only a distinction somewhat over-emphasised in these days of multiplied fiction, it is well to put on record that Daudet's *contes* have a merit which, in the opinion of many good judges, will make them proof against the inevitable winnowing of Time. Fate, or the commercial necessity of the "big book" drew him to the *roman*; but it is possible that from the LETTRES DE MON MOULIN, the CONTES DU LUNDI, or the many

gems of memory and imagination to be found in the *ŒUVRES DIVERSES*, an anthology may be made and cherished in distant days when *LES ROIS EN EXIL*, *LE NABAB*, and *SAPHO* are forgotten. At any rate the writer of *LES DEUX AUBERGES*, *LE SIÈGE DE BERLIN*, *LE NAUFRAGE* and other sketches whose claims may be left to individual taste, would, if he had done nothing else, appear as a *conteur*, less skilful indeed, but more amiable and more natural than a Guy de Maupassant or a Prosper Mérimée. The question is not only a speculation of the future; it concerns the criticism of our own day, and whatever has been or may be said about Daudet's genius, his method and his place in literature.

It has been argued that he was not a great novelist in the sense that Flaubert and Edmond de Goncourt were great. He was deficient, these writers say, in *technique*; his plots were loose, his incidents irrelevant, and his style familiar. His gifts were suitable for sketches and tales; he missed his vocation when he took to writing novels. The admirer may admit all this, even its exaggerations, and pass on with a smile. He will be surprised to learn of so many defects which he had somehow omitted to notice. It is true, no doubt, when you come to think of it, that Daudet, like Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, did not trouble much to construct his novels on lines of geometrical rectitude; it is true that he often plunged into the middle, and then went back to explain how things arose and who people were; it is true that abundant digressions justify the heinous charge of diverting the reader's attention. But does the reader mind? Is he conscious of anything tedious or unnecessary? Is he not as much interested in the digressions as in the main story? Does he (to take a

concrete instance) resent the introduction into *LE NABAB* of the Joyeuse family, slight as the connection is between the fortunes of Jansoulet and that worthy old clerk who, having lost his place, still went out every morning as though to business and returned with equal cheerfulness in the evenings to the four daughters whom he would not trouble by the knowledge of his difficulties? And if the cultivated reader is not offended by these things, it is clear both that the inconsequence cannot be very glaring, and that the writer must have qualities which create amid multiplicity a sense of unity stronger than any which comes from technical virtue. To make an inventory of these qualities, in spite of all that has been written about them in the last few months, would be well nigh impossible. The conclusion of the whole matter goes back to that old and misty phrase "the indefinable charm," which in Daudet's case can be best interpreted as the personal element,—of pity, contempt, or irony—so apparent in all his works whether they be tales or novels, whether founded on fact or in imagination. It is a common experience to prefer the narrative of one who has been present at the events and has known the people he describes to the narrative, however skilful, of a neutral person; and Daudet is never neutral. In this subjective sense he is the most real of Realists, the most natural of Naturalists.

Otherwise there could be no better illustration of the futility of literary labels. Nominally Daudet, with De Goncourt and Zola, formed a trio representing Naturalism in fiction; he adopted the watchwords of that school, and by private friendship, no less than by a common profession of faith, he was one of them. But the student of the future, while recognising an obvious affinity between the

other two, may be puzzled to find Daudet's name conjoined with theirs. Here is a passage from a recent French critic¹ which is worth translating.

Daudet belongs to no school. A Realist, more of a Realist than M. Zola, he is not one in the scholastic sense of the word. No description suits him which would bind him to any system. The word Impressionist is no doubt the best, partly because it implies naturalness and freedom, partly because it is applied not to this or that theory, but to the temperament of the writer. It should be observed at the outset that Impressionism is in many respects directly opposed to Naturalism. The essence of the latter is its objectivity. . . . Not only does it forbid the author to show himself in his work, but it pursues a truth which is documentary, absolute, and independent of the Ego: it brings Art as far as possible into the position of Science, and Science is objective. Impressionism, on the other hand, claims not to reproduce Nature, but to interpret her. Taking the term in its most simple sense, an Impressionist is the man who translates his impressions. The impressions, of course, are those produced by reality, but the reality is regarded by the Impressionist only as a means: his true object is to give expression to himself. Such is the case of Alphonse Daudet, so much so that we might characterise him almost completely by qualities which reveal the most personal and intimate essence of the man. There doubtless lies the secret of his charm.

Daudet, then, might be called an Impressionist, if the word had not so many connotations, or an Individualist, if that term conveyed any meaning. At any rate he stands by himself, and has the distinction of being incapable of classification. This fact is still more evident if one remembers his method of work about which he has told us everything. It was his habit, wherever he found himself, to take notes of scenes and

persons as they impressed him; if not a philosopher he was, like Mr. Pickwick (and Mr. Pickwick's creator), "an observer of human nature." From these jottings the idea of a story would be originated, and the plot grew out of the notes, however much it might subsequently require in the way of documentary research. Contrast this simple use of impressions with the usually accepted method of Naturalism. A De Goncourt, or a Zola, having deliberately chosen a theme, goes out and places himself in the required surroundings; his notes, methodical and consecutive, are the working-up of the subject. It is the fulfilment of a duty, and the results correspond. Both these eminent men have succeeded, so far as the impossible can be achieved, in presenting things impersonally and from the outside. Daudet's work on the contrary, whether he would or no, comes to us coloured by the medium of his personality; it is "Nature seen through a temperament," in the phrase which M. Zola invented, but which unfortunately gives away the whole case of Naturalism.

Such being the man, the question of style is a smaller matter. But even here it is curious to compare the three novelists. De Goncourt, his artistic leanings rigorously repressed as regards matter, revenged himself by inventing a diction which at times troubles sorely the natural lucidity of the French language; this is the style artificial. M. Zola, with his strongly scientific bias, is less concerned with niceties of language than with the methodical development of a subject; his is the style plain, more forcible sometimes by its very plainness. Daudet found by inspiration that felicity of phrase which other men seek with infinite pains. Revision indeed, twice and even thrice,

¹M. Georges Pellissier in *LA REVUE CYCLOPÉDIQUE*.

was his rule, a necessary disposition of ideas, an arrangement of brilliant *anacolutha* to meet the prejudices of grammar and punctuation. But the *verve* of the first rough drafts still pierces through in the ultimate version,—the style we know so well, at once easy, polished, and instinct with life. And if Daudet's sensitive nature qualified him especially for receiving impressions, his skill in developing these portraits, whether of scenes or persons, brings them before the reader with a persuasive reality somewhat analogous to the effects produced by the most recent invention of fancy photography. It is a succession of figures moving before the eye and the mind. You are driving briskly, for example, along a country road one fine summer's morning :

On your left a hundred feet down lies the sea flecked (*mouchetée*) with foam, rounded creeks of the coast seen through a distant vapour in which the blue of waves and sky is blended; a sprinkling of sails red or white like unfolded wings, delicate outlines of steamers, with a trail of smoke behind them by way of a good-bye (*comme un adieu*); on a bit of shore which you catch at a turn of the road are fishermen hardly larger to the eye than sea-gulls, in their moored boat as in a nest. Then the road goes downward sharply, skirting rocks and steep promontories. Up comes the fresh sea-breeze mingling with the bells of your horses; whilst on your right, on the mountain side, rise tapering pines, oaks with their wayward (*capricieuses*) roots emerging from the barren ground; row upon row of olive-trees reaching up to a wide rocky ravine fringed with a green growth that reminds you the water has been there, a dried-up torrent along which laden mules are climbing, planting their hoofs surely amid the shingly stones, and hard by, beside a tiny little pool of water—a few remaining drops of last winter's flood—a woman bends over washing clothes. Now and then you go through the street of a village, or rather a small town, rusted (*rouillée*) by too much sun—a town of historic antiquity, cramped, close-pressed houses, a net-work of over-arched lanes

with room for a little day-light at the top, broods of curly-haired children, baskets of glistening fruit, a woman coming down the rough uneven roadway with a pitcher on her head or distaff on her arm. Then a corner of the street brings again before you the twinkling (*papillotement*) of the waves and the boundless ocean.

This rough version may serve as a specimen, not of the essence of Daudet's style, which of course must evaporate in any attempt at translation, but at least of his vivacious kaleidoscopic manner. Similar specimens may be found in the passage describing the shops and warehouses of Paris at Christmas-time (in FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AÎNÉ), or that depicting a market-day in a Provençal town (in NUMA ROUMESTAN), or the harbour of Marseilles (in JACK). Indeed the student of style might take at random these and a score of other passages and go through them noting such words, especially adjectives, as appear most felicitous. He will find that Daudet used freely, without abusing, the privilege which Horace claims for every author, of creating a fresh word by modifying some already familiar one.

Licuit semperque licebit
Signatum præsentis nota producere
nomen.

A similar examination might be applied with even better results to some of those few lines by which he drew an individual personage,—the attitude, the features, the costume. The Nabob, for instance, is "A kind of giant—swarthy, sunburnt, yellow as a guinea (*tanné, hâlé, safrané*), his head well down in his shoulders. A stumpy nose lost in the folds (*la bouffissure*) of the face, frizzled, matted hair like an Astrachan cap resting on a low obstinate forehead, a brushwood of eyebrows (*sourails en broussailles*) with eyes as of a tiger-cat in ambush

(*chopard embusqué*),—all this combined to give him the wild look of a Kalmuck," etc., etc. The dandified Marquis de Monpavon is "A magnificent man . . . displaying a wide front of immaculate linen which cracks under the constant forward strain of the chest, and bulges out every time with the noise of a swelling turkey-cock or a peacock as he spreads his tail (*se bombe chaque fois avec le bruit d'un dindon qui se gonfle ou d'un paon qui fait la roue*)."

That faithful old courtier, the Duc de Rosen, "Stands stiff and upright in the middle of the room, his colossal figure rising up to the chandelier. He awaits the favour of a gracious reception so nervously that his long Pandour-like legs might be seen quivering, and his broad chest heaving under the stripes of the orders which adorned it. The head alone, —a small sparrow-hawk head, steely eye and predatory beak—(*petite tête d'émouchet, regard d'acier et bec de proie*) remained motionless, with its three white bristling hairs and the thousand little wrinkles of its shrivelled skin." And there are scores of similar portraits which Daudet's readers will recall for themselves.

There is yet one other characteristic of Daudet's style which deserves notice,—his habit of appealing to the reader as it were for sympathy and confirmation, sometimes in a general

form of address, sometimes by certain confidential little phrases, the *voyez-vous*, the *je vous dis*, the *n'est-ce-pas*, and so forth. This kind of intimacy when unskilfully employed or merely artificial is apt to be resented by the reader, but as used by Daudet it has a genuine and quite endearing effect. So excellent a thing it is to be "familiar but by no means vulgar."

Ultimately these qualities of the writer, and any others that may be discovered, fall back into our knowledge of the man himself,—a man of a tender almost feminine heart, embittered now and then by the sight of evil, of a gaiety clouded at times by the sense of human misery, of an optimism which occasionally failed before the iniquities of life. Daudet was not a moralist, a philosopher, a social theorist, or in any way a formidable person; he was a man endowed with the power of minute observation and the capacity of intense feeling; he combined his feeling and his observation with the instinct of an artist, and applied them to those things which interest the majority of mankind. Michelet's celebrated phrase about the elder Dumas that he was "one of the forces of Nature" would be true of Daudet also. Together with the vast luxuriance of the tropics Nature owns equally the gentler growths of temperate climes.

ARTHUR F. DAVIDSON.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE AT BAYONNE.

It is related of Thackeray (with what truth I know not) that, before writing *THE VIRGINIANS*, he repeatedly asked a friend, who was supposed to know, to tell him all he could about Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. The friend at length, tired of the questions, answered testily, "What on earth do you want to know about him?" "Well," said Thackeray, "I should like to know what sort of breeches he wore." Precisely so; we do want to know what kind of clothes our heroes wore, or in other words, to picture what manner of men they were in every-day life.

Details of some interesting incidents have lately been unearthed by that indefatigable searcher in local archives, Monsieur Duc  r   of the Bayonne Library, and are related in his articles on *LES ENVIRONS DE BAYONNE*, which incidentally place forcibly before the reader the daily life and habits of Napoleon during his four months' stay, with Josephine, at that ancient fortress in the eventful year 1808.

But let us first see what brought Napoleon to the foot of the Pyrenees at the period mentioned, and in doing so, we shall perhaps discover some of the causes and objects of the great Peninsular War.

On October 21st, 1805, the battle of Trafalgar had been fought and won, and the genius of Nelson had once for all taught the lesson that an English fleet need not be kept for ever cruising in the Channel to protect us from invasion, so long as our enemy's squadrons could be marked down and fought wherever they were found. The flat-bottomed boats and

all the naval paraphernalia, so ostentatiously collected on the opposite shores of the Channel to transport Napoleon's two hundred thousand men, vauntingly called the Army of England, to quarter themselves in Lombard Street, had been dispersed, and the armed host directed against Austria, instead of crossing that little silver streak, the command of which Buonaparte perceived, two months before, that he could never obtain so long as England possessed men of the stamp of Nelson.

But although Napoleon was obliged to abandon his project, put up with failure, and divert his forces, he never for a moment gave up his intention of humiliating the English nation. She had neither the territory nor the population of other great European nations; but she had wealth, and wealth requires trade for its accumulation. Buonaparte saw that her commerce and her carrying-trade were the sources of her riches and of her naval power; to attack them, then, was his fixed determination, and although he sneered at us as a "nation of shop-keepers," it may well be said that his first care was to see that we had no customers. By his decrees all commerce with the British Isles was forbidden to Europe, of which he was Dictator, and, to use a latter-day expression, unknown at that period, England was boycotted by Napoleon's command. She retaliated by orders in Council blockading the Continental ports; the customary luxuries from abroad, and even the necessities of life, could be but with difficulty obtained, and friends and

foes alike were equally inconvenienced.

Now at this time, the weak kingdom of Portugal, although trembling at Napoleon's alarming victories, was friendly towards England, whose trade with her and, still more, through her with Spain, was considerable. Both countries being thus bound together by the ties of mutually beneficial commerce, Portugal was, as Napier puts it, "virtually an unguarded province of England," and, what was more, could be invaded overland by marching through Spanish territory. By what appeared to be a most fortunate combination of circumstances, Napoleon, whose lucky star seemed to be in the ascendant, was willingly induced to embark on an undertaking which in the end proved to be his ruin.

That extraordinary man Manuel Godoy, who, from a gentleman-trooper of the Royal Guard, rose to be Prime Minister of Spain, to command armies, and to receive the still more extraordinary, though real, title of Prince of the Peace, notwithstanding the fact that he was a soldier and the principal instigator of war, at this time made proposals to Buonaparte which exactly suited the ambitious designs of the latter. The suggestions were, to take Portugal, depose the reigning family, and divide the country into three principalities, of one of which he, Godoy, was to be the acknowledged ruler as he then was the virtual ruler of Spain; for Charles the Fourth, by means of the Queen's influence, was completely under this adventurer's control. Godoy's propositions, if carried out, would not only throw open the road to Portugal by way of Spain, but also offered the assistance of the Spanish armies to aid Napoleon, who, seeing how much his own plans, which embraced, as it

ned out, great dynastic projects

over Spain itself, would be advanced by the arrangement, accepted the proposals, and they were embodied in the secret convention of Fontainebleau, ratified by Napoleon on October 29th, 1807.

But this was not all; the Spanish reigning family itself, with singular infatuation, seemed bent upon its own ruin, by seeking Napoleon's arbitration in their own private quarrels. On October 11th, 1807, Charles the Fourth's eldest son (afterwards Ferdinand the Seventh and father of the ex-Queen Isabella¹) wrote to Napoleon, complaining of Godoy's influence over his father in the affairs of the nation; and, as a bribe to so powerful an arbiter, proposing himself as a husband to a princess of the Emperor's family. Hardly had his letter been read, when King Charles himself also sought Napoleon's arbitration, accusing Ferdinand of intended matricide.

Spanish affairs were naturally in a very distracted condition, for the *liaison* between Godoy and the Queen seems to have been well known, and to have become a great public scandal, with the result that Ferdinand, the heir to the throne, became the popular favourite of a proud and aristocratic nation, who resented being ruled by a *parvenu* through the influence of an abandoned Queen's infatuation and her dominating power over a weak and imbecile husband.

The French troops had already entered Spain, in anticipation of the Fontainebleau treaty; and the first step had been taken in that Peninsular drama which was to be fruitful in many a bloody fight, to exile an Emperor and one of the mightiest warriors the world has ever seen, to

¹ The abolition of the Salic law by Ferdinand in favour of this daughter Isabella, to the exclusion of his brother Don Carlos, was the origin of the two long Carlist wars which have since taken place in Spain.

dethrone three reigning sovereigns, to replace rightful, if in two cases incapable, rulers on the thrones of Spain, Portugal, and France,¹ and lastly, to cover with undying glory that British army which at its commencement was, strange as it may now appear, despised at home and absolutely ridiculed abroad.

The chief *rendez-vous* of the French armies was Bayonne, in the south-west corner of France near the Spanish frontier. This interesting old town, under the shadow of the Pyrenees and within five miles of the now fashionable Biarritz, is a place of considerable strength, commanded by an important citadel on an eminence overhanging the right bank of the tidal Adour, which washes the walls of Vauban's fortifications surrounding the town itself on the opposite shore. Here Napoleon came on April 14th, 1808, but he did not stay here long; "I am horribly lodged," he wrote to Josephine, "and I am going in an hour to instal myself in a country-house half a mile away." This country-house was none other than the celebrated Château de Marrac, in which took place so many curious events in a singularly eventful period. It is now a ruin, having been gutted by fire in 1825, and the picturesque grounds are occupied as a park for the artillery of the garrison. Here it was, on the banks of the silver Nive, that the scene occurred, a little later on, when the King of Spain, his Queen, and Ferdinand, having been decoyed into visiting the Em-

peror at Bayonne, found themselves his prisoners. The last named was called upon to renounce his claim, as the King had already done, to the Spanish throne in favour of Napoleon; but had refused to obliterate his name and race from the Sovereigns of Europe. Thereupon King Charles, Godoy, and the Queen, who were but puppets in the Emperor's hands, were introduced to brow-beat Ferdinand into submission; and there and then it was that the shameless Queen, probably in fear of Napoleon's punishment of her husband, her paramour, and herself, if his wishes were not complied with, outraged all decency in a scandalous harangue addressed to her son, telling him to his face and in presence of her husband, a younger son, and those assembled, that although he was her son, he was not the King's offspring. She accused him of intended parricide, and demanded of Napoleon the punishment of the "traitor" and his associates.

Napoleon presently stopped this disgraceful scene, when it had gone far enough for his purpose of bringing the Royal Family still further into contempt among the Spanish people, with these words: "I confer on Ferdinand the crown of Naples, and on Don Carlos [a younger brother of Ferdinand] that of Etruria, with one of my nieces in marriage to each of them; let them now declare if they will accept this proposal." Don Carlos replied that he was not born to be a king, but an Infant of Spain. Ferdinand hesitated, whereupon the Emperor sarcastically remarked, "Prince, your choice lies between compliance and death." Ferdinand was given six hours for consideration; but with such an invitation it is hardly to be wondered at that he signed his abdication in Napoleon's favour.

Little can be said for either

¹ Ferdinand the Seventh was afterwards restored to the throne of Spain, John the Sixth to that of Portugal, and Louis the Eighteenth placed on the throne of France. Napoleon himself, on his way to Elba, was hooted and attacked by the populace in the south of France, so much so that he had to be disguised in an Austrian cavalry uniform. Eleven months later he was again received with open arms.

Ferdinand or Charles ; nevertheless it should be remembered that there was no chance of fighting for their kingdom, for the French had already, by various tricks and devices, hardly worthy of a friendly nation or even of an honourable foe, taken care to seize all the important fortresses in the north of Spain which lay between them and the capital, and furthermore rendered the escape of the kidnapped King and his son impossible.

But with all these new schemes on hand, Napoleon had by no means abandoned his original design of striking at England through her commerce, and humiliating her as a nation. He ordered our friend, the Prince-Regent of Portugal, to close his ports to British trade, to dismiss the British Minister, to confiscate the possessions of all Englishmen in his country, and to imprison the merchants, with the alternative of instant war if he disobeyed ; and in order to emphasize the demand, he placed an embargo on all Portuguese ships in French ports, until an answer should reach him. What was the Prince to do with a mixed French and Spanish army even then knocking at the gates of Lisbon ? The ports were therefore closed, all English property sequestered, and Lord Strangford, our Minister, embarked in one of the ships of a British squadron, which at once carried out a rigorous blockade of the Tagus.

The Prince Regent, however, soon discovered that although the Emperor had forbidden him to leave his dominions, he had no intention of allowing him to continue to rule over them. A sentence in the *MONITEUR* warned him of his fate : "The House of Braganza has ceased to reign," he read one morning, and forthwith, accepting the inevitable, he took the hint by claiming the protection of his former allies. He embarked and sailed for the Portuguese possessions

in Brazil,¹ escorted by four men-of-war belonging to that British nation against which he had, but some hours before, closed his ports. As he dropped down the wintry tide of the Tagus, on November 29th, 1807, he saw his country's flag torn down from the citadel, and replaced by the Emperor's eagles.

In the year 1808, then, when Napoleon was at Bayonne, he had by stratagem or force become arbiter of the fate of the two kingdoms, for his brother-in-law Murat, with a brilliant force of cavalry, was by this time master of Madrid, which he had occupied on the ridiculous plea of being on his way to Cadiz to embark his troops on board the French fleet. But although Napoleon was all powerful on land, the sea, thanks to the British navy, was still free, and fortunately the Peninsula possessed a long coast line, on which succour could be thrown to aid Portugal in her struggle for freedom, and eventually for the assistance of the whole Peninsula, when the Spanish nation should at length awake to a sense of her own humiliating position and a perception of who were her real friends. English gold in profusion, arms, equipment, and stores, had already been despatched to Portugal, and a force of nearly thirty thousand men accompanied the British fleet which hovered off the coast from the Bay of Biscay to Gibraltar. Such was the state of affairs when Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the command of all the troops embarked, (some nine thousand being under his immediate orders) without any definite direction as to where he was to land, or what he was to do.

¹ Some years afterwards, he returned from Brazil to reign over Portugal as John the Sixth, but his son was created Emperor of Brazil, from which position his grandson was quietly removed by a bloodless revolution so lately as 1889.

He disembarked at the mouth of the Mondego river, about half way between Lisbon and Oporto, on August 1st, 1808, but ere this had taken place, he had, by some extraordinary vacillation or confusion in the Government, been deprived of the chief command, which was given to Sir Hew Dalrymple, with Sir Harry Burrard and Sir John Moore also placed above him, leaving him fourth in order of seniority. Nevertheless, he pushed inland, got in touch with, and drove in the French picquets at Brilos on August 15th, and two days later won his first Peninsular battle, by defeating part of Junot's force at Rorica, inflicting a loss of six hundred men killed and wounded, including the French general commanding among the latter, and taking his position, with a loss of nearly five hundred of his own force which numbered but four thousand men! Four days after this, having been reinforced, he won the important battle of Vimiera, defeating Junot himself and capturing thirteen guns, a general, and several hundred prisoners. During this action, an untoward circumstance, naturally to be expected from the contradictory orders of the Government, occurred. Wellesley was superseded by the arrival of Burrard, and he again by Dalrymple, the best results of the victory being lost by the change of command and consequent abandonment of Wellesley's plans. The Peninsular war was now well launched.

Such was the prelude of that great struggle which, after six years and a hundred fights, forced its author to abdicate, and resulted a year later, in his giving himself up a prisoner to the nation which he had by every means in his power endeavoured to humble and to ruin.

But let us return to Bayonne; while Napoleon was apportioning Europe, dethroning sovereigns, and

giving away kingdoms at will, besides having one European war on his hands and another in immediate prospect, it might reasonably be thought that this marvellous man had enough to do, but as we shall presently see, he managed to find time to enter into much local business, and some pleasure, while staying at that ancient Lapurdum where in the third century a Roman cohort had also amused itself. Unfortunately there was no newspaper published at Bayonne in 1808, except an unenterprising Spanish sheet which was entirely under Napoleon's control; otherwise French journalism would probably have furnished us with the customary details of his dinners, and we should possibly have learned also the colour of his pantaloons as well as of the rusty old greatcoat in which he took his constant walks about the quaint old town, with its narrow tortuous streets, high houses, and party-coloured jalousies swinging from the many windows.

Our own Black Prince had a hand in the building of the handsome cathedral, in which his coat-of-arms (three leopards) still appears on the groined roof of the nave. A simple bridge of country boats, at the junction of the smoothly-flowing Adour with its more beautiful and rapid tributary the Nive, then connected the citadel with the town itself, while the green glacis without the walls then, as now, furnished the usual promenade for the border townsfolk both Basque and Bayonnais, Labourdin and Navarrese. Napoleon had reached Bayonne on April 14th, 1808, and Josephine had joined him from Bordeaux a fortnight later. Not a day passed that he did not make a tour of the streets and environs, sometimes mounted, often in a carriage accompanied by her, and always attended by an imposing staff and glittering escort. He

pursued the most unexpected routes, invariably returning by a different road, and keenly observed all he saw.

The village of Boucau, on the right bank of the Adour about two miles below the town, was a favourite resort, and here, as at the *Chambre d'Amour* near Biarritz, he used to play with Josephine like a school-boy in holiday-time, chasing her along the sands, and pushing her into the sea at the edge of the tide, until she was up to her knees in water; and this too, often in view of the boatmen, or others who happened to be watching their light-hearted gambols. Happy himself in those moments of innocent enjoyment, it is but a sorry reflection that at this very time he was also employed in dethroning kings and destroying the happiness of nations. But little recked the crowd of golfers which frequents the high plateau of the lighthouse at Biarritz to-day, that early in the century the Dictator of Europe and his wife bathed and played together on the Plage below; or, that the English Guards, in pursuit of his army, threw out their piquets, a year or two later, on the very ground where now they tee their golf-balls.

In front of the *Chambre d'Amour*, which was a cave (now no longer existing) in the cliff where two lovers were said to have been surprised and drowned by the advancing tide, Napoleon and Josephine, also to all appearance lovers, passed many a pleasant hour together. "He," says Lieutenant Niegolewski of the Polish Light Cavalry of the Imperial Guard, "used to hide her satin shoes on the sands while she was in the water, and not allow us to bring them to her, but make her walk from the beach to the *calèche* bare-footed, which gave him immense delight."¹ She, too, al-

though no longer in her first youth, for she was then in her forty-fifth year, being six years his senior, was equally full of fun, as an amusing little incident, which occurred at the time, will well illustrate. A harpsichord in the *Château de Marrac* requiring to be tuned, a man arrived one morning to attend to the instrument. Josephine, simply attired, entered the room, watched him at his work, and, leaning with her elbows on the harpsichord, entered freely into conversation, to which the tuner was nothing loth. She asked him many questions about his work, in which she seemed to take much interest. Gradually the conversation warmed into compliments on the gallant tuner's side, who thinking he was captivating one of the lady's-maids, assured her that the Empress, (whom he had never seen before) was not half as pretty as she was, and was on the point of following this up by proceeding to embrace her, when suddenly the door opened and the Emperor entered. Both he and the too-daring young tuner took in the situation at a glance, the latter promptly escaping without his tools as fast as his legs could carry him, and followed by peals of joyous laughter from Napoleon and the Empress, who essayed in vain to call him back from the balcony.

Although the divorce of Josephine, which occurred in the following year, had probably long ere this suggested itself to the Emperor's mind, as a probable means of leaving a direct heir to his throne, there can be but little doubt that he still retained much of his original affection for the attrac-

half a mile of the *Chambre d'Amour* as the site of her bathing-villa, which soon brought the fishing-village of Biarritz into notice as a fashionable watering-place. The visitor may now take up his abode in this villa which has been converted into a large hotel.

¹ Half a century later another gentle Empress of the French, who is happily still among us, fixed upon a spot within

tive woman who had, in the early days, first noticed the almost unknown General Buonaparte, introduced him to a grade of society (such as it was) higher than his own, sympathetically encouraged him in all his ambitious projects, and taken a real interest in every success he attained. Scandals there were and had been, such as Monsieur Masson tells us of in Egypt, when Napoleon's unblushing infidelities were flaunted before the eyes of his staff (on which served his step-son Eugene Beauharnais), his army, and the world, in the most public manner. But for all this, and in spite of his monstrous cold-bloodedness in love or war, this man of iron had yet kept much of his early regard for her who had helped him in many a difficulty and soothed him in many a trouble in times past.

Napoleon's energy was prodigious. Nearly every morning at an early hour he might be seen, dressed in an old top coat with a bundle of papers under his arm, threading the narrow streets of Bayonne, intent on some business, which most men in his position would have been content to leave to those officially charged with its conduct. But we know that in no art more than in that of the soldier "is completeness of detail the perfection of work." A few buttons missing from the proverbial gaiters may cause the loss of a great battle; and we have only to look into the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, or into the writings of the great soldiers of our own day, such as Lord Wolseley's *SOLDIER'S POCKET-BOOK*, or Lord Roberts's *FORTY-ONE YEARS IN INDIA* to see that the smallest detail is not too small for their attention and forethought.¹

¹ A capital instance of this may be found in a long letter addressed by Napoleon, two days after his arrival at Bayonne, to Vice-Admiral Decrés, his Minister of Marine, rela-

Ferdinand of Spain and his brother Don Carlos arrived on April 20th, 1808, and were lodged in the Place d'Armes, the chief square of Bayonne. They were soon followed by the Prince of the Peace, who occupied a villa at Beyris in the suburbs; while for King Charles and his Queen, who quickly joined him, the Maison Dubrocq, (a name still familiar in Bayonne) had been prepared by the Emperor, than whom, says our chronicler, no one was more particular as to etiquette, as the following letter to General Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace, will fully bear out.

Bayonne, April 30th, 1808.

Give orders that the troops shall be under arms from the town gate to the quarters of King Charles the Fourth. The Commandant of the town will receive him at the gate on his arrival. The citadel, as well as the ships which are in the river, will fire a salute of sixty guns. You will receive King Charles at the door of his house; the aide-de-camp, Reille, will act as governor of the King's palace; one of my chamberlains will also wait for the King, as well as Monsieur d'Oudenarde, equerry, who will have charge of the carriages; Monsieur Dumanoir, chamberlain, will place himself at the service of the Queen. You will present to the King and Queen those of my officers who are on duty near their Majesties. Nothing should be missing, and let them be provided for at my own expense and from my kitchen; one of my stewards and one of my cooks will be detailed for this duty. If the King has cooks, they will be able to assist mine. The governor of the King's palace will take his orders every day; there will be a piquet of cavalry and guard of honour; there will be placed at the gate two mounted cuirassiers. P.S.—The civil authorities of Bayonne will also go to the gate of the town to receive the King.

tive to the port and shipping at Bayonne, to the coasting-trade to Bordeaux and to Lisbon, and to other naval and commercial matters. As the letter is much too long for quotation I must refer such of my readers as may feel any curiosity on the subject to M. Ducéré's work.

Here again we have the man, who was then called the Ruler of the World, condescending to the veriest details which might have been entrusted to an equerry or adjutant of the day ; and yet this is the man who ten years earlier, writing to his brother Joseph from Egypt, declared himself weary of life,—*A 29 ans j'ai tout épuisé.*

Thus were these poor Spanish Royalties received with every outward mark of distinction that courtly attention could bestow, little dreaming midst the plaudits of the Bayonnais, who thronged the streets and crowded round their cumbrous old Spanish vehicles to salute them, that they were making a last royal progress from a throne towards a paltry state of pensioned prisonership in France ; or that Napoleon had, prior to their arrival, sent for the editor of the only newspaper and given him his cue in these words, with regard to Ferdinand : "He is very stupid, very vicious, and a great enemy to France. You feel that he has the habit of managing men ; his twenty-four years' experience has not, however, been able to impose upon me, and a long war would be necessary to make me recognise him as King of Spain."

After his first visit of etiquette, Napoleon cleverly described his royal guests to Josephine in these pithy words, which of course the lady's maid Mademoiselle Avrillon, heard quite by accident, as also did the valet Constant : "The King has the Bourbon type of face, and the air of a really good stamp of man ; as to the Queen, she is very ugly, and with her yellow skin she looks like a mummy. She has a false and wicked expression, and one cannot imagine any one more ridiculous, for although sixty years of age, she wears her dress *toute décolletée*, and short sleeves without gloves ; it is disgusting. Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, resembles a bull, and has some-

thing of Daru about him."¹ On the other hand the lady's maid considered the royal *protégé* a fine man, a favourable female opinion which is qualified by General Marbot, who says, "he was small of stature and of no distinction, although he lacked neither elegance nor ability." Charles of Spain, when he returned Napoleon's visit, displayed no nervousness as the Emperor met him with all ceremony at the foot of the steps of Marrac. The King descended from his lumbering old Spanish coach drawn by mules, with some trouble, for he had an ailment of the leg ; nevertheless he stood for some time receiving, and pleasantly returning, the respectful salutations of the crowd with that easy air which is born of high position and so well became this good-natured old gentlemen.

"One was struck," says our narrator, "with his commanding stature, the look of kindness imprinted on his features, and the polished manners of a man who felt himself a King wherever he was. Any one would have known him as a Bourbon and a Frenchman, in the middle of Spain." He was, however, almost as foolishly infatuated with Godoy as the Queen herself. When dining at Marrac, he at once observed and commented on the absence of the Prince of the Peace whom the Emperor had purposely excluded from the list of guests, whereupon Napoleon turned with a slightly contemptuous smile to the Prefect of the Palace, and directed Godoy to be sent for. Charles enjoyed the frequent banquets given by Napoleon, and on these occasions ate largely of everything that was offered to him, although, as Constant remarks, he had the gout. He would call out to the Queen, as each dish was approved, "Louise, take some of this,

¹ Count Daru was the Intendant of the Imperial household.

it is good," which much amused the Emperor, who had a very moderate appetite. The King took exception to vegetables, remarking that grass (*l'herbe*) was only good for beasts. He drank no wine, but had three glasses, filled with hot, tepid, and cold water, placed near him, the contents of which he mixed and drank, when at the proper temperature for his palate. In the evening the Queen's appearance was peculiar in the extreme from her extraordinary toilette; and Josephine, out of kindness and with a hope of making some little improvement, proposed to send Monsieur Duplans, her *coiffeur*, to give the Queen's attendants some lessons in hair-dressing. This was accepted, as also many necessary little gifts for the toilette, and on her Majesty's reappearance she was much improved, but hardly attractive, for that, we are told, was impossible, with her short stout figure, hard rasping voice, and badly chosen dress.

The Château de Marrac was the centre of a brilliant circle in those days; every room was occupied, and lights glittered in every window. On Josephine's arrival there was a grand illumination, the town was thronged with Spanish notables and court-officials, while dinner-parties, balls, and receptions were of nightly occurrence. The Emperor was surrounded by a brilliant staff, and court-functionaries and ladies-in-waiting attended the Empress on all occasions. Pomp and show were everywhere in the ascendant, and side by side with the downfall of a monarch gaiety reigned supreme. The beautiful park of Marrac was full of life and movement from an encampment of Imperial Guards and local guards of honour, which closely surrounded the house; for it was thought that being so near the Spanish frontier (only fourteen miles away), a sudden attempt to carry off the Emperor might be made,

in the same way as he had himself carried off the Duc d'Enghien from neutral territory but four years previously, and shamefully executed him in the ditch of Vincennes, after a mock trial at the dead of night.

To watch this camp beneath the windows of the *château* was one of the chief relaxations of the naturally light-hearted Josephine and her attendants. The camp-cooking, the duties, and the amusements of the soldiers, were all novel and interesting to her, especially the game of *drogue*, much affected by the men at that time, which consisted of balancing, while standing on one leg, a washerwoman's clothes-peg on the tip of the nose. To vary the scene, in both dress and language, soldiers of the Mameluke cavalry, which Napoleon had embodied in his guard, were not wanting. Roustan, his favourite Mameluke orderly, was there, four of whose compatriots had been chosen, four years before, to strangle the unfortunate General Pichegru in his Paris prison, which they effected in true Oriental fashion by tightening his neck-cloth with the leg of a broken chair. Consequent on the soldiers being so close to the *château*, a laughable occurrence took place one evening. There was a ball at Marrac, and the windows were thrown open to admit the cool night air, when suddenly the music ceased, and two sentinels, who were pacing their beat below, saw a beautiful young lady run out into the balcony in her ball-dress, evidently to enjoy the refreshing breeze without. She was quickly followed by an officer in the uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard, who, placing himself beside her, affectionately saluted her, when he suddenly became aware that the two sentinels, transfixed with amazement at perceiving that it was the Emperor himself, had seen the incident. "Shoulder arms!" shouted,

the Little Corporal, in a tone of instant command, "right about turn"; which was mechanically obeyed, and the two soldiers remained immovable with their backs to the balcony, looking into space, long after Napoleon had returned to the ball-room. They were so found, fixed and immovable as statues, when the relief came round an hour or two afterwards. The idea of these two soldiers of the Guard standing motionless in the night, with their backs to the *château* and gazing steadfastly at nothing, because they had been the accidental witnesses of an Emperor's indiscretion, is irresistibly comic, and savours more of *opera-bouffe* than of real life.

It was in this park that Napoleon delighted to review these same troops, and others on their way to Spain, for the amusement, and indeed instruction, of his visitors. On these occasions his face would light up, and his whole manner change into that of the born soldier in his true element; and he instilled, as if by magic, into the men before him the extraordinary personal enthusiasm and confidence which he himself felt in their presence. It is on record that at this time, when his soldiers, who disliked the war in Spain which was justly unpopular in the French army, arrived at Bayonne in a discontented condition, they would, the very day after being reviewed by him, march across the frontier to Irun singing merrily in the ranks and apparently perfectly happy. As the French put it: "His presence was by itself enough to revive courage; a single one of his words could kindle the love of glory in every heart."

How greatly have the glories of Marrac fallen from those brilliant days! The creeper-covered ruins of the *château* have lately become the hiding-place for the petty pilferings of an insignificant thief. Neverthe-

less no visitor should leave Biarritz without seeing the remains of this historical building, which originally erected by Marie-Anne, widow of Charles the Second of Spain, was occupied four years before Napoleon's arrival by the celebrated French Marshal Augerau, Duke of Castiglione, when Marbot was his aide-de-camp.

Napoleon having wrested the crown of Spain from its rightful owners, as we have seen, lost no time in despatching them to the respective residences which he had selected for them in France as prisoners of State. In less than a month after his arrival at Bayonne, Ferdinand was escorted to Valençay, and on the following day (May 12th, 1808) his unprincipled mother, King Charles, and the Prince of the Peace, left for Compiègne.

In the meantime Napoleon had peremptorily sent for his brother Joseph, who, reluctantly quitting his books and his quiet life as King of Naples with many just forebodings, reached Bayonne four weeks after the Spanish royal family had left it. The Emperor met him in great state on the road, and conducted him to Marrac with every sign of distinction likely to impress the Spanish visitors with his high estimation of their future king. Joseph spent a month in forming his court and household, receiving deputations, consulting the members of the Junta who had been brought to Bayonne to meet him, and generally making arrangements, under his brother's guidance, for taking up his arduous and unsought position as King of Spain. On July 9th Napoleon accompanied Joseph and his imposing cavalcade of guards, grandees, counsellors, and courtiers along the royal road to Spain as far as Bidart, the well known and picturesque village near Biarritz, where, five years later, the author of *THE SUBALTERN* fought with our gallant 85th Foot under

Wellington at the battles of the Nive. Here he bade adieu to Joseph, taking from his uniform the cross of the Legion of Honour which he had worn at Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland, and fastened it on to his brother's breast. The members of the Spanish Junta accompanied Joseph in three detachments, one party each day in advance, one always with him, and one bringing up the rear, while French troops, from the several garrisons on the way, met him and lined the route. So long as Joseph was near France and the Emperor, he was well received by the Spanish people; but the further he travelled from the French frontier, the less was the welcome displayed and the more his *cortège* dwindled, until July 11th, when he entered Madrid without a single Spaniard in his train except the Captain-General of Navarre. The very next day he wrote thus to Napoleon: "There were two thousand men employed in the Royal stables; all have left, and from nine o'clock yesterday I have not been able to find a single postilion. The peasants burn the wheels of their vehicles so that they cannot be used; and my servants, even those who were supposed to wish to come with me, have deserted."

But it is not my purpose to follow further the eventful fortunes of King Joseph, or of his illustrious brother, who, after visiting St. Jean-de-Luz with Josephine, where he looked into everything, and ordered many public works to be carried out, quitted Château Marrac and Bayonne on the day on which Joseph entered Madrid. The Emperor and Empress passed through Puyoo and Orthez to Pau, where, in contrast to the new King of Spain at Madrid, they were received with the utmost enthusiasm, to which the triumphal arch at the entrance to

the town bore testimony in this inscription, *Hommage de la ville de Pau à Napoleon le Grand.*

Napoleon had sent his armies into Spain with these grandiloquent words. "Soldiers! after triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube, you have passed with rapid steps through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse France. Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard¹ contaminates the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal: in terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphal eagles to the Pillars of Hercules; there also we have injuries to avenge. A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labours, but a real Frenchman could not, ought not, to rest until the seas are free and open to all." These promises were not quite fulfilled. On the contrary that despised British army, which was thought at the commencement of the campaign to be totally unfit to meet any French force, valiantly aided by the Portuguese, and with some assistance and much obstruction from the Spanish, swept the French, as every one knows, out of the Peninsula. Speaking generally of the results of Napoleon's designs against Great Britain, it may be noted in conclusion that, though his Army of England did not quarter itself in London, the English army did encamp in the Bois de Boulogne, where, as Lord Palmerston was himself a witness, the men did some damage to the beautiful trees in the Hyde-Park of Paris.

W. HILL JAMES.

¹ *Leopard* was a common expression of Napoleon's to denote the English and originated in the three leopards (now called lions) forming part of the Royal Arms of England.

A GENERATION OF VIPERS.

FOR centuries our history has, on the whole, been in the hands of writers who, unlike Dr. Johnson, were determined that "the Whig dogs should have the best of it." The statements made by the chroniclers of the winning party, the party of the Reformation and the Revolution, have become strong with the strength of scarcely disputed tradition, and are reinforced by the eloquence of Macaulay and Froude. Thus the views of men and things which were taken by Knox, Buchanan, Pitcottie, and other Protestant partisans, are still the popular views. The Catholic and national party of Scotland which, in 1543-46, inherited Freedom's battle from Wallace and Bruce, is regarded as a mere band of selfish, corrupt, and bigoted men. In contemplating the cruelty of their persecutions of the Godly, we lose sight of the character of the Godly themselves.

What manner of men, then, were the politicians of the English and Reforming party, the enemies of Cardinal Beaton, the allies of Henry the Eighth? It would not be an abuse of language to call them a Generation of Vipers, a crew of trebly-dyed traitors and turncoats. They do not, of course, appear in this light in the pages of Knox and of Mr. Froude, or in popular tradition; but it is thus that they show in authentic letters and documents. Of all the traditions those of the House of Douglas are most erroneous and misleading. They are dominated by the memory of Bruce's friend, the Good Lord James, and of the chivalrous hero who fell at Otterbourne. In

fact the House of Douglas, as a rule, was treacherous and anti-national in an extreme degree. The son of Bruce, and the representative of the Good Lord James, conspired together in an attempt to hand Scotland bodily over to Edward the Third. The treason of generations reached its climax in Sir George Douglas, the brother of that Earl of Angus who married Margaret, sister of Henry the Eighth. In this gentleman's life, in *THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY*, it is mildly observed that his countrymen accused him of bad faith. Mr. Froude represents him and his brother as persecuted men, "the most worthy subjects" whom James the Fifth possessed; Sir Walter Scott calls him "a man of spirit and talents." In truth George Douglas was the most astute, double-faced, and dangerous of paid spies and informers. He was the leading reptile among the politicians of the early Reformation in Scotland. The conduct, and policy of these men is now laid bare, in the two volumes of *HAMILTON PAPERS* and in the *STATE PAPERS*, and I propose to examine the squalid romance of Sir George Douglas, and of that "earnest professor of Christ Jesus," Crichton of Brunston.

The Douglasses had been banished from Scotland by the *coup d'état* of James the Fifth, in 1528. For fifteen years they had been the paid men of the English King, had seduced from their allegiance many of the Border clans, and had been active in the defeated raid of Haddon Rig, where George Douglas narrowly escaped capture. A great plundering

invasion of Scotland by the English followed, and James prepared for reprisals which ended in the disastrous rout of Solway Moss, and in the King's broken heart and death.

There is no more amusing contrast than that between the true facts about Solway Moss, and the fancies which Mr. Froude (in ignorance of documents to him inaccessible) borrowed from the history by John Knox. On November 24th, 1542, a great Scottish force was defeated near the Esk, was driven into morasses, lost its leaders, who were taken captive, and was robbed in its flight by the men of Liddesdale. How did this occur? "Miracle of an offended God," cries Knox, who was a good enough Scot to doubt whether his country could be so disgraced without a supernatural vengeance on the "bloody butchers," "the beastly Bishops." On this picturesque hypothesis Knox arranged his narrative. He could not know that the Scots were merely sold by their countrymen, by Sir George Douglas and others.

Coming after Knox, and necessarily ignorant of papers then concealed in Hamilton Palace, Mr. Froude followed Knox's version of an affair which the Reformer well remembered, and, as it were, laid his modern colours thickly over Knox's canvas. It might have occurred to a person of Mr. Froude's opinions that miracles do not happen, and that Knox's miraculous tale was therefore to be distrusted. But Mr. Froude did not adopt Knox's consistent theory of the direct wrath of Jehovah; he gave Knox's facts, without Knox's miraculous explanation, by which alone the story could be made credible. The result is a tale which, one feels, cannot conceivably be true, and, fortunately, can be proved not to be true. The real circumstances were simple and natural, and these circumstances I will now proceed to

explain. According to Knox, when the Scottish barons, except Thirlestane,¹ declined to invade England after the retreat of the English, early in November, 1542, James dissembled; he praised their prudence, but determined on revenge. He held a council of his clerical advisers at Holyrood, and they handed to him a scroll containing the names of noble heretics. James accepted it, and proposed that, if the clergy would find means for a raid on England, without the nobles' knowledge and consent, he would be a firm friend of the Church for ever. "There concurred Ahab and his false prophets," and it was decided that the West Borders, about Carlisle, should be attacked, while none but the clerical advisers should be privy to the plot till the very day of execution. The Cardinal and Arran were to make a simultaneous demonstration and diversion on the East Border, near Berwick probably. The King then put the scroll of proscribed heretics (including Arran) "into his own pocket, where it remained unto the day of his death and then was found."²

Mr. Froude accepts this tale, which I shall show to be nonsense. "Beaton," he writes, "drew up a list of more than a hundred earls, knights, and gentlemen, whom he represented to be heretics, and to meditate a design of selling their country to England. To cut them off would be a service to Heaven, and their estates, which would be confis-

¹ "Hence his high motto shines revealed,—
'Ready, aye ready,' for the field."

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, canto iv.

Oddly enough Scott misquotes from Lord Napier's charter, granting "the tressured fleur-de-luce," the date of July 27th, 1532; the year was 1542, and the month November. The charter exists only in a later copy, and has been matter of dispute among antiquaries.

² KNOX'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND, i., 82-4.

cated, would replenish the deficiencies in the treasury. . . . The secret was scrupulously guarded. Letters were circulated privately among such of the nobles as were of undoubted orthodoxy. . . . The order was to meet the King at Lochmaben on the night of the 24th November [a wrong date]. No details were given of the intended enterprise. A miscellaneous host was summoned to assemble, without concert, without organisation, without an object ascertained. . . . Ten thousand men gathered in the darkness under this wild invitation."¹

No wonder they were defeated! As Knox has it, "The multitude knew not anything of the purpose till after midnight, when that the trumpet blew." But none, or very little, of this is true. The multitude, of course, is not usually told of strategic intentions, but the object of the raid was no secret. The English had received full and accurate intelligence, and had made deliberate preparations. Indeed the whole legend is false on the face of it. Knox and Mr. Froude represent the clerical council, with Beaton, and nobles of undoubted orthodoxy, as alone in the secret. Yet, according to Knox, Arran, one of the proscribed, was to co-operate with Beaton on the East Marches. Again, Cassilis and Glencairn (both on the scroll) were informed, for both fought at Solway Moss, and both were captured, as Knox and all historians agree in reporting.

Now the only contemporary account of the famous scroll of proscribed heretics was imparted, in 1543, by Arran to Sadler, the English ambassador.² Arran told his preposterous fable for a purpose. He wanted to prove to Sadler that *he* would not be

the man to liberate the Cardinal, then in prison, and the proof was that, if he did, he would again be "in danger of the fire" for his religion! According to Arran, his own name headed the list of proscribed (if they were proscribed, but Sadler only says "accused of heresy") and was followed by the names of Glencairn, Cassilis, and three hundred and sixty other gentlemen. Not even James could have ventured on such a sweeping *coup d'état*. But, granting the fable of the scroll, by Knox's own admission the clerical secret of the raid was entrusted to the chiefs of the heretics, Arran, Glencairn, and Cassilis. This destroys the whole theory of a Catholic and orthodox secrecy, which James was to pay for by the death of the heretics who were not admitted to the scheme. Both Mr. Froude and Knox knew that Arran, Cassilis, and Glencairn were acquainted with the raid, and took part in it, or in the diversion on the East Marches. But this did not at all prevent Knox and Mr. Froude from making the inconsistent statements about the careful guarding of the royal and clerical secret.

Mr. Froude next describes the military events. "The arrangement had been laid skilfully, so far as effecting a surprise. The November night covered the advance, *and no hint of the approach of the Scots preceded them*. They were across the Esk before day-break, and the Cumberland farmers, waking from their sleep, saw the line of their cornstacks smoking from Longtown to the Roman Wall [really from Esk mouth to Oakshaw hill.] The garrison of Carlisle, ignorant of the force of the invaders, dared not, for the first hours of the morning, leave the walls of the city, and there was no other available force in readiness. . . . There were no men-at-arms at hand; but the farmers and their farm servants had but to snatch their arms

¹ Froude's *HISTORY OF ENGLAND*, iv., 187.

² SADLER PAPERS, i., 94.

and spring into their saddles, and they become at once 'the Northern Horse,' famed as the finest light cavalry in the known world. As the day grew on they gathered in tens and twenties. By the afternoon Sir Thomas Wharton, Lord Dacre, and Lord Musgrave [Sir William is meant] had collected three or four hundred." The Scots were disorganised and without a leader; Oliver Sinclair was proclaimed general, whereat "every common clan follower felt himself and his kindred insulted;" the dusk fell, a cry that Norfolk was on them arose, and in the darkness ten thousand Scots blundered into Solway Moss; "the tide," writes Mr. Froude, "was flowing up the Solway," but surely the tide does not reach Longtown.

Thus three or four hundred farmers, though taken by surprise, routed ten thousand Scots. There was the miracle; this is what Knox understood. If these things occurred thus (which they did not) the miracle was conspicuous. "To the improvident people [the Cumberland farmers]," says Knox, "it was more than a wonder, that such a multitude could have been assembled and convoyed, no knowledge thereof coming to any of their Wardens." But the Wardens knew all about it. "Whosoever has the least spunk of the knowledge of God, may as evidently see the work of his hand in this discomfiture as ever was seen in any of the battles left to us in register by the Holy Ghost." As a miracle the affair of Benhadad was a trifle to Solway Moss. "Very few more than three hundred men, without knowledge of any back or battle to follow, put to flight ten thousand men, without resistance made. . . . Such as . . . beholds not the hand of God, fighting against pride for freedom of his own little flock, unjustly persecuted, does willingly and maliciously obscure the glory of God."¹

¹ Knox, i., 88-9. The Spanish ambassador

Now let us see, from a letter of Sir George Douglas, that evangelical patron of George Wishart, what really occurred. The miracle is that the English, unwarned and unprepared, routed a Scottish army with a handful of hinds and farmers. The truth is that George Douglas, writing from Berwick after midnight on November 20th, gave the English Warden full notice of the secret scheme of invasion. He confesses this in a letter to his worthy brother Angus. A spy of his had sent in a woman with intelligence, and her news destroys for ever Knox's fable about a guilty secret between James and his bishops, and a raid furnished by the clergy and orthodox alone, for the reward of three hundred and sixty heretical heads. The raid was clearly no mystery; according to the woman it had been "Proclaimed upon Friday in Edinburgh [Douglas wrote on the following Monday] . . . that *all* gentlemen with their households should meet the King this day in Lauder, and in likewise proclaimed that the poor men should bring their horses to draw the King's ordinance. . . . I made the Captain [of Berwick] to write this news to my Lord Warden."¹ Douglas then announced his intention of sending in news as it reached him, "as knoweth our Lord God," and, to be brief, England was fully warned, beacons blazed, all the Western Border was gathered, Musgraves, Dacres, Scropes, Crackanthorpes, Lowthers, and Sal-kelds. Thus a well handled English force, of from three to four thousand men, catching a larger body of half-hearted and ill-marshalled raiders in retreat, drove them into a place where they could not deploy, and Solway Moss was lost and won.

George Douglas returned to Scotland, puts the numbers of the English at four thousand.

¹ HAMILTON PAPERS, i., lxxiii.

land, preceding his brother Angus, after the death of James. At this point the most singular of his treacheries was practised in regard to Cardinal Beaton. Though Beaton had failed to be appointed to the Regency, and was, at first, on ill terms with the Regent Arran, yet Arran had made him Chancellor of Scotland, dismissing the Archbishop of Glasgow.¹ He kept, of course, his place in the Council. This promotion of Beaton by Arran is obviously inconsistent with Arran's later tale of Beaton's forgery of the late King's will. Even Arran could scarcely detect a man in a forgery, and, within a fortnight, depose the Archbishop of Glasgow to make room for the forger as Chancellor.

Even before Angus joined Sir George Douglas in Scotland, that worthy announced his hope "to have the Cardinal by the back within this ten or twelve days."² The two men had met; the Cardinal had professed friendship, and then had tried to undermine Sir George in Arran's opinion, which circumstance Arran confided to Douglas. They would "pluck the Cardinal from his pomp," and send him to Henry. Meanwhile the victim was dining peacefully with Sir George, "at Andrew Otterburn's house in Edinburgh."³ By January 28th Lisle announced to Suffolk that the Cardinal had been arrested at the Council-board. Sir George Douglas had sent the news, adding that the captive was to be taken to Dalkeith, a stronghold of the Douglasses. He was really placed in charge of Lord Seton at Blackness, and the vague reason given for his imprisonment was that they had got "matter" against

him. In truth no evidence was ever produced, and the Cardinal was merely the victim of George Douglas, working as a servant of the English King. The clergy and Commons petitioned Parliament for the Cardinal's release, unless he were proved guilty of treason against the Crown, which never was proved. He was next allowed to return to his own Castle of St. Andrews, Douglas vowing to Sadler, the English ambassador, that the purpose was, first to get easy access to the Castle with its treasures, and then to drag Beaton off to Tantallon or Dunbar. "It is the most ready way that can be devised both to lose the Castle of St. Andrews and him with it," as the Privy Council wrote to Sadler. This, indeed, was precisely what occurred, and was intended to occur. The Cardinal, the dreaded enemy of Henry, was now a free man in his own place of arms.

How was this managed? Sir George Douglas swore to Sadler that Huntly had secured a warrant from Arran for Beaton's release, but that with his own hands he had torn up the document. Arran, for his part, declared solemnly that he was guiltless of letting the Cardinal go free; for was he not now in danger of the fire, as a heretic? The fact appears to be that Douglas had first outmanœuvred and arrested Beaton, without any real evidence against him, in the interests of England; and had then sold back his freedom to the Cardinal, in the interests of himself. "How George Douglas hath handled that matter, himself best knoweth" as Henry wrote to Sadler.

Probably the truth about the Cardinal's escape was told later by Sandy Pringle, a Scot, and a spy of Parr's: "The said Sandy says the Cardinal told him that the fifth day after he was committed to ward [about February 1st, 1543], he gave to George

¹ This appears from Douglas's own statement to Lisle, reported in Lemon's collection of State Papers, February, 1543.

² Lisle to Henry the Eighth, January 21st, 1543; HAMILTON PAPERS, i., 391.

³ HAMILTON PAPERS, i., 389, 399.

Douglas four hundred crowns." Sir George regularly received his wages from England, but he was not averse to turning an honest penny by betraying his English employers. On getting the four hundred crowns he allowed the Cardinal to be placed, not in the strong house of Dalkeith, but in Lord Seton's hands at Blackness. He then agreed with Seton to let the Cardinal go free to St. Andrews, on terms involving certain profitable marriages. The Cardinal gave his bond not to leave St. Andrews without Arran's permission; "And thereupon George Douglas and the Laird of Grange rode to St. Andrews and released him from that bond." So the Cardinal had laid out his four hundred crowns to profit. The Laird of Grange, a great favourite of John Knox, was soon in the conspiracy to murder the Cardinal, whom he had just helped to deliver, and by whose side he rode.¹

Leaving Sir George Douglas to go on betraying alternately his country and his English employers, we may glance at a very dubious transaction of his friend, the pious Laird of Grange. The evidence here is that of Crichton of Brunston, a patron of George Wishart the Martyr, and perhaps the basest scoundrel of his time. Brunston Castle, which this miscreant had built, or re-built, is now a mere shell of a keep on the Esk, above Penicuik, and is no longer a possession of the Crichtons. The Laird, before Solway Moss, was himself a creature of the Cardinal's; he had not then found grace, it would seem, or become an "earnest professor." Just after Solway Moss, on December 12th, 1542, Lisle wrote to Henry that Brunston had returned from a mission to France, "and brought from thence little comfort."

¹ Parr to Suffolk, September 13th, 1543; HAMILTON PAPERS, ii., 40

When Arran became Regent, and the Cardinal lay in prison, Brunston shifted sides, and was much in Arran's confidence, and an ally of Sir George Douglas. He was accredited by Arran to Henry on August 31st, 1543. The moment was critical, as Arran had just proclaimed Beaton for a traitor. Brunston was in England when, a day or two later, Arran suddenly deserted the English and went over to the national party and to Beaton. Brunston probably sold himself in England, for, on his return to Scotland, he became Sadler's man and the most zealous of his spies. Yet he was still on confidential terms with the Cardinal and with Arran;¹ what he hears from them he promptly betrays to Sadler, or direct to Henry himself. On November 25th, 1543, he sent a singular piece of news. Arran and Beaton had gone to the north of Tay, to punish, or win over, certain lords, such as Gray and Ogilvy, who had been sacking monasteries, and otherwise showing attachment to the cause of Protestantism and England. These Lords would not meet Arran if he had the Cardinal in his company. "The Cardinal, seeing this," says Brunston, "in the meantime laboured so by rewards and other false means that he dressed the most part of the gentlemen that was with the Lord Gray, in company, to his purpose, and thereafter caused the Governor [Arran] to appoint a new tryst." Gray, with his friends and servants, knew nothing of the Cardinal's practice, and thought that they were strong enough for Arran and his men. They therefore agreed to meet Arran, but only in the fields, "where they, thinking to have the most part of their will, and to have done the King [Henry] service acceptable, were falsely betrayed."

¹ HAMILTON PAPERS, ii., 161-2.

Brunston clearly means that Gray and his friends, not knowing of the split in their party, hoped to do service acceptable to Henry by seizing Arran, or Beaton, or both, at the tryst. These services Henry was constantly demanding from his Scottish pensioners. But the Cardinal had bribed Gray's followers, according to Brunston, so Gray, the Earl of Rothes, and Balnevis, instead of trepanning Arran or Beaton, were captured themselves. It is not easy to be certain what part was played in this game by the godly Laird of Grange. Brunston does not name him; Knox speaks as if he was in the Cardinal's party, "knowing nothing of treason," and was sent from that party to remonstrate with Gray.¹ Was Grange bought by Beaton, or anxious to trap Beaton, or only, most inconsistently for an earnest professor, a member of Beaton's party for the time? At all events, in some six months Grange was intriguing with Brunston for the murder of the Cardinal. Grange, in fact, was very versatile. In November, 1543, he was with Arran and the Cardinal, according to Knox, in their expedition against Gray and Rothes. In April, 1544, he was deep in Brunston's murder-scheme. In November, 1544, he was at the Parliament held by Arran and the Cardinal as against the Douglasses and the partisans of Henry. In May, 1546, he was allied with the Cardinal's murderers. For a staunch Protestant, Grange was not a very "close walker."

Brunston, in his letter of November 25th, 1543, recommended to Henry some useful men, such as John Charteris, (a murderer²), and the Laird of Calder in Mid Lothian. "Divers other barons and gentlemen, my neigh-

bours," Brunston had also won over to the English side. The Lothian lairds, who, as Knox says, were "earnest professors of Christ Jesus," were led by Calder and Brunston, who, with one Wishart, were engaged in a plot to murder Beaton in the spring of 1544. Grange, the Master of Rothes, Charteris, and others active in the same famous conspiracy, were offered £1,000 by the English Privy Council for their services.¹ This was late in April, 1544, but, early in May, Brunston and certain lairds of Lothian, all earnest professors, were in arms with the Cardinal against the invading English.² Brunston and his neighbours must evidently have kept on good terms with the man whom they meant to assassinate.

Then a pleasant thing happened. Brunston sneaked out of Edinburgh, to communicate with Hertford, the English general, "but one of the watch, having espied him, shot an arrow at him, and hurt him in the thigh, so that he was fain to return for fear of his life." Back he limped next day, with offers from his friends, the godly of Lothian, advising Hertford to seize and garrison Edinburgh. He next appears as a spy on Sir George Douglas himself, or at least as reporting his movements when the English wanted to kidnap him, and in a fortnight we find him acting as Sir George's emissary to Henry. By the end of 1544 Brunston had received a cypher for his traitorous correspondence. He shirked the battle of Ancrum Moor, in which the English were defeated, by adroitly falling from his horse and hurting his arm. In the autumn of 1545 Brunston and Lord Cassilis were using the same cypher in a new plot for murdering the Cardinal. Brunston and Sadler alike discussed the selling of the Scot-

¹ Knox, i., 115.

² That is, if he is the murderer "John Charterhouse."

¹ STATE PAPERS, v., 377, 378.

² HAMILTON PAPERS, ii., 363.

tish daggers for this purpose in the jargon of Puritanism, "the *patois* of Canaan." Lord Cassilis was a devout patron on whom George Wishart much relied, to his ruin. The Earl had recently carried evangelical principles to the length of laying hands on the Abbot of Glenluce, and seizing the abbey. As Cassilis was not only a murderer in intention, but was as treacherous as the rest of his party, and a robber of the Church, the motives of his Protestant zeal are easily discerned. It was Wishart's misfortune to be mixed up with Cassilis, Brunston, Calder, Ormiston, and that group of the devout in general, and patronised by Sir George Douglas. The godly party presently slew the Cardinal, in whose Parliament several of them had lately sat, but the suspicious absence of letters at this date prevents us from knowing whether Brunston had a finger in, and was paid for, this "acceptable service to God" and to Henry.

In August, 1548, Brunston, "with a trusty stomach outwardly," was advising Somerset to invade Scotland. Yet he appears to have been in trust and favour with the party which was resisting England.¹ Surely no man ever ran with the hare and followed with the hounds more skillfully than the Laird of Brunston. Thus in 1545 (November 8th), Arran was paying him £44 for his services to Scotland, while he was actually negotiating with Sadler for Beaton's assassination. He was one of three pious men who, according to Knox, sheltered George Wishart the Martyr; another of the three was Ormiston, also a persistent traitor to his country. Knox writes, of the year 1548, "God did plague in every quarter, but men were blind, and would not, or could not, discover the cause." So blind

were men that "the Laïrds Ormiston and Brunston were banished, and afterwards forfeited," no doubt a cause of plague from a Protestant Providence. Brunston must have been dead by December, 1558, when he is described as "the late Alexander Creichton," and his son is restored in his estates.

George Douglas went over in appearance at least to the Scottish national party, while still intriguing with England; but the English, outwitting him, seized his castle of Dalkeith. Brunston also till he was banished, still played his double game, as did Ormiston. Such men as these, with Grange, Calder, Charteris, and the rest of the crew, were the singularly blessed instruments of the early Reformation in Scotland. As to Douglas, Knox mentions that, just before Beaton was murdered by Norman Leslie and the Kirkcaldys, the Douglasses were believed themselves to have planned his death, but it failed. Nevertheless, when the other good men did slay Beaton, and were holding out in his castle of St. Andrews,—a band of earnest professors—"the Earl of Angus and George his brother were the first that voted that the Castle of St. Andrews should be besieged." This seems inconsistent walking to Knox, but first, the Douglasses wanted the Cardinal's abbey of Arbroath, and next, the would-be murderers were jealous, no doubt, of the successful assassins, who must have secured the Cardinal's treasure with his castle.

One is naturally anxious to know whether this gang of miscreants had really any religion at all. Knox tells us that Sir George Douglas, after hearing a sermon of Wishart's cried, "I will not only maintain the doctrine but also the person of the teacher to the uttermost of my power;" of course he did not keep his promise. Ormiston, Calder, and Brunston

¹ HAMILTON PAPERS, ii., 619.

listened to Wishart's "comfortable purpose of the death of God's chosen children," and joined with him in singing the fifty-first Psalm, on the night of his capture. The son of Ormiston was carefully "exercised" in a catechism by Knox, and in the Gospel of St. John, at the Castle of St. Andrews, among the murderers of the Cardinal. The worthy Laird of Grange and Norman Leslie, when prisoners in France, refused to be present at the Mass, as a thing "against their conscience." The mild

Erskine of Dun had distinguished himself by slaying a priest. The consciences of these professors were oddly framed, and the politicians of the Scottish Reformation (as distinct from sufferers for doctrine, like Patrick Hamilton,) do certainly present a singular problem to the psychologist and the student of morals. With such men had that "bloody wolf," Cardinal Beaton, to do, which may prove that he might blamelessly have been bloodier.

ANDREW LANG.

THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

JOURNEYING not long since, as a third-class passenger from Corunna towards Madrid, I had for fellow-travellers six Spanish soldiers invalided from Cuba, a very remarkable Asturian peasant in a black jacket and knee-breeches, the gloom of which was extraordinarily balanced by a blue satin waistcoat with large gilt buttons, and a young girl, a friend of the Asturian. For hours I was preoccupied by the latter; he had such a strong quaint face and so rare a nose. He and the girl (a modest creature, with the beautiful pensive eyes one distrusts so abominably after one's first bull-fight) took it by turns to sleep. Her little head would nestle for an hour on his capacious shoulder and her mouse-like noises (no one could call it snoring) soothed the rest of us. But anon he would shake her off and lay his coarse cheek by hers, as if to make it plain to the world with what a gross proboscis his parents had sent him forth into a world that is not as a rule courteous towards eccentricity.

So it went on throughout the night. The soldiers chattered of their wounds, their aches and pains, and of "accursed Cuba." They were not discreetly clothed, the blue cotton jackets of Havana by no means keeping them fitly warm in the cold morning hours of the exalted province of Leon. But,—and this was the trait in them, after their politeness, that most prepossessed me in their favour—each of the six carried a clean pocket-handkerchief, and indeed seemed as refined in his ways as a nobleman.

Froissart found the Spaniards "envious, haughty, and uncleanly;"

but then he found the English "vain boasters, contemptuous, and cruel," and the Scots "perfidious and ungrateful." It is not for us therefore to cast the stone and say that Alphonso the Thirteenth's people are still precisely what they were in the fifteenth century.

And yet some of Spain's villages, to say nothing of the towns, are matchless in their combination of certain modern improvements and a magnificently audacious tolerance of the decrepit and the filthy. The electric light has established itself in many a place where a large proportion of the houses would be condemned as unsafe by the inspector of an English borough, and in which to pass from the door of your inn (such an inn!) to the rough middle of the street, you are compelled either to wade through a black stinking sewer, or to jump it. Likely as not too, you may see half a dozen sallow little boys and girls (Spain's hope for 1920), sitting on the banks of the sewer, with their bare toes dabbling in its ooze. The broad-hatted parish priest in the cool of the evening promenades this same street, uncovering his head to and smiling at such of his flock as show him the like respect. He is the epitome of the locality's culture, and he inhales the peculiar air as if it were a sea-breeze.

This, however, is nothing. If you want to see a very rousing spectacle, you should journey to the country town of Puebla de Sanabria, among the mountains of the Vierzo. The town is far from a railway, but it is the capital of a district and occupies an

impressive situation on a rock in the midst of the narrow valley. When Señor Sagasta gives a banquet, he sends to the neighbourhood of this town for trout. Otherwise, it has now no national celebrity; its glorious old castle at the summit of the rock is barred up and left to decay at leisure. But it is the pigs that give Puebla de Sanabria its individuality. The town's main street terraces upwards, a thoroughfare of supreme unevenness, and from the valley to the castle door you meet placid recumbent pigs almost at every yard. They lie about like the cats in the Lisbon streets, and no one interferes. They sit on their hams at the thresholds of the houses and, when the whim seizes them, stroll into the dwellings, with curious little spasmodic twistings of the tail. They even climb the stairs like the two-legged inmates and, again when urged by the whim, take the air on the agreeable old balconies above. Thence, from amid hanging creepers and household crockery, their long slate-blue snouts peer down upon the passer-by with a critical air that is curiously offensive. This, mind you, not in a poor little hamlet like those of Connemara, but in the chief street of a district capital of Spain, with an assuming town-hall close to the swine. And yet no one cares. The air here, which ought to be as sweet and fresh as that of Skiddaw's top, reeks with ordure. In other Spanish hamlets one has to say "By your leave" to the bronzed porkers and tinkling goats which block the thoroughfares; but in Puebla de Sanabria the pigs resent the hint that they are in the way. It is you who intrude; their grunts, ranging from complaint to challenge, tell you that quite unmistakably if you attempt to stir them either with your boot or your walking-stick.

The old church of this town has for

pillars at its portal four life-sized granite figures, two being mailed crusaders and two interpretable at a venture as ecclesiastics. Without wishing to be rude to Spain in the present, one may affirm that when these effigies were worked into their place, Puebla de Sanabria was a sweeter town than it is now. The local baron of those days was bound to be a more efficient administrator than the local subordinate rulers of these days.

It is in such slumberous, foul, human hives of Spain that they still go to the expense of clean glazed tiles for the labelling of their public edifices. A church is thus ticketed *Church*, the cathedral *Cathedral*, the town-hall *Town-Hall*, and so on. There would be a certain amount of sense in putting a ribbon across the back of the mayor for the year, with the word *Alcalde* upon it; but that is not done. If there is a public clock in the place, it is short of a hand, or of the weights, or it insults everyone by lying systematically day after day and month after month. There is no apparent energy in the town save at the fountains, and that is woman's gossip. The men share the shade with the more hot-headed of the pigs and smoke cigarettes in silence.

Such in a measure is Provincial Spain. The lottery, the approaching saint's day, the bull-fight of the next Sunday in the nearest town, and of late years the most recent list of recruits for Cuba,—these are the absorbing topics of the place and the hour. And the provincial Press reflects the tone thus created. These poor little flimsy sheets exist penuriously on advertisements of English sewing-machines, English hair-lotion, and English pills. They are ostentatiously free from enlightenment; it is as if they were subject to a censorship which forbade them to be aught but dull and trivial.

And yet the curious thing is that the farther you get in the Peninsula from Spain's elevated capital, the better as a rule are the roads and the more cheerful the tokens of national prosperity. San Sebastian, which is well nigh in France, is characteristically Spanish only in the small relic of its older parts. Its tall red and white houses in regular streets and avenues breathe of opulence and perfect cleanliness. To be sure, this is the Brighton of Spain, and no doubt the fact that the Court loves it and that the little King rides his bicycle along its well-kept roads stimulates the town's authorities. But also it is much frequented by foreigners, who may, without extreme presumption, be supposed to bring with them a few irresistible civilising influences.

And as of San Sebastian, so of Cadiz, Corunna, and Barcelona; they are all far from Madrid and life pulses in them gaily. The thoroughbred Castilian, if a Spaniard first of all, would scorn to ascribe their high spirits to the zest aroused in them by mere trade; but it must be confessed that it is just in these commercial towns, where the yoke of Catholicism lies lightest upon the necks of the people, that the lament about the nation's backwardness as a whole is loudest. It seems a monstrous thing that their progress should indicate only the more emphatically the obstinate immobility or the regular decline of the bulk of the Peninsula.

The approaches to the capital are sentinelled by such famous dead cities as Burgos, Zamora, Salamanca, Toledo and the like. One and all, these make the sensitive traveller shiver as he gropes among the ruins and the damp unnecessary (because deserted) churches which take up most of the space within their walls. Of course it is excellently picturesque, —this association of castellated walls,

open drains, mouldering church towers, Moorish houses and flower-decked heaps of rubbish. But after a time one has a surfeit of mere sentiment and would fain (almost) cover these desolate areas with rows of houses and tall-chimneyed factories, and animate them with a throng of factory-hands. This would at any rate show the industrial spirit, without which no nation may nowadays be great. And Barcelona gives us a brave example of a city which can be busy without being as ugly and murderous to enthusiasms as so many of our own manufacturing towns.

Also round about Spain's capital are those tell-tale palaces of the Escorial, La Granja, and Aranjuez. What they have meant for Spain, only Spain knows. Even in the time of Philip the Second, when gold was still pouring into the country by the shipload, the people grumbled at the extravagance of that sinister monarch in raising a palace just where no one else would have thought of building one, with a cost proportionate to the strangeness of the site. A century later Philip the Fifth did the same thing at La Granja. Millions sterling were spent in removing rocks and laying out gardens, again at the people's expense. The holiday folk who on saints' days exclaim with admiration amid the fountains and rose-trees of Aranjuez do not of course trouble to think how badly Spain's kings in the past have used them. But to the stranger the truth becomes very intimate after a time. The deadliest part of the wrong lies in the chain set upon the nation by its religious guides. These condemned enterprise and activity of thought as sins: orthodoxy and submission were the only virtues; and so poor Spain, prone to grow perforce with the growth of the rest of Europe, has been dosed with narcotics and kept

stunted, and to this day is in the main medieval in its aspirations and its pride. One reads still on the church-doors many such appeals to the weaker parts of human nature as this, with coarse woodcuts of flame-environed sinners above the money-box for which the appeal is made: *There is no comparison between the torments of this life and the deep agony endured in the mansion of Purgatory. Therefore, mortals, appease the Supreme Judge.*

At Burgos I chanced to see a commonplace burial in the cemetery with an affecting and significant sequel. The dead man, in his black and yellow box, was pressed with some constraint into the trench prepared for him, and lay sloping so that the head was less than a foot below the level of the ground. There were two mourners, both men, and one, after a distressed remark about the grave's shallowness, collapsed into tears on the shoulder of his companion. The grave-digger shrugged and observed that it was not his fault; there were others below; he dared dig no deeper. This said, he began to shovel vigorously at the heap of soil, bones, and scraps of clothing which were to form the deceased's last terrestrial covering. But now, of a sudden, a bystander interfered with passionate eagerness. It was abominable, such carelessness, such disregard for the tenderest feelings of the human heart, such official coldness and so forth. The grave-digger dropped his cigarette, leaned on his spade-handle, and stared. The mourners also seemed surprised. But, with a shrug on his part also, this amiable champion of the lowly now with equal suddenness apologised for his heat. "It does not matter after all, my friend," he said to the more tearful of the mourners. "You lie quiet with the same ease here, like

this [pointing to the tilted coffin] and like that." The *that* was a mortuary chapel with Gothic pinnacles, door of iron and stained glass, and with a neat altar and a carpeted praying-chair inside. Then the amiable bystander went his way, and the grave-digger turned again to his spade. It was a very conventional revolt against the hardness of circumstances, ending abruptly in the conventional murmur of *Paciencia!*

So in Segovia, in one of its climbing alleys, I was one day admiring the shaven buttocks of an ass upon which a variety of careful patterns had been wrought, either by singeing or with a knife. It must have been a most laborious business to turn the ass's hind-quarters into such a work of art,—a lace-like device resembling some of the fascinating sculpture of the beautiful tawny cathedral towers. But from a passage now came forth the ass's owner. Down went the poor brute's ears in painful expectation, and the biped swung a bludgeon upon the embroidery. It was blow, blow upon this pretty pattern all up the alley, until the pair were out of sight.

Remembering this and much else, I could not dissent from the statement of a reasonable native of Talavera with whom I talked at dinner in the railway-station of that ancient and mildewed town. I had just ridden through miles of cork-forests blue with flowers, and was almost drunk on the natural beauty of the land. "Sir," said this gentleman, as he fingered the unripe peaches in a dish, "we are not a practical nation. I am sorry to confess it, but it is the truth. And we must suffer the consequences."

Nevertheless, I had only a little while before paused in the midst of Talavera's broken towers and walls crumbling to the Tagus, and looked

long at a massive church of considerable architectural interest, with the bells plain in its belfry and the cross on its steeple. But, coming nearer, I found that the church was now ticketed *Fabrica de Cerillas*; that it was in short a factory of those infamous small wax vestas the lighted heads of which fall into the striker's hands or on his clothing as if they were meant to do so. For one penny the law gives you precisely fifty of these cunning vestas, which are a government monopoly. Not a practical people, forsooth!

Moreover, at this same railway station of Talavera, the government official who issued the tickets passed me a bad dollar among my change. That too was a very practical proceeding indeed. The notorious politician Gonzalez Bravo, in apology for his profligate irresponsibility as a statesman, remarked, "Is it not absurd to be always the same?" One must excuse something to a people who can so readily justify themselves to themselves, and who, more than any European people, have played both high and low parts in the dramas of the Continent.

Froissart, in his estimate of the Spaniards, says nothing about their integrity, or their lack of it. The aforesaid incident of the bad dollar recurs to mind. It was neither the first nor the last thing of the kind I received from government servants in the course of a six weeks' tour in the country. For this pleasing little trait, the nation at large must not be blamed. From all accounts, the disease of peculation still has its centre amid the more considerable personages of the country. This disastrous cancer has not quite killed Spain, but it has been long trying to deprive it of all credit in the esteem of the bulk of Europe.

When gentlemen who wear ermine and scarlet and hold State portfolios

do not mind sacrificing their honour and the nation to their own pockets, one can hardly blame the lower orders for not being quite straight. Spain's people are, however, and seem at all times to have been, more respectable than their rulers. There is not that mean pilfering of the stranger here that there is in many parts of Italy. Count Beust, when Austrian Ambassador in England, was much taken with a simple epitaph in one of our country churchyards which declared that the deceased was "as honest as was consistent with his human nature." Upon the whole, Spain is rather more honest than one would expect from its circumstances.

Thrice only, apart from the governmental bad dollars, did I in the course of my jaunt through the land have any reason to complain of my treatment in this respect. Once was at Vigo, where in spite of the local municipal placard in the hotel specifying the hotel's charges, I was offered an objectionable bill. This was soon put right. I pointed to the placard and, with a smile, they agreed that there was a mistake. The Alcalde himself would have paid the revised bill without a murmur.

The second time was at a country town. Here I bargained with a cultured cobbler that he should take and send to me certain photographs of his native place. He accepted my *pesetas* and my address, and mentioned a saint or two as guarantee of his determination to fulfil his part of the contract. But he has not kept his promise, and he declines to correspond on the subject.

The third occasion was more trivial still. I was riding in the Gredos Sierras with a delightful guide, who abounded in paradoxes and mirth, and loved wine. Sancho helped himself to my special little comforts, including my more expensive cigars.

There were other cigars bought on purpose for him. These he took pleasure in presenting to humble persons or individuals with whom he fraternised for five or ten minutes at village inns. Furthermore, he told the dame at one inn to charge me the same for his bedroom, which was the stable, as for mine, which was the attic; he would be passing that way again some time. He may even have been more iniquitous still; but he made amends for all by terming me *caballero perfecto* to my face in his various gossipings with others, and by laughing with me when I exposed sundry of his indiscretions.

The country which irritates the stranger in his pocket no more than this is not radically depraved. If Spain defaults in her exterior national debts, it is not the Spanish people proper who are to blame, but they who have had the pleasure of spending the money represented by this debt and who are responsible for the honest administration and development of the country.

As touching the haughtiness of the Spaniards, much might be said. Reserve seems a more gracious word for the quality. Lady Burton said of her husband, the late Sir Richard, of remarkable memory, that he was "so beautifully reserved." Thoreau, Emerson, and many another good man, has lauded this same quality, which the average Spaniard, not town-bred, certainly possesses in an unusual measure. He does not cheapen himself by indiscriminate familiarity. It is not given to all people to be hail-fellow-well-met with the rest of the world, and it is not thus given to the Spaniard. And, candidly, this deficiency suits him and is a recommendation of him rather than otherwise.

There is moreover a good deal of shyness in this much-descried Spanish pride. "We Spaniards," said to me

an estimable provincial gentleman at Pontevedra the beautiful, "are afraid of trying to talk any other tongue than our own, for fear of committing a *tonteria* (seeming foolish)." This same gentleman lost himself in superlatives in praise of the adventurousness and perseverance of the English. He made it appear that he thought it condescension in Englishmen travelling in Spain to trouble to speak Spanish. He may have been serious, or merely a prey to the rashness of a shy man whose tongue has run away with him; in either case he showed the breeding of a gentleman.

But to the Spaniard it would seem very odd that an Englishman above all should mention Spanish haughtiness as if it were a demerit. He forms in fact just the estimate of us that we have of him. "You must have everything in order, and you are so cold in your manners," was a remark in the mouth of a Castilian that rather amused me. The poker might almost as well taunt the tongs with stiffness.

The remark was made as the pair of us sat on the low wall round a famous conventual church, the architecture of which we were supposed to be studying. The sky was one unclouded blue above the yellow building. Three little acolytes, with white laced surplices over their greasy scarlet gowns, were playing kick-the-stone on the pavement by the church-porch, and at least twenty of the lame, diseased, and blind (a harrowing company) sat like ourselves on this low wall and watched the little choir-boys placidly. In the porch itself two inoffensive persons were eating cherries, adding to the many hundreds of cherry-stones already on the pavement. A large rosy-faced priest passed towards the church from the road, through the decrepit company upon whom he smiled complacently.

He did not disturb the scarlet acolytes, but he cracked a few more cherry-stones with his broad feet cased in thick buckled shoes, nor did he seem to notice their presence as anything out of the common. Then two men passed us carrying on their heads a blue coffin with gilt paper trimmings to its edges. About a yard of the trimming had got detached and fluttered in the breeze; the men smoked cigarettes while they trotted on with the coffin.

It was altogether a somewhat confused little vignette of life in Spain thus visible from this convent wall. But how much the more natural for its confusion! My companion was right. Relatively, we have, in England, a diabolical love of order. What in the world for example would British choir-boys have done if they had been thus caught at sacrilege by their High Church vicar!

There is scope for large treatment of the subject of character moulded, or at least restrained, by climate, as illustrated in our friends the Spaniards. We Britons, in considering these children of the hot South, do not sufficiently appreciate this influence. The sun saps their energies, while ministering to certain of the more unprofitable of their passions. Hence they have never, since civilisation came to the land, known anything of that superior sense of freewill and personal potentiality the lack of which keeps them a dwarfed and somewhat pitiable people in the opinion of many Northerners. Italy has tasted the delirious joys of independence, of freedom from the shackles of a millennium, but Spain not yet. Perhaps, however, the

majority of us others, if we lived always under Spain's blue skies, would become as limp, listless, and resigned to the control (good or bad) of the more vigorous few, and as indifferent to what we reckon the great material aims of existence, as the most typical of Spaniards.

Civilisation does not seem to suit Spain. Only here and there about the country has it taken any root, and even then the effect is somewhat theatrical. This is fine for the mere tourist, who cries out for contrasts and fillips to his own precious self-esteem; but it is unfortunate for Spain, compelled to live either at peace or discord with the other nations of the world. Meanwhile, it is well that there is so much good old-fashioned muscle and bone and virtue in Spain's various provinces. No one can doubt that the Spanish stock, as seen in her peasants, is among the best of its kind anywhere. The tawny gay fellows on muleback who sing along the road; the garrulous, if not over clean, village inn-keeper, his wife, sons, sons' wives and children's children, among whom, a vast genial gathering, the stranger may, if he will, eat a good salad and drink wine in the most picturesque of kitchen interiors, perhaps to the tinkle of a beggar's guitar as well as the ceaseless domestic chatter; the little dark-eyed boys and girls who shout from their doorways, *A Dios, caballero!*—they have comeliness and character even if they are short of education and, like their fathers before them, believe slavishly in their blue and gold village Madonna and their rubicund broad-hatted parish priest.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

A COMEDY OF PIRACY.

It will be obvious to any man who goes with his eyes open over the hilly country lying between the central ridge of moorland and the northern coast of Cornwall, that the physical properties which to this day deprive the land of any aptitude for commerce must have been a singular blessing in old times, when the advent of strangers was by no means a signal for peaceful trading, but rather for indiscriminate slaughter, for the harrying of homesteads, and the ruin of all industry. Such a traveller will stray along the coast-line from Hartland up and down a dozen break-neck coombes, and find in no one of them more than a tiny brook gurgling out of woods with force insufficient to do more than scatter its waters among the jagged spikes of a cruel reef. He will pass Morwenstow, where never yet ship came to land except in fragments. He will go by Cambeak and the Dazard with a shudder for the fate of any vessel which touches those tall precipices, by Bude which is sometimes inaccessible for weeks, and so reach Boscastle, where a little rocky cove is scarcely to be found except by those who know it well, and for all others is perilous to a degree. From the high cliffs above this little village he will roam on past Tintagel and Trebarwith, thinking that never yet in England has he seen a land so inaccessible to ships, contrasting it with that Saxon shore of the East Country, where the flat-bottomed pirate-boats could be beached on almost any mile of coast from the Humber to Beachy Head; and so he will come at last over a high ridge of

downs above Wadebridge, where he may turn aside a moment from his road to see an ancient camp that lies but two fields off the highway. The mounds and ditches are on one side fairly perfect yet; and if, after walking over them, our traveller looks about to see why an entrenchment was placed on this high ground, he will find the reason lying straight before him. For there, winding away among the hills, stained with rose and purple by the sunset, flows a navigable river, piercing the heart of the country; and he may see a little schooner forging up to discharge her cargo at the wharves of the town which lies just out of sight beneath his feet, exactly as in old days the spearmen who built these ramparts watched for the coming of the pirate-boats up that very water, and, arming hastily, poured down the hillside to meet them at the ford.

But the old camp is dragging us into days too ancient; and it needs not such a very long retrospect to show us that this, the first gateway in fifty miles of cliff, the first river-estuary west of the Torridge, must have been a striking point for all comers into Cornwall, friendly and unfriendly, during the whole range of history. In fact it is a central spot in northern Cornwall; and some day it may happen that its romance will be written as it deserves. For the present it is enough that it rouses curiosity in the mind of our traveller, filling his thoughts with half recollections of the past, and dim suggestions of old dead tragedies, that lead him on down the hill in the soft summer

twilight, till at last he comes out on an old stone bridge of many arches, grey and stained with orange lichens, whence he sees the river valley opened right and left, a little town settling down already to slumber, and on the further river-bank, a couple of boats preparing to slip down to Padstow on the night-tide, as they have done day by day, winter and summer, for more centuries than any one remembers. Our traveller will do wisely to go with them; not only because, of two modes of locomotion, sensible people, not being in a hurry, invariably choose the oldest, but also because on such a summer night, with the harvest moon sailing large and splendid just above the hills, the river valley will be full of silvery lights. He takes his seat in the stern of the foremost boat, and the two cast off. The little town with its black bridge slips away quickly into the background; and the boats follow the windings of the moonlit river in silence broken only by the splashing of the oars, while here and there in the shallow channel a large waste bank thrusts up its shoulder, white and gleaming, through the receding water, till at last the tideway broadens out into a wide harbour set among hills, and on the left hand are the roofs of the long-decayed seaport which is the object of the journey.

Happy is the man who approaches Padstow thus. For in this prosaic age many things around us are improved by a touch of romance; and the town of Padstow, as it stands to-day, can spare its adventitious glamour less than many others. He will be landed on a little dock, round which the houses stand; and if he be sufficiently attracted by the beauty of the night, or distrust the comfort of his inn enough to make him willing to shorten his stay therein, he will wander out past the ship-building

yards along a meadow-path which skirts the harbour, till he sees the open sea at no great distance, and becomes aware that nature had planned for Padstow a great destiny in shipping.

Perhaps this destiny was realised to some extent in very ancient days; for Padstow had its share of reputation, and might have had much more, if only its townsmen could have let their mermaid alone. It is an old story, and a painful one. Somebody shot at her,—I am told King Harry was on the throne, though I should have thought that at that comparatively late date people would have had more sense. At any rate that evening's gunning was fatal to Padstow, for the mermaid disappeared for ever. And no sooner had she gone than a bar of sand began to form in the entrance of the harbour. Right across the mouth it lies to-day, blocking the whole except one narrow channel on the western side, which is dangerous enough even to those who know it well; and the Doom-Bar, which was the mermaid's vengeance, was the doom of all prosperity in Padstow.

So much for affronting mermaids. But it will occur to some who know the western country that the very mishap which rendered Padstow useless to that large class of sailors who like a safe entrance, must have raised it into high favour with those who do not. Let no one dispute that such a class existed in old days. The breed may be extinct now, because the seas are patrolled so carefully that unmixed goodness is the only line of conduct which is either safe or pleasant. But it was otherwise in the spacious days of great Elizabeth, who had either no patrols at all, or next to none, upon these lonely waters; whereby men of the sea were at liberty to follow their own inclinations. What those were

is a matter which we shall come to presently ; but for the moment it is enough to say that the owners of them were not fond of being followed, and thus favoured above all others those places to which they could find the way with ease, but others only with difficulty,—such in fact as Padstow became by the vengeance of the mermaid.

Thus it came to pass that Padstow harbour was frequented by a considerable number of excellent and worthy men who had their reasons for avoiding publicity. Indeed, unless the townsmen, who doubtless reprobated all malpractices, had fortified their headland and held it against all comers, it is not easy to see how these visitors could have been kept out ; from which consideration it follows that to charge the town with sympathy for piracy was most unjust. Yet this unreasonable charge was brought repeatedly, and on no better evidence than that pirates often came there. Such accusations are much easier to make than to rebut, as the good people of Padstow must often have realised with pain. Such scandal always sticks, and is repeated generation after generation till the last shred of the town's character is gone. But there is fortunately in existence a brown and ancient document in which are set forth the natural and simple explanations of the townsmen on one occasion of suspicion ; and it seems well to bring the tale once more to light, so that all men may see how the most ordinary conduct is apt to be twisted by suspicious minds into the semblance of something base.

It all began at harvest-time of the year 1581, and the scene opens on this very meadow-path to which our traveller strayed out to taste the fresh air and enjoy the beauty of the night. The fields sloping to the cliffs can be but little altered, for they

were filled with mows of corn, so the record tells us, and under one of these near the edge of the cliffs sat an old woman, her mind filled with fond thoughts of filial affection. It was midnight, or thereabouts,—an hour at which mothers, who are past the first heyday of youth and health, do not often sit under mows of corn thinking of their sons ; but this mother had her reasons, and she was moreover very fond of her son, who had kept his parent's natural affection warm and glowing by sundry little acts of kindness. Such an act she was now anticipating at this mid-hour of the night, and not in vain. For presently a boat put off from a bark which was lying near the entrance of the harbour, and landed at the foot of the cliff two men, who came up into the meadows staggering under some burden which, for greater convenience, they had slung between them on a pole. One might guess, and guess again, without finding out what this weighty burden was which two sailors carried painfully in the dead of night, out of the ship of a notorious pirate and delivered to his mother. Spirits ? Gold or silver plate ? Plunder of some vessel robbed on the high seas ? No such thing ; it was a good warm counterpane to keep the cold out of the old lady's bones on winter nights.

It is quite clear that this good old woman could not have carried back to Padstow, all alone, a counterpane so heavy that the joint efforts of two sailors were necessary to bring it out of the boat ; and as the sailors belonged to that retiring class already mentioned, who did not like going into towns, she might have been in some difficulty but for the kindness of three of her neighbours, who in the expectation of some such occasion for their services had stayed up late, and come out to the waterside on purpose to help her. Thus between

them they carried the counterpane back to Padstow ; and knowing how fond people are of talking about what does not concern them, and how jealous other mothers would be whose sons were less careful of them, they were prudent enough to hide the good warm counterpane in a disused barn at the very entrance of the town ; after which they all went home to bed.

Now here is an incident so creditable to all concerned in it as to be really charming ; yet it raised an astonishing amount of ill-natured gossip, and there were not wanting persons idle enough to watch the actions of good Mrs. Piers, and connect other proceedings of hers with this little expedition among the mows of corn by the cliff-side. In those days roads were so bad, and communication so infrequent, that even gossip took an appreciable time to spread ; and thus it was long past harvest, and October had come in, before these stories reached the ears of Sir Richard Grenville, at his house of Stowe far up the coast almost on the Devon border. They had a very particular interest for him ; for the Queen had been pleased to appoint him Commissioner of Piracy, which meant not that he was to practise piracy (as some scandalous persons of to-day say he did, together with other sea-kings not less famous,) but that he was to repress it, if he could. Now Piers, this filial pirate, was well-known to Sir Richard, who was doubtless enraged on hearing that the villain had ventured into Padstow harbour ; and being a terrible man in his wrath, as everybody in the West knows still, he had his horse saddled instantly, and with a band of followers rode away through Kilkhampton, Stratton, and Camelford till he came in sight of the river winding among the hills, and so followed its course to the ancient little town he sought.

It is a pity that the record does not tell us in what temper Sir Richard reached Padstow, nor with what face the townsmen saw him come. Innocent men ought not to fear their judge ; but Sir Richard was very terrible, and after all Piers was a pirate, and had been in their harbour. Some hearts must have turned to water as Sir Richard rode into the town ; yet it is well known that those who stand together shall not easily be confuted, and so perhaps they comforted each other.

William Piers, father of the said pirate, was the first witness called before Sir Richard ; and he admitted frankly that he had been on board his son's ship. But why ? Because he too was in any small way a pirate ? By no means ; he was led thither by the most excellent of motives, namely to recover, if he might, a debt of seven pounds which his said son owed a poor man in Padstow. The poor man went with him, and can testify the same ; while to set any doubt at rest, he added that the reverend vicar of the adjoining parish of St. Merryn was also of the party, which proved that there could have been no bad motives among the lot.

It may be that the simple goodness of the vicar of St. Merryn was sufficiently well-known to make this an impressive argument ; though I, who have heard much about the doings of the clergy in lonely sea-side parishes in times nearer to our own by two centuries or more, am half inclined to doubt it. At any rate the vicar was not there to answer for himself ; and Piers, feeling that something more was needed to impress the court, added hastily that to suspect him of bad motives was absurd, since it was well known that he had "admonished his said son for his lewdness."

So Piers stood down, with a glow

of self-approval, for it is not every father who has admonished a pirate, and he was entitled to feel proud of having discharged his duty to the State. Into his place stepped his wife, Anne Piers, the picture of innocence and wounded feeling. On shipboard with her son? Certainly! was not she his mother, and could she desert her son when men spoke ill of him? Did she receive goods from him? Oh dear no! What passed between them was mere motherly affection; and on this she dilated till Sir Richard, who knew more of her than she thought, grew impatient, and proved that she was lying. Then it appeared that the little things Sir Richard mentioned had not been in Mrs. Piers's mind at all; but since the court thought it worth while to name them, she would not conceal her son's great goodness in giving her a nice warm counterpane under which she lay at nights. She knew it came from her son, because John Batty said so when he brought it to her in the corn-field by the waterside, and Sir Richard might ask him if it was not so. "But the buttons," roared Sir Richard, "the silver buttons and the plate that thou didst try to sell at Bodmin!" Mrs. Piers was quite puzzled; what could Sir Richard mean? She had no silver buttons, nor had ever had any; poor people did not wear them. And to that she stuck so obstinately that Sir Richard, who had another rod in pickle for her, let her go for the moment and called John Batty up.

Batty, it appeared, had been so unfortunate as to meet with Piers himself one morning when his lawful occasions took him to the seaside about the spot where the pirate ship was lying. He could not have foreseen that Piers would select that moment for coming ashore with a band of men all armed with cullivers; but as for having any talk with him,

except by way of giving a little news of old friends at Padstow, he did no such thing; all that passed being harmless to a degree. And as for being down by the waterside so late as twelve o'clock, he explained, in the most natural way, that a sort of fancy came into his head that he might meet somebody carrying something from Piers, and he thought it well to go and see.

One doubts whether simple kindness and good will toward each other were ever more highly developed in any community than among these Padstow fisher-folk three centuries ago; and Sir Richard, who knew how far different was the estimate formed of them in London, must have felt baffled and enraged. For it was not yet a year since one George Warre had told the Council a pretty tale about one Vaughan, whose name was but too widely known throughout the Channel, and whom Warre accused of having robbed him of his goods at sea, and taken them, of all places in the world, to this very Padstow. Very probably this too was a slander; but Sir Richard knew well what the terrible Cecil thought of such tales. And indeed as he rode down to Padstow, and looked out over the sea from any point of the high ground which he had to cross, he must have seen on the one hand Lundy, lying like a cloud upon the sea some five and forty miles away, while on the other he looked towards Whitesand Bay, as far off in the opposite direction, and marked that Padstow lay midway between these two notorious lairs of pirates; wherefore even the simple and godly men who dwelt on the shore of the secluded inlet which the mermaid had spoiled for commerce might hardly escape contamination if they would. Is it in human nature to see pirates passing constantly without ever stopping them to chat about

the state of business? Sir Richard doubtless thought not; and so yearned to make an example which might keep the good people of Padstow in the strait and narrow way.

He therefore turned his attention to the sailors and called up George Pentire, who came forward open-mouthed about Piers's wealth. Yes, he had been on Piers's ship (he forgot to say what took him there) and Piers had shown him a chest containing fifty pounds, or thereabouts, in gold, and a bag containing, say, twenty pounds in silver. He saw also, in a chest that Piers happened to open before him, a bag containing some sixty pounds more, but no plate at all save one silver bowl from which they drank. Such was George's artless story; and he was followed by his son, who had also been in touch with Piers, but by sheer misfortune, such as might fall from heaven on any one, even on Sir Richard himself. For going in his own boat to Wales for coal, he was taken by Piers, and his boat sent adrift. Having thus made it impossible for young Pentire to go home, Piers kept him on board a fortnight, during which period his proceedings seem to have been scarcely worthy of his reputation, since he stole nothing but victuals save from one cock-boat, of the master of which Pentire admitted that Piers had some money; he did not know how much, some said a poor seven pounds, some more. As for himself he stole away as soon as the ship reached land, and never spoke with Piers again, nor meant to.

There was nothing in this blameless tale on which a Commissioner of Piracy could fasten; and after sounding a few more sailors with no better result, Sir Richard, feeling doubtless that he was going to be defeated this round, produced his chief witness, the vicar of Padstow, who surely of all

men ought not to have turned against one of his flock. Yet so he did, testifying that Anne Piers had been at Bodmin at the time of the last sessions, and then had with her twenty ounces of plate, which she sold there to a goldsmith from Plymouth; but, just as the bargain was completed (so hard was it to do honest business in old days), one of the undersheriff's men swooped down on her and the goldsmith, and seized all the said plate in the Queen's name. There were certainly silver buttons, made four-square, as well as the cover of a great silver-gilt jug, of which last article, however, Anne was left in possession, probably on some plea of having inherited it; but where, one wonders, did she get the buttons? Buttons grow on coats; and coats adorned with silver buttons are not usually given to the poor, even when waxing shabby at the seams. One surmises something in the nature of a forcible transfer. Perhaps the owner of the buttons was also the true possessor of some of the gold and silver in Piers's chests and bags; and if so where was he? But these are idle questions. Prudent people are aware that the mysteries of time are very often dirty puddles, and are content not to stir them too deeply. Still, one wonders at the weight of the good warm counterpane. It would have been interesting to see all its length and width unfolded in that barn at the head of Padstow town.

In the days when this little comedy was played on the wild north coast of Cornwall, there was one charge more terrible by far than that of piracy, more fearful in its punishment, and incomparably harder to rebut. Anne Piers had stood her examination quite blithely hitherto; even the vicar's story of her proceedings at Bodmin, though impugning her character for

strict veracity, proved very little against her. But this was a different matter; and her heart must have sunk when she heard witness after witness called up and questioned whether she had ever been known to be a witch. Any jealousy of her, any small grudge held by a neighbour, could now be fearfully avenged; but the bond of union which had brought Padstow through the ordeal of cross-examination triumphantly up to this point, was strong enough for the new strain. Each witness in turn professed great astonishment that such a question should be asked, and met it with a blank denial. There was no little town in England so pure of witchcraft, it appeared, as this lonely seaport, where one might have thought witches could aid wreckers by their spells just as Madgy Figgy, and others like her, did further west. But no; Padstow showed a united front in repelling the suspicion, and Sir Richard, who seems to have had

no certain information to rely on, was once more baffled. I should not like to declare that he might not find a witch in Padstow if he tried again in the present year of grace; but let that pass.

Here the record ends, probably for the best of reasons,—namely, that there was no more to tell. The whole matter was reported to the Council, in whose hands it lay, regarded doubtless as a fragment of a case against Padstow which might some day be completed, but which has apparently remained imperfect to this day, and now, we may suppose,—so orderly and dull has grown the life along the western sea-coasts—will never be worked up. Is any one impatient of a half-told tale? Then let him give rein to his imagination, and fill up the gaps. It will be an easy exercise; or if it be not, he is wholly ignorant of old sea-life in the West.

A. H. NORWAY.

COUNTRY NOTES.

IV.—THE WORKHOUSE.

IT is a long building of a cheerful red brick, which fails to convey an impression of cheerfulness. The windows are uncurtained, and at regular intervals. In front is a prospect of grey, wind-swept road, and there is another prospect of precisely identical, grey, wind-swept road behind. There are rows of cabbages in the front garden; in the back are falling autumn dahlias, planted there by one who died not long ago at her official post in the House, and was troubled towards the end of her life with insistent memories of a smiling early home, and vague yearnings after a beauty not to be found between the dull walls which enclosed her history.

On one side of a wide courtyard (where a very old man is weeding, not uncheerfully,) is the chapel, built in the exceedingly plain, serviceable, and economical style of architecture naturally favoured by the ratepayer, and used impartially for an Anglican service on Sunday mornings and a rousing Nonconformity in the afternoons. Hard by the chapel is the infant school, whence a drone of small voices (answering a catechism perhaps) comes through an opened window into the chilly air; and where within fifty very little paupers, in very little pauper frocks, are sitting in very prim rows, with little anxious eyes fixed on an impassive governess, who has been here so long, perhaps, that the apathy which is of the place has first touched, and then enveloped her. The children sing a song before lesson-time is over, a gay little childish song, and a

certain irrepressible Tommy of four (whose infant spirits are not the least damped by the fact of his having been found abandoned in a ditch at three weeks old, and by having for father, mother, brother, sister and friend, that cold substitute, the State) calls out "Hurra!" when the frozen governess rings a little bell as a sign that playtime has come. Even her cold lips move in a smile, as the jovial Thomas, rather red about his bare legs and his infant button-nose, pushes past his companion in a sturdy attempt to reach the playground first, and then turns very little somersaults in a corner at the instigation of a companion, and to his own rich and simple enjoyment. Someone else, a little girl, in another part of the playground, takes her poor life much less happily, and cries a good deal for something, or for nothing,—it does not much matter which. There is scarcely one of these children who has been wanted in the world, or one who has not come into it with a fine heritage of shame, sickness, and misery. Yet they play for the most part quite gaily, with a great deal of noise, troubles very evanescent, and little shrill laughs which reach the great kitchens opposite, where a wretched girl (the mother of one of them very likely) stops to listen for a moment, and then goes on scrubbing feebly.

The kitchens are dreadfully bare, clean, and economical as is all this place,—and as all this place should be. Beside them is the dining-hall, with long benches in it, an almanac, a

picture of the Princess of Wales on the wall, and beside her a notice that if inmates have any complaints to make (and it is believed that they are very little given to suffering in silence) such complaints must be made on Board-Day, and to a member of the Board only. The Matron's sitting-room (a very good Matron this one, says report,) may be seen partially through a half opened door, with a low fire burning comfortably on the hearth, a fern on the table, a little case of books and other small and not quite unsuccessful attempts to make a House like a home. Her windows look out on to the Men's Court. By the Men's Court is the Women's, on one side of which an opening door reveals for a moment the great bare room called the Nursery, where a thin girl, with the usual workhouse shawl (looking exactly like a domestic duster) drawn across her narrow shoulders, tends a dozen babies aged, like some other innocents, from two years old and under. She sits, to-day at least, in a chair by the fireside, indifferent enough, with one of them asleep in her thin arms, and a couple more screaming lustily (with the dreadful vigour of the unwanted child who won't die) in a wooden cradle by her side. It is her duty to be here always perhaps; to get one quiet, before another (such a lean, miserable, sickly thing, God help it!) begins crying; to smack the bigger ones perfunctorily, and without any intentional harshness, when they are naughty and worrying, as they always are; for all recreation to look at times through latticed windows into the grey courtyard, with a child still in her arms; to give it up presently to the mother who has been working hard all day in the House, and is necessarily therefore short-tempered and wants to know what's Juley bin adoin'g to 'im to make 'im look so peaky; and then to

sit down again by the fire for another dreary hour, looking absently into it with dull eyes and the chill shadows creeping into the bare room,—herself an unconscious problem among little crying problems not more unconscious.

Next door to the babies, and much too busy, as a rule, to be disturbed by them, the Sick-Nurse has her room, with flowers here and there, books, an armchair, and, in the doorway, a rosy-cheeked probationer asking permission to go into the country town (four miles distant) to buy herself a ribbon. Nurse, a capable person of five and forty, as different from the romantic ministering angel of contemporary fiction as she is from the Mrs. Gamp of a past generation, is of the opinion for the moment that the House is fuller of a class of imbecile gentlemen (whom she briefly epitomises as *dotties*) than it has ever been before; that such persons are exceedingly trying for a sane woman to live with, and that their deaths are certainly to be taken as an exceedingly happy release,—for their friends. That Nurse treats such persons with the greatest kindness and wisdom is beyond doubt and upon the word of a Board; it is also beyond doubt that long custom has made her so used to sin, suffering, and death that she can talk of them all not very much less indifferently than most people talk of the weather.

Above her room is the Women's Infirmary, a great place, with great windows very high up, gay prints on the walls, the inevitable almanac, the Queen, and a very fresh-coloured Duke and Duchess of York. There is a table in the middle with flowers on it, benches and chairs arranged round the table, an elderly harmonium, a pile of battered hymn-books, and all round the room beds, very neat, and on each an old head in the regulation nightcap. There is a certain mildly

festive air about the place to-day, which announces that it is Tuesday and that little Miss Mary, from the White House, is to come as usual to accompany hymns on the harmonium, and afterwards, also as usual, to read a scripture in her pious voice and bring a little cheerfulness (having nothing else in the universe that she can bring) to some of these poor old bedridden creatures. One of them nearest the door (who has no teeth and an old palsied, shaking head) is understood to mutter presently, with tears, that Miss ain't acoming and why should she come to the likes of us, and I told you as she'd give it up,—which remark a comparatively alert person from the other side of the room answers by the general observation that old Sarah's as mizzly-muzzy as any of you, and in course Miss ain't come when it ain't nigh upon three. Whereon Sarah lies down again rather crushed and mumbles her old self into a doze. Very few of the patients hear this conversation. A great many of them are past hearing anything, have forgotten where they are and who they are, and lie, or so one hopes, not ill-content, dozing and dreaming a little and dozing and dreaming again, living, but hardly alive, hearing on these Tuesdays perhaps the sounds of the harmonium and of the rough singing voices as one might hear them from another world. One old body asks querulously to be moved; and a girl (who, herself an inmate of the place, acts as a kind of assistant to Nurse) with the very misleading appearance, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, of rustic virtue in a story-book, moves her kindly enough, and talks to her with the pacifying good-humour with which some people see fit to talk to a child. Another old woman (with the Duke of York hanging over her bed) wants to know if Laura (which is Rustic

Virtue's name) can tell her if her son will come up to the psalm-singing this afternoon. To which Laura replies with a cheerful mendacity, "In course" (the son having been dead these five and thirty years) and winks at a neighbouring granny (who is enormously proud at having retained her own wits and very indiscreet in using them) to keep silence.

With a little tap at the great door, a cheery nod here and there, books under her arm, little prim black draperies, a Sunday bonnet (because the old people like to see one at one's best), a little air of importance and the kindest smile in the world upon her wrinkled face, Miss Mary arrives at length. She goes round to each bed and says "How do you do" to a few people who can understand her, and to many more who cannot. She receives Laura's smile and curtsy with a good deal of coldness, disapproving upon principle of a sinner so smiling, cheerful, and good-natured, who appears to have quite forgotten her own misdeeds, and in whom a simple sense of humour has survived many much more essential virtues. Laura is sent down presently to collect the usual audience from the rest of the House, and Miss Mary, in answer to a request, and having removed her little gloves and placed them neatly on the mantelpiece, sings *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, to her own accompaniment and in a little faded voice by herself. One or two of the more capable Christian Soldiers in the beds round the room say "Thankee, Mum," when she has finished, and one groans rheumatically. Miss Mary is playing soft chords, with the winter sunshine coming through one of the high windows and touching her plain little face very gently, when an audience, consisting chiefly of old and invalided men, and preceded by the tramp of heavy workhouse-boots, is ushered in

by Laura. Some of them exchange greetings with Miss Mary, and some don't. One (who has in his own phrase "got religion," as well as a swivel eye and a complexion which indicates that he has once upon a time not lived nearly so piously as he feels now,) enters into a conversation with her rather briskly, asks as if they can have "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" as a lead-off (which they do, with complete gravity) and adds as *he* do hope, whatever's the feelings of t'others, that Miss'll have time to read some Scriptur', which is that comforting as there ain't nothing like it. He sits forward on his chair during the hymns with his tattered book held out well before him, his regulation comforter wound tightly round his dubious neck, and sings with enormous enthusiasm and discord. Perhaps he enjoys the sense of being a leader, and even in this place, for one brief afternoon, of importance, while Miss Mary, who is the simplest of women and yet can't help distrusting him a little, is not the less grateful to him for making so much noise and supporting her own quavering tones so zealously. Most of her congregation are apathetic enough. One old Irish woman indeed, who has taken a chair in the background by the fire, hums quite vigorously a tune (which is certainly not Eden or anything in the least like it) with her book turned upside down, and then, before the last chord has died away, breaks into eager conversation upon her six internal complaints and her past life, starting with the confidence that "I'm Oirish since ye ask it, Honey [Miss Mary having been most careful not to ask anything] tho', begorra, ye couldn't guess it by me spaich. And me husband he were a soldier and a broth of a bhoy, and it's all over the world as I've been with him, and a divil of a toime as

we've had with the rigmint." She is thinking of such times perhaps when Miss Mary begins another hymn, and is thinking of them still, for her book lies unheeded on her old knees, when the hymn is finished. What a change indeed! What a change from that free, gay, easy, careless life with the broth of a bhoy and the old rigmint in India, Malta,—“iverywhere almost”—to this narrowed existence with its rules, its cold walls impassable to her for ever, its long apathy and a companionship of feeble creatures who have lost for the most part any interest they must once have taken in the free world beyond. Yet the old eyes, looking very deep for a while into the fire, change back into their normal twinkle after six verses of hymn and a disjointed *Amen*, and Mick's widow ("I buried Mike for shure in Madras in thirty-one") can look up and say, "Eh but it was chape when him and me gave a tay-party and the bhoys couldn't ate for laffing." Miss Mary reads a Scripture after this. A few of her congregation may possibly listen, but whether or no there is a single soul who comprehends is another matter. Laura stands by the door, keeping a good-natured eye on her invalids, saying a very loud *Hush* when one of them coughs aggressively, and looking entirely cheerful, simple, and pleasant, in spite of the sadly close application of the Gospel-story which is being read to her own poor case. Miss Mary's voice falters over it a little. Someone in a bed a long way off says, "Them's good words, them is," and remembers, it may be, how she heard them seventy years ago when she went, a girl, to some village church and thought through the tranquil, sleepy afternoon-service of the life that was just beginning gaily for her then, and is ending very gently for her now.

A very old man, with very white hair, very blue eyes, and comfortable old cheeks like a ruddy winter apple, comes in with his stick just as the reading is finishing, takes his allotted chair quite close to the harmonium and observes, with a great deal of superfluous cheerfulness, that he's missed the Word of God again, and so he has. Tim, being a centenarian, is regarded as in some sort a celebrity, so that when he announces to Miss Mary, as he always does, that he's a hunderd year old and don't ail nothing as he can think on, Swivel-Eye is understood to mutter jealously, as he don't believe Old Hundert's (Tim is always thus spoken of, as if he were a psalm,) a day more nor eighty. Tim sits very contentedly through some more hymns, and says presently in his simple old voice, and in answer to a question, that this is a good place, this is, and thankee, Mum, and I'd as lief be here as anywhere. On the utterance of which heresy, Mike's widow, from the fire, says with great good humour, "Then the divil take you for it, Timmy." Miss Mary says "Hush," and the singing proceeds. When they have had *Abide with Me* as an appropriate farewell, Swivel-Eye collects the books and Miss Mary gives Laura a pious tale out of her reticule, Laura receiving it with a perfectly good-humoured curtsy, not feeling it necessary to mention that she never reads anything, and probably never will. Mike's widow, with her unembarrassed hand on Miss Mary's little arm, says, "Now promise to come agin, on the sowl av ye," and winks a farewell. One elderly female member of the congregation is only roused from a deep doze by Laura's promise of tea. Swivel-Eye, who has been enormously full of importance, tidying up, accepts an old newspaper from the reticule with the observation that there ain't

many others in this place as has had eddication enough to read 'em, and goes out with the self-satisfied air of the person who has made himself very conspicuous indeed.

Miss Mary says "Good-bye" to some of the old patients in the beds. The highly-coloured Royal Family on the walls stand out from the dusk that is creeping everywhere. A pleasant smell of tea comes up from the kitchens. In the courtyard without, where the long evening shadows lie peacefully, Miss Mary's little pony-cart is driven up to the doorway, to the momentary and apathetic attention of the old weeder, and to an accompaniment of "Hulloa!" from the irrepressible Tommy, whose infant head appears for a moment round the play-room door, before he is drawn back by the shoulders and the governess. Miss Mary drives off with a little clatter, the noise of the pony's hoofs dying slowly away along the hard road, and goes back, to sit knitting quietly before her fire all the evening, and thinking perhaps, since she has neither past nor history of her own to think of, of the pasts and histories of the simple people she has seen to-day. The wretched girl in the workhouse kitchens puts away her bucket and soap, and anticipates tea with a dull kind of relief. The Matron settles down comfortably to that comfortable meal in her own quarters with a sympathetic friend, and dilates, with the greatest satisfaction to herself, on the trials of her position. The nursery fills with mothers, and the unwanted babies are, for a while, more or less quiet. A Methodistical person in one of the cottages, regarded as a Workhouse prize, lights her lamp, (the yellow light shining very pleasantly into the dull courtyard) puts on a pair of spectacles and reads the Bible, with a soul-satisfying sense of virtue. The

dining-hall is filled with men, also taking tea and not talking much, because everything there is to say in this place has been said a hundred times over and God knows how long ago. Nurse and a probationer toast their feet in front of Nurse's fire, and discuss the shortcomings of the Matron rather vivaciously. Laura, still brisk and cheerful, serves out tea in the Women's Infirmary. Old Hundert, from his wooden armchair, expresses himself like a prize pauper in a story-book, as having enjoyed of his tea and of the singing and *not* a-finding this place so uncomfortable, no how. The weeder has left the

courtyard empty. The lodge-porter is dozing. At one door a little group of casuals, the most hopeless and pitiable of this world's driftwood, awaits admission. The long highroad before the place and behind it is silent and lifeless. The weeping dahlias in the garden, planted by the woman who died, are indistinguishable. An unseen hand draws down, presently, the blinds of the bright Infirmary windows. The door is opened to admit the casuals and closed. A lamp standing in one last open casement is put out; and the clock strikes seven.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

TO A BLACKBIRD IN MAY.

OH, first and foremost of the waking birds,
That in the yet unbroken dark of dawn
Liftest alone thy strong reiterant cry,
Unchallenged monarch of the morning air,—
Pause a brief moment, bright relentless bird,
But for a moment, in thy lyric joy,
That so the teeming things intangible,
Amidst thy golden tumult brought, may find
The consolation sweet of phantasy
Ere they shall settle into thought and tears.
Unbidden visitants, with silence shod,
That on the abstraction of the mind intrude,
Gently disturbing, as the soft sad clouds
That steal across the summer's dreaming blue:
Meetings and partings—an unspoken word—
A waving hand—a look that said *Too late*—
A smile that lives for ever—a murmured name—
The farewell of unfathomable eyes—
A deep last sigh drawn in the dead of night—
The loss, the gain, the glory, the grief of life—
The starlight hope of immortality:—
These be the burden of thy melody,
Voice in the darkness that foregoes the day!

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

THE GOORKHA SOLDIER.

(AS AN ENEMY AND AS A FRIEND.)

OF the many warlike races who contribute contingents to the Imperial Army of British India none are more highly esteemed for courage and fidelity than the Goorkhas; and the fact that they serve the Queen-Empress under altogether exceptional conditions renders their personality yet more interesting.

Nepaul, the home of the Goorkhas, is an independent country, and for many years the soldiers who served in our Goorkha regiments did so much against the desire of their rulers, running, in fact, great risks in leaving their native country, and sometimes even losing their lives in the attempt. The name Nepaul, which belongs properly to a small valley only, is that given by custom to the whole dominion of the Goorkhas; a territory some five hundred miles in length, with an average breadth of one hundred and twenty miles, situated between the central and southern Himalayan ranges, and including also the southward slopes of the southern range, with a narrow strip of level country at the foot, known as the Terai.

The men generally enlisted for the Goorkha regiments of our Army belong to the Gurung and Magar tribes. These tribes, who are of Tartar origin, invaded Nepaul during the eighteenth century, succeeding about the year 1768 in asserting their sway over the whole country. Their descendants, who may be described as the true Goorkhas, are only to be found in three small districts of Nepaul, called Lumjoon, Kaskee, and Goorkha, and

distinctly show their Tartar origin in their features. They are almost invariably strong and stout-limbed, though small; but their hearts, says one who knows them well, are as large as their frames are short and tough. The third tribe held in high repute as soldiers are the Khas, a powerful tribe of Brahman descent who early established themselves in the north-west of the Nepaul valley and, associating themselves with the Gurungs and Magars, became the most powerful faction in the country. The Khas, however, though holding the highest position in Nepaul, rank after the Gurungs and Magars as soldiers in the estimation of English officers.

The Goorkha has been well described as "a smart little gem of a soldier, with a sparkle of unassuming swagger about him, which is quite in keeping with his brave independent spirit."¹ General Sale Hill, who served for many years in Goorkha regiments, speaks thus of them:

As compared with other Orientals the Goorkhas are bold, enduring, frank, very independent and self-reliant. From the warlike qualities of their forefathers and the traditions handed down to them as the conquerors of Nepaul, they are imbued with and cherish the true military spirit. Their compact and sturdy build, powerful muscular development, keen sight, acute hearing and hereditary education as sportsmen, eminently capacitate them for the duties of Light Infantry soldiers on the mountain-side. Lastly, the bravery

¹ THE HINDU KOH; by General McIntyre, V.C.

displayed by them in their contests with the British affords ample proof of the dogged tenacity with which they can encounter danger and hardship.

Our early relations with the Court of Khatmandu were of an unfriendly character, in consequence of sundry aggressive actions on the part of the Nepaulese Government against neighbouring States which were tributary to, or protected by, the British Government. No sooner had our dominions come into close contact with the borders of Nepaul than constant causes of offence arose, which eventually brought about the war of 1814-16, whence came our first real knowledge of the Goorkha, and happily produced a strong mutual liking between ourselves and our brave and determined enemies.

Without tracing in too minute detail our various causes of quarrel with the Court of Khatmandu, it is interesting to note that even before the final conquest of Nepaul by the Goorkhas, the East India Company had endeavoured to control events in that country. The Nawab of Moorshedabad desired to interfere in 1762 on behalf of the reigning Rajpoot dynasty, then struggling against the Goorkhas; but his army was decisively beaten by the invaders whose troops had been armed and disciplined after the English fashion of that date.

A few years later, in 1767, a similar attempt was made by the British Government which despatched a force into the hill country under the command of Major Kinloch. He advanced into the hills in the month of October, much too early in the year, and, with a force of insufficient strength to enable him to keep open his communications with his base, marched directly towards Khatmandu. The autumn rains were still falling, and Kinloch's force was consequently

checked by an unfordable river when within a short distance of the capital, and a further fall of rain destroyed a bridge and raft which he had caused to be made. The delay exhausted the supplies of the British force and produced sickness; and finally Kinloch was obliged to relinquish his attempt and return to his starting-point early in December, 1767, the time of year at which he should have begun his march.

In the following year Prithi Narayan Sah, the Goorkha Chief, became the undisputed ruler of Nepaul, and to him is due the credit of the military efficiency of the Nepaulese army. Prithi Narayan Sah died in 1771, and his son and successor, Singh Partab, in 1775; the latter was succeeded in turn by his son Ran Bahadur who, being a minor, reigned under the guardianship of his uncle, Bahadur Sah, a younger son of Prithi Narayan Sah. During the regency of Bahadur Sah Nepaul was invaded by the Chinese, and, at the request of the Regent, Captain William Kirkpatrick was despatched by the Indian Government to negotiate with the invaders. Fearing, however, lest the British might take advantage of their position as intermediaries, the Nepaulese hastily patched up a peace with the Chinese before the arrival of Kirkpatrick, who was consequently placed in a somewhat false position when he reached Nepaul.

Kirkpatrick, a member of the adventurous family from which the Empress Eugenie is descended, was a man of great ability, and found means to establish cordial relations between the governments of Calcutta and Khatmandu; his narrative of his mission was for many years our sole source of information concerning Nepaul.

In 1795 Raja Ran Bahadur came

of age and forcibly destroyed the influence of his uncle, the Regent. Ran Bahadur proved a cruel and tyrannical sovereign and it would appear indeed that he eventually went mad, for it was he who performed the extraordinary and sacrilegious act of destroying the gods of his country by the fire of his artillery. This event occurred in the year 1805, and was not unnaturally followed by the assassination of the Raja in an affray in which nearly the whole royal family perished. His infant son was with difficulty saved from the massacre, and placed on the throne under the regency of a chief named Bhim Sen Thapa. The Regent, a man of considerable talent and of war-like propensities, embarked on a course of territorial aggrandisement which eventually embroiled him with the British Government. The tide of conquest carried the Goorkha arms westward as far as the river Sutlej, and, from the year 1807 onwards, the action of various officers of the Nepaulese Government, directed against British territory, or against that of the allies or tributaries of the British Government, gave us constant grounds for complaint. Sometimes the Court of Khatmandu marked its apparent dissatisfaction with the proceedings of its officers by their removal or suspension; at other times it justified and upheld their conduct on the plea that it was directed to the re-occupation of territory which had originally belonged to Nepaul, or to chiefs whom the Goorkhas had subdued. In fact, the Goorkha methods of 1809 were identical with the Russian methods of to-day.

After much forbearance Lord Hastings's Government was compelled, late in the year 1814, to declare war against Nepaul, and after due consideration it was considered advisable to enter the country by the valley of the river Kali, or Gogra, which then

divided it nearly in two, and to operate both eastward and westward. It is obvious that the invading force was thus compelled to divide its strength, and this course was held to be desirable on account of the difficulty of carrying supplies along any one line for a large body of troops. Four separate divisions were therefore formed, amounting in all to nearly twenty-two thousand men, with sixty-seven pieces of ordnance. Considerable reinforcements of regular troops from India, besides irregular troops and native contingents, joined the first and second divisions during the war, bringing the total number employed up to thirty-four thousand men.

To oppose this formidable army the Goorkhas could muster, in the beginning of the war, no more than twelve thousand regular troops, which the nature of our attack compelled them to disperse along their frontier. A few forts strongly situated, but in other respects far from formidable, commanded the chief passes into the country. The main strength of the Goorkhas lay in the high spirit of the Government, the courage and devotion of the troops, and the difficult nature of the scene of operations, while they were also aided by the inexperience of the British-Indian army of that day in mountain warfare.¹

The duties of the four invading columns were thus detailed: the first division, under Ochterlony, was to attack the western frontier of Nepaul; the second, under Gillespie, was to occupy Dehra Doon, a valley above the outer range of the Himalayas, and to besiege Jytak, the principal Goorkha fortress in Kumaon; the third, under Wood, was to march on

¹ Most of the facts connected with the Goorkha war are derived from a book called *FIVE YEARS IN NEPAUL* by Captain Thomas Smith, Assistant Political Resident in Nepaul from 1841 to 1845.

Palpa; and the fourth and strongest division was to march direct on Khatmandu, the Goorkha capital.

The ball was opened by the gallant Gillespie, a hardy and enterprising soldier who soon found a foeman worthy of his steel. The second division advanced from Saharunpore, its place of assembly, and, having reached the Doon on October 22nd, took up a position about five miles distant from the fort of Kalunga. This fort was situated on an isolated hill about five or six hundred feet high, covered with jungle and in most places very steep. There was a tableland on the summit of the hill, some twelve hundred yards in length, at the southern and highest extremity of which stood the fort, the wall being still incomplete and of no great height. The Goorkha commander, whose name is justly famous to this day, was a chief named Bhalbudr Singh, and the garrison under his command was between three and four hundred men only. On October 23rd a feeble attempt to assault the fort was made by the colonel in temporary command of the Division, and on the subsequent arrival of General Gillespie, the matter was taken seriously in hand; the tableland was occupied, six guns and four howitzers carried up on elephants, and batteries constructed for them. On the morning of October 31st all was ready and a simultaneous assault by four columns of adequate strength, with a strong general reserve, was ordered. At nine a.m. the signal for assault was given, but by some mistake was only complied with by one column supported by the reserve. This force captured the out-lying defences of Kalunga and advanced to the walls of the fort, but there was brought to a halt and suffered very heavy losses both in officers and men.

General Gillespie, seeing the failure

of the assault, now personally brought up a reinforcement of three companies of the 53rd regiment, but was shot dead when within thirty yards of the gate of the fort. It being impossible to force an entrance, Colonel Carpenter, the senior surviving officer, then ordered a retirement. The loss of the division in this disastrous affair was very heavy; besides the General, four other officers were killed and fifteen wounded, some mortally; twenty-seven rank and file were killed and two hundred and thirteen wounded. The defence of the Goorkhas was most gallant, and the women in the fort were seen to take an active part in it, exposing themselves fearlessly.

After this repulse the British troops lay before Kalunga inactive until the arrival of the battering-train from Delhi, when active operations were renewed on November 25th. By mid-day on the 27th a large breach had been effected in the wall, and a sally of the garrison was repulsed with loss.

Colonel Mawby, who now commanded, ordered a storm, which was gallantly led by Major Ingleby of the 53rd regiment. The storming-party advanced to the breach, and were there exposed to a heavy fire from the garrison, under which both men and officers suffered severely. A gallant episode of the assault was contributed by Lieutenant Luxford of the Horse Artillery who brought a gun up to the breach in order to destroy the interior defences of the enemy, and was there mortally wounded. Finally the assault again failed, with a loss of eleven officers and four hundred and seventy-eight rank and file killed and wounded, a number considerably exceeding the original strength of the garrison. On the following day the fort was rendered absolutely untenable by artillery-fire, whereupon the gallant

Bhalbudr Singh, with the seventy survivors of his band, cut his way through the besieging force and effected his escape. It is stated that he and his men subsequently entered the service of Maharaja Runjit Singh, who was always most anxious to obtain the services of Goorkha soldiers, and that they perished to a man in the wars waged between the Sikhs and Afghans.

The defence of Kalunga was a most gallant exploit, and was marred by no savage excesses on the part of the defenders. On the contrary, the Goorkhas not only fought the English troops honourably and fairly, but in the intervals of fighting displayed a manly confidence and a chivalrous courtesy altogether unusual in the East. Far from insulting the dead or maltreating the wounded, they left them untouched until they could be carried away, and, in return, they solicited and obtained surgical aid from our officers. The misfortunes of the second Division did not end with the assaults on Kalunga; in an attempt to capture the survivors of the garrison, and a body of some three hundred troops with whom they had joined hands, another disastrous action took place, in which four hundred British troops were nearly annihilated. Among those who fell on this occasion was Lieutenant Thackeray, a cousin of the novelist.

The operations of the first Division under that brave and capable veteran, Major-General Sir David Ochterlony, were simultaneous with those of the second, but were conducted in a very different manner. Ochterlony was aware that in Amar Singh he had opposed to him the best of the Goorkha commanders; and, having crossed the plains from Loodiana, his base of operations, his advance on Amar Singh's position on the western frontier of the newly-con-

quered territory of Nepaul was judiciously slow and cautious. Leaving the plains and entering the outer ranges of the Himalayas, Sir David reached the fort of Nalaghur, about twenty-five miles west of the present site of Simla, on the day of General Gillespie's death at Kalunga. By November 5th the wall of the fort had been breached and the garrison forced to surrender. Establishing a supply-depot in the captured post, Ochterlony advanced against the second Goorkha position of Ramghur, which he found to be too strong to be carried by a frontal attack, and therefore decided to turn. By the end of November Ochterlony had seized a point of vantage from which he hoped to threaten the Goorkha left, but it proved to be too distant for effective artillery fire, and an attempt to seize closer ground was repulsed with the loss of an officer and seventy-five Sepoys. On the following day the Nepaulese, in accordance with their honourable habit, allowed us to remove and bury our dead.

Sir David continued to reconnoitre the ground about the Ramghur position very carefully, and was about to assault it when two items of news reached him; the first being that of the second repulse at Kalunga, and the second being the despatch of reinforcements. He decided therefore to await the arrival of the latter, employing the time in improving his communications with points in rear of the Goorkha position. Having been reinforced late in the month of December, Ochterlony seized a ridge about half a mile in the rear of the Goorkha left. The garrison of a stockaded work near this ridge now evacuated it, and it was occupied at once by our troops under command of Colonel Thompson, a determined attempt to re-capture it being defeated with heavy

loss. The Goorkhas had nearly three hundred killed and wounded, while our casualties were twelve rank and file killed and fifty wounded. This was our first marked success in the war, and was also the first occasion on which our troops acted on the defensive.

The Goorkha commander, finding his left threatened and his line of communications on that flank cut, quickly moved the troops forming his left wing, prolonging his line of defence to his right, and forming a new front also towards Colonel Thompson's force which now occupied the ground abandoned by him on his left. By this prompt and skilful movement Amar Singh deprived Ochterlony of all the advantage gained by his first success, for it was found that Colonel Thompson's force could not attack the new position on account of the nature of the intervening ground.

So the year 1814 ended, without great advantage to either side in this portion of the frontier, while the second Division had conspicuously failed in all that it had attempted and had lost nearly a third of its strength, and the third and fourth Divisions had done practically nothing.

It may readily be imagined that this unfavourable result had a disastrous effect on public opinion in the independent kingdoms of India. Runjit Singh, ever ready to seize an opportunity, massed the Punjab army about Lahore; Amir Khan, the Pathan soldier of fortune, who was at that time master of a formidable force of mercenaries, collected his battalions and made ambiguous offers of service from a point near Agra; the Mahratta princes of Western India assumed a threatening attitude; and it became evident to the Marquess of Hastings that the Goorkha defence must speedily be crushed.

Nor was the campaign of 1814 without its valuable lessons to our

army. It had learned that the impetuous assaults which had carried it to an almost unbroken series of victories from the days of Clive, led but to disaster in an unexplored mountain country held by a brave enemy with the experience of some fifty years of continuous hill-fighting. The army had learned also to feel implicit confidence in General Ochterlony, whose strategical skill soon gave him an advantage over the troops opposed to him, well handled though the latter were.

Finding that the Ramghur position could not be captured without the risk of heavy loss, the English General now turned his attention to intercepting the supplies of the Goorkha force; and on January 16th, 1815, he moved in person, with the Reserve, to a point which cut off Ramghur from Bilaspur, the principal Goorkha source of supply. This movement had an immediate success. Amar Singh was compelled to evacuate Ramghur, and took up a third position on a range called the Malaun Range, distant about twenty miles from Simla. By the end of March the General had reduced and occupied all the forts in his own rear, and having thus cleared his communications, was enabled to concentrate his energies on the attack of the Malaun position.

To preserve the sequence of events, it must here be mentioned that, in February, 1815, Lord Hastings, who was Commander-in-Chief as well as Governor-General, had determined to make a diversion in favour of his eastern and western attacking forces (which were four hundred miles apart) by engaging the Goorkhas in Kumaon with Rohilla levies. This diversion was successful; the town and fort of Almora were captured, and a convention was signed on April 27th, by which the province of Kumaon was surrendered to the British.

Meanwhile General Martindell, who had succeeded Gillespie, was still besieging Jytak, and Ochterlony was continuing his arduous campaign on those mountain heights about Simla, now familiar to so many English men and women. At an elevation of five thousand feet, in the most inclement season of the year, amid falls of snow, his pioneers blasted rocks and opened roads for the two eighteen-pounder guns, and men and elephants dragged them up the heights.¹ Ochterlony's energy kindled the utmost enthusiasm in his force, but neither their high courage nor the military talents of their General won an easy victory for the English army. On April 14th Ochterlony made a night attack on Amar Singh's position and carried two points of vantage, and on the following day the Goorkha Commander found himself confined to the mountain fort of Malaun, hemmed in in a confined space, and unable to move to either flank. Quite undaunted Amar Singh attacked Ochterlony on April 16th with his whole force, and, after a desperate fight was defeated with the loss of his best general and five hundred men killed. The British loss was sixty-four killed and two hundred and ninety-two wounded. Ochterlony now closed on Malaun, the chief work of the Goorkha position; but it was not until May 15th, when a practicable breach had been made, that Amar Singh surrendered. The British General took possession of the fort but allowed Amar Singh to march out with the arms, colours, and personal property of himself and his brave troops in admiration of their determined defence of their native country.

The convention of April 27th not having been followed by a complete

submission on the part of the Goorkha Government, preparations were made during the hot weather for an advance on Khatmandu in the autumn. It would appear that this operation was averted by a request for peace, a treaty being actually signed on November 28th and ratified at Calcutta on December 9th. This treaty was, however, repudiated by the Goorkha Government and Ochterlony was again ordered to take the field, this time in command of an overwhelming force of twenty thousand men, including three English regiments.

Ochterlony advanced early in February, 1816, and on the 14th of that month by a very daring and skilful movement turned the Goorkhas' position with such complete success that they fled northward without striking a blow. Continuing his advance Ochterlony seized the village of Magwampur, about twenty miles from the capital. Here he was furiously attacked, but repulsed the enemy with the loss of all their guns and eight hundred men. A British brigade which had made a separate advance on the right flank of the main body was also attacked at Hariharpur, and also defeated its assailants with heavy loss. The Court of Nepal was now dismayed and hurriedly surrendered, to avert the imminent occupation of their capital.

Thus ended our long and costly war with the Goorkhas, entered upon by no wish of ours, though rendered inevitable by the aggressive policy of the Court of Khatmandu. It may truthfully be said that England had found in the rugged highlanders of Nepaul the bravest and most chivalrous enemies encountered by her in the East; she was henceforth to find in them steadfast friends and allies, and a rich recruiting-ground for the most valuable of her foreign soldiers.

¹ See the article on Sir David Ochterlony by Colonel Vetch, C.B., R.E., in THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

For his services in this war Sir David Ochterlony received from the Crown a baronetcy and the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, while the East India Company bestowed on him a special pension of £1,000 per annum. Sir David's place as a commander is a high one, for none have had to contend with a braver enemy, and few have waged war in a more difficult country. Against such an enemy and in such country Ochterlony was completely successful, and that with a relatively small loss of life. He may justly claim to be the father of mountain-warfare in our Army.

On the temporary cessation of hostilities in 1815 four battalions were formed from disbanded Nepaulese troops, each having a strength of fourteen hundred and thirty of all ranks. The first of these, known as the Sirmoor battalion, was formed at Nahun; two others, known as the first and second Nusseeree battalions, were formed at Sabathu, and the fourth was raised in Kumaon from troops who came over to our side at the close of the campaign. As it would be impossible to do justice in a few pages to the services of the Goorkha battalions of the Indian Army an attempt will be made to sketch the history of the Sirmoor battalion only¹ during the first forty-five years of its existence, concluding with its memorable performances at the siege of Delhi.

Within six months of the formation of the Sirmoor battalion at Nahun, it was reported fit for active service by its gallant commander, Lieutenant Young, and immediately received orders to join a force at Seetapore which was about to take part in the fresh invasion of Nepal which had been rendered necessary by the con-

duct of the Government of that country. This was a striking proof of confidence in the newly raised corps. The question of whether or not the little highlanders could actually be trusted to invade their own country was however not put to the proof, owing to the surrender of the Nepaulese Government; but Lieutenant Young is said to have expressed and felt the utmost confidence in the loyalty of his men to their new employers.

In 1818 the Sirmoor battalion served under Sir David Ochterlony in the Mahratta campaign, and in 1825 two hundred picked men were sent to take part in the siege of Bhurtpore where, under the command of Lieutenant John Fisher, they displayed the utmost gallantry and associated on the most friendly terms with Her Majesty's 59th regiment. On the morning after the storming of the breach, the Goorkhas, who had shared in the glorious charge of the grenadiers of the 59th, were heard to say,—“The Europeans are brave as lions; they are splendid soldiers and very nearly equal to us.”¹

For twenty years after this event the history of the battalion was uneventful; but at the close of the year 1845 the threatening aspect of affairs in the Punjab caused the assembly of an army on our northern frontier, and the battalion speedily found itself placed in a precarious position. Owing to circumstances which need not here be dilated on, a force of nine thousand Sikhs with seventeen guns slipped past the English army on January 4th, 1846, and was about to capture the cantonment and city of Loodiana, which were defended only by the

¹ The grenadiers of the 59th stormed the breach at Bhurtpore to the inspiring strains of *The British Grenadiers*, a warlike episode which has had a recent echo in the charge of the Gordon Highlanders to the music of their pipes at Dargai.

¹ Now the Second, or Prince of Wales's Own Goorkhas.

Sirmoor battalion and two hundred men of the Patiala Horse. The bold front shown by the Goorkhas, who were admirably handled by their commanding officer Captain John Fisher, and a lack of determination on the part of the Sikh leader, resulted in the latter relinquishing his design and falling back before his pigmy enemy. This striking achievement was followed by gallant services at the battles of Aliwal and Sobraon. In the latter battle the Sirmoor battalion lost their gallant and beloved commanding officer, Captain Fisher, and had one hundred and forty-five soldiers killed and wounded out of six hundred and ten who went into action; their loss at Aliwal was fifty killed and wounded.

Eleven years later came the great Mutiny of the Bengal Army which roughly separated the wheat from the tares, and permanently gave the Goorkha that high place in the estimation of all soldiers which he has since retained.

At noon on May 14th, 1857, the Sirmoor battalion was directed to march without delay from Deyra Doon, its permanent head-quarters, to the disturbed district of Bulundshur. The order was obeyed with the utmost promptitude, the battalion marching four hours after its receipt, taking with them neither tents nor baggage. The men had no more clothing nor necessities than they carried on their backs, sixty rounds of ammunition in their pouches, and two elephant-loads of spare cartridges. Roorkee, the head-quarters of the Bengal Engineers, was distant about forty miles from Deyra Doon, and having a free hand, Major Reid,¹ the commanding officer of the Sirmoor battalion, decided to push on as rapidly as possible to that station. In spite of the great heat, which they felt nearly, or quite as

severely as Europeans, the little Goorkhas arrived within three miles of Roorkee early on the morning of May 16th. The cool-headed soldier Baird Smith, who had been left in charge at Roorkee, now came to the conclusion that the entry of the Goorkhas into the station would probably precipitate a catastrophe which they would be unable to avert, and at his request, Major Reid changed his direction and marched straight to the Ganges canal, where Baird Smith had prepared boats to convey the Goorkhas towards Meerut and Bulundshur. To account to the mutinous Sappers for his approach to their cantonment, Major Reid affected to have lost his way, and asked for a guide to the canal. His change of direction was, of course, immediately made known to the Sappers, who had not actually broken into rebellion at Roorkee, though they had refused to obey orders, and happily all went well.

Before embarking in the boats, Major Reid found means to give his men a much-needed meal, and while thus engaged saw several of the mutinous Sappers moving about among the Goorkhas and talking earnestly to them. Presently Major Reid called two of his men and asked them what the Sappers had said to them. "One little fellow," writes Sir Charles Reid, "replied: 'They wanted to know if we were going to Meerut to eat the *otta* (flour) sent up especially by the Governor General; they said that the *otta* at Meerut was nothing but ground bullock-bones.'" The reply of the Goorkha must have delighted the heart of his commanding officer. "I said," quoth he, "the regiment is going wherever it is ordered; we obey the bugle-call."

Going on his way in Baird Smith's boats, forty-five in number, Reid and his Goorkhas reached Meerut, where he was met by an officer, sent by

¹ Now General Sir Charles Reid, G.C.B.

General Hewitt, ordering him to proceed with all haste to Bulundshur to try to save the treasure at that station. Pushing on accordingly Reid reached by the canal-route the village of Bhola on the morning of May 20th, and there found immense quantities of Government property, which had been plundered from the canal-station; he also found miles of stolen telegraph wire, and last, not least, Government despatches torn up. Eighteen prisoners were taken, in whose houses some of the stolen property was found stored, and after trial, thirteen of them were shot. Five of the thirteen were Brahmans, co-religionists, that is, of the Goorkhas; a final and convincing proof of the unquestioning loyalty of the latter. Some critics have blamed Major Reid's conduct on this occasion, but the time for mercy had not yet come: rebellion was spreading fast on every side; and, in addition to the stolen property, another discovery had been made, that of the body of a murdered Englishwoman sunk in one of the locks of the canal.

For about a fortnight after this incident the Sirmoor battalion was busily engaged in reducing the Bulundshur district to order, marching incessantly in terrific heat and performing most valuable services in restoring communications with Calcutta, which, although warmly appreciated and acknowledged by Canning and Lawrence, have perhaps failed to obtain due recognition from historians on account of the more conspicuous feats of arms which the Goorkhas were soon destined to perform. On June 7th they reached Alipore and joined the army under Sir Henry Barnard, the second short-lived Commander-in-Chief of the Mutiny. The force, entirely composed of Europeans, was marching on Delhi, and, in the temper of the moment, received the dusky reinforcement by no means

warmly. The Goorkhas were indeed regarded with a suspicion which was very discouraging after the gallantry and loyalty which they had displayed; the shots fired by them in Bulundshur had marked the beginning of field-operations against the rebels, and now to be distrusted was a poor reward. All this, however, was immediately to be changed, and no later than on the following day.

On June 8th the English army and the Sirmoor battalion, marching from Alipore, found the enemy in force at a place called Budli-ka-Serai, and after a sharp and brief action the mutineers were defeated with a loss of thirteen guns. At about one o'clock the force reached the position in front of Delhi, where the majority of them were destined to find their graves, and to Major Reid and the Sirmoor battalion was entrusted the right section of the outpost line on the now historical Ridge; to them indeed was committed the key of the British position, the step in Sir Henry Barnard's mind from extreme caution to absolute confidence being in the highest degree brief.

A few words of description of Delhi and of the British position before it, may serve to explain the extreme importance of the ground entrusted to Major Reid and his men.

The city of Delhi was surrounded by fortifications about seven miles in circumference, of which about two miles form the eastern, or river, front and are covered by the Jumna; the remaining five miles are distributed in unequal distances between the northern, western and southern land fronts. The northern front extends from the Moira, or Water bastion, which is washed at its base by the waters of the Jumna, to the Shah or Mori bastion a distance of rather less than one mile; and it was on this front only that the British force was

ever strong enough to operate. Only one seventh part, therefore, of the *enceinte* was even partially invested, while on the remaining six-sevenths the garrison had free ingress and egress. The siege of Delhi was, in fact, no more a siege in the strict sense of the word than was the siege of Sebastopol. The ground occupied by the British camp before Delhi was known as the Parade Ground, and was distant about a mile and a half from the northern front of the fortifications, and protected from the artillery of the enemy by the rocky eminence of the Ridge.

The Ridge was composed principally of quartz rock; its aspect was bare and rugged, and its utmost height above the level of the site of the city did not exceed eighty or ninety feet. Incomparably the most important position on the Ridge was that known as Hindoo Rao's house. This consisted of a large modern building with many out-houses, formerly occupied by Maharaja Hindoo Rao, a Mahratta nobleman related to the reigning family of Gwalior; the house stood about twelve hundred yards from the Mori bastion, the north-western corner, so to say, of the city of Delhi, and was consequently well within effective artillery-fire. Hindoo Rao's house formed Major Reid's head-quarters throughout the siege, and it may here be said that, from the day of the arrival of the British force before Delhi until the day, nearly three and a half months later, when he fell wounded in the assault on the city, Major Reid never once quitted his position save when advancing to meet the enemy and to repel his many attacks. This extreme vigilance on the part of Major Reid was supported by the constant alertness of his gallant little Goorkhas, who again received prompt assistance

from the wing of the 60th Rifles and the other troops which were placed under Major Reid's orders, or despatched from time to time to support him.

Although the rebel troops in Delhi did not possess a leader with the military knowledge that would have quickly made our position untenable by cutting the communications of our force with the Punjab, they yet did not fail to appreciate the importance of Major Reid's position, as was shown by their repeated attempts to capture it. The first attack occurred within two hours of the occupation of Hindoo Rao's house, and was so gallantly repulsed by the Goorkhas that they were cheered by every English soldier who witnessed their feat of arms. The Sirmoor battalion was, as has been mentioned, the only native regiment at this time with the Delhi force, and every eye was naturally upon them.

On the following day the Guides arrived at Delhi after their famous march from the Punjab, and the infantry portion of the corps was placed under Major Reid's orders. It was principally composed of Sikhs and Punjabees, but had a Goorkha company one hundred strong. Of this company not more than twenty men were left at the end of the siege.

Without tracing in detail the exploits of the Sirmoor battalion throughout their memorable three and a half months on the Delhi Ridge, some idea of what they did there may be derived from the simple statement that between June 8th, 1857, the day of their arrival, and September 14th, the day of the assault, the small force under Major Reid's orders repulsed no less than twenty-six determined assaults made on their position by large bodies of troops, whose numbers indeed would

have overwhelmed so small a force but for its own high quality and the skill and energy with which it was handled. According to the estimate of Sir Archdale Wilson, the defenders of Delhi numbered fully forty thousand regular soldiers, trained by ourselves; and this large force could concentrate its attention on the defence of the northern front only of the city. It will therefore be readily imagined that the outpost line, so constantly attacked by an enemy whose numbers enabled him to disregard his own losses, was not held without heavy sacrifices. The Sirmoor battalion had eight English officers killed and wounded out of nine who served with it during the siege, and three hundred and twenty-seven men killed or wounded out of four hundred and ninety. The casualties of Major Reid's supporting troops were also very heavy, the 60th Rifles having four hundred and one casualties out of a strength of seven hundred and ten, and the Corps of Guides three hundred and eighteen casualties out of six hundred and ten.

Few English generals, who have conducted a successful operation of war, have had harder things said of them than Sir Archdale Wilson, and it is therefore pleasant to note in him the possession of at least one good quality of a commander, a warm appreciation of the services of his subordinates. Thus we find him writing in an official dispatch on August 13th, 1857: "I have no words to express my admiration of the endurance and gallantry displayed throughout this long period by Major Reid and the officers and men who have served under him. With the aid of Her Majesty's 60th Rifles, his own regiment (the Sirmoor Battalion) assisted by reliefs from the Guide Corps of Infantry, the 4th Sikhs, and the 1st Punjab Infantry, this officer has

sustained and defeated twenty-four separate attacks upon his position up to the 6th instant, and from that day to the present a constant worrying attack night and day, by both infantry and artillery." To this honourable testimony may be added the words of Colonel (now General Sir Henry) Norman in his narrative of the siege. After stating that Major Reid and his troops had the task of defending all our heavy batteries, Colonel Norman continues: "The house in which he resided with his Corps was within perfect range of nearly all the enemy's heavy guns, and was riddled through and through with shot and shell."

How little the nerves of Major Reid and his Goorkhas were affected by this arduous service is illustrated by the manner in which they repelled the attacks made on their position. The fate of the sortie made on June 15th is best related in Major Reid's own words.¹

I was attacked this morning in great force, some six thousand infantry and cavalry. The rascals had the impudence to bring out a couple of nine-pounders. I made all my arrangements for the defence of the picquets, and then went out with all available troops to attack the enemy as they came over the hill. I had six companies of my own regiment and two guns of Scott's battery. I accordingly took up a position and waited for the mutineers to advance. On they came and planted a green standard on the hill, within a hundred paces of me. This was more than I could stand. I gave the word *forward*; our little fellows were up like a shot, and advanced in beautiful order to the top of the hill. By way of bringing the enemy on, I sounded the *retreat*, having previously warned my men what I was going to do. It had the desired effect; on came the mutineers and we met just as I got over the brow of the hill. I gave them one well directed volley, and then ordered my guns to open. This sent them to the right about; about fifty were killed and a great number wounded.

¹ From General Sir Charles Reid's unpublished NOTES AND LETTERS.

Here was indeed the perfection of discipline and of mutual confidence between commander and men ; and the fate of this particular sortie differed but in detail from that of the other twenty-five.

This brief record of the services of the Sirmoor battalion at Delhi may fitly close with a statement of the soldierly devotion of the Goorkhas at the final assault on the city. On the day before the assault Major Reid went to the hospital where about one hundred and fifty wounded men remained, the worst cases having been sent away. He told his men that he was to command the fourth column on the following day, and that he would like some of them to join him if they could do so. Every man sprang to his feet, or attempted to do so, although many bore open wounds upon them. One hundred and five of these wounded Goorkhas joined in the assault next day, and forty of them were killed. Comment is needless, but it is easy to understand the enthusiastic admiration which leads their English officers to declare that Goorkhas are the finest soldiers the world can show.

The first battalion of the 2nd (Prince of Wales's Own) Goorkhas' most recent service took place in the Tirah Campaign of last year. Between October 18th and December 14th the battalion was in action thirty times, and on eighteen of those occasions fought a rear-guard action. Between the above dates there were only four days during which they were not under fire. The casualties in the battalion were one hundred and twenty-two killed and wounded, the proportion of killed being very high, as was generally the case during this campaign. The officers, both British

and native, highly distinguished themselves, and their losses were terribly severe. Three more gallant regimental officers than the late Major Judge, Captain Robinson, and Lieutenant Wylie of the 2nd Goorkhas could be found in no unit of the Tirah Field Force, and this is no mean word of praise. It is an interesting fact that the gallant Colonel Eaton Travers, who commanded the battalion in Tirah, is the son of a brave and promising officer who fell at Delhi while serving with the 2nd Goorkhas.

We have now seen the Goorkha soldier as an enemy and as a friend, and worthy of all honour in both capacities. It has already been said that it was formerly a very difficult matter to obtain sufficient recruits of the desired classes for the small number of Goorkha regiments then in the Indian Army, but this difficulty has greatly diminished of late years. Officers commanding Goorkha regiments are said to be quite satisfied with the quality of their recruits, and in things military it is certainly sufficient to judge by results. History is said to be untrustworthy, but it is ever our custom to display our short-comings to the world. When an English general fails to satisfy all expectations, when a section of our Army appears in any way to have fallen short of the national standard, none so ready as we to proclaim the fact from the housetops. As therefore the history, formal and informal, of all recent wars has nothing but good to tell of the Goorkha soldier, we may fairly assume that he is to-day as he was in the past, stout of heart, sturdy of frame, a keen sportsman, and an unrivalled fighting-man.

HUGH PEARSE.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

WE have been requested by Mr. Laird Clowes to publish the following letter, with reference to the article on AN AMERICAN HISTORIAN OF THE BRITISH NAVY in our Number for May.

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article entitled AN AMERICAN HISTORIAN OF THE BRITISH NAVY in Macmillan's Magazine for May.

In that article you review a history of THE NAVAL WAR OF 1812, which was written many years ago by an American friend of mine, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt; and you admit that in that history Mr. Roosevelt is "more fair not only than his own countrymen, but than our own James," and that "he is incomparably more candid than his predecessors in America had been." At the same time you point out certain statements of Mr. Roosevelt which you, referring with approval to Mr. H. Y. Powell's researches on the subject, assume, rightly or wrongly, to be incorrect. I have no desire to challenge your views upon that score. It is even probable that the best intentioned and most laborious historian, in the course of a narrative of the events of three years, will make numerous mistakes. Moreover, the defence of what Mr. Roosevelt wrote nearly twenty years ago is, in any case, not my business. Possibly he would not now care to defend all of it himself.

But I find that, although you "have not the least wish in the world to quarrel with Mr. Roosevelt," and although you "cheerfully allow that his book contains much useful information, and many shrewd remarks, that it is by comparison fair," and so on, you have a quarrel with me. You mention, on the first page of your article, a book upon which I have long been engaged, and which is not yet completed, THE ROYAL NAVY, A HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT, by William Laird Clowes; and you say, quite correctly that, among other gentlemen who are assisting me in the

preparation of that book (of which two volumes only out of five have yet been published) is Mr. Roosevelt, my distinguished American friend. Not only do you object to my having applied to Mr. Roosevelt to help me in the preparation of a history intended for British readers; but you even go so far as to suggest to British readers that they shall not purchase my history for the reason that Mr. Roosevelt, "who is more fair than our own James," is to write, in a forthcoming volume of it, about the War of 1812.

I venture to remind you, sir, that, no matter what Mr. Roosevelt may have written or may henceforth write, nothing from his pen, or from that of any other writer, will appear in my book, THE ROYAL NAVY, without having received my approval; and that I alone am responsible for everything that the book contains and will contain. I applied to Mr. Roosevelt to furnish me with the story of the War of 1812 because he has already written what, with all its faults, is still the best work on that subject, and because he has since devoted his mature attention to the same matter; but, although I have very great confidence in him, both as a diligent and careful student and as a man of scrupulous honour, I do not accept, either from him or from my English colleagues, any statements or conclusions unless I have good reasons of my own for believing them to be accurate. I am responsible, I repeat, for the whole book.

This being so, and seeing that you have formulated no objections whatsoever against the two volumes which have already appeared, and that you obviously are in no position to criticise what has still to be published, may I ask you to allow me to beg your readers to suspend their judgment, and not to condemn my work unseen, merely because I am being assisted in part of it by an American friend?

I may add that you are mistaken in saying that my other American assistant, Captain Mahan, will write of "the great operations of the naval wars in a part of the eighteenth century in which his coun-

try had no share." On the contrary, Captain Mahan writes (subject always to the conditions which I have already noted) of the major operations of the War of American Revolution, including the Campaign on the Great Lakes.

Far from regretting having asked these two distinguished Americans to co-operate with me, I congratulate myself more than ever, since I have read their work, upon having done so. I see in that work so very little that an Englishman, even the most patriotic, could truthfully clothe in more acceptable words, and so very much that a modest Englishman would hesitate to put in terms so laudatory, that I believe that, when the completed result is before my readers and yours, and when it is evident, from my annotations, what the real share of these gentlemen is in the whole, my action will be vindicated, and will be generally approved of.

Yet, be that as it may, wait, I beg of you; and, in the meantime be so good as to give publicity in Macmillan's Magazine to this letter.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WM. LAIRD CLOWES.

Davos, Switzerland,
May 14th, 1898.

We have great pleasure in printing Mr. Clowes's letter, but on one or two passages in it we have, in justice to our contributor, a few remarks of our own to make.

Mr. Clowes (unconsciously, of course) has somewhat misrepresented the grounds of our contributor's objections to Mr. Roosevelt as a historian of the British Navy; nor indeed has he even quoted his words quite accurately, thereby giving them (in pure oversight, we doubt not) a complexion slightly different from their own, as will be seen by a comparison between our quotations and Mr. Clowes's.

It was admitted that, "*on the whole* Mr. Roosevelt is *relatively fair*, more fair not only than his own countrymen, but than our own James," and that in his "*comparisons of the respective force of the ships engaged*" he is "*incomparably more candid* than his predecessors in America had

been." No objection was taken to Mr. Roosevelt "as a writer for Americans and in America:" it was taken to "his appearance in the list of contributors to a history of the Royal Navy;" and it was taken both on the general grounds that it was not becoming to go to a foreigner "to write for us on the achievements of our fathers," and also on the particular ground that Mr. Roosevelt's previous work, with all its merits, was not of a nature to allow Englishmen to accept him as a candid historian of their Navy. "A nation which has any self-respect," it was said, "writes its own history. It reads foreigners on the subject, when they happen to be competent, with profit, but it does not apply to them." And then our contributor went on to remind his readers how well Don Cesareo Duro has written of the Great Armada, and how well Admiral Jurien de la Gravière has written of the French Revolutionary War. "Yet their place is to write for Spain, and for France, and though it is our place to study them, they are not to speak for us. Neither ought Mr. Roosevelt, be his ability and impartiality what they may. The ability we do not dispute; but concerning his impartiality there is something to be said which ought to give Englishmen a particular, as well as general, reason for protesting against being called upon to go to him for their naval history." The remainder of the article is mainly occupied with instances of Mr. Roosevelt's unfitness to be accepted by Englishmen as a historian of English naval affairs; and these instances are most inadequately described by Mr. Clowes as "certain statements of Mr. Roosevelt which you, referring with approval to Mr. H. G. Powell's researches on the subject, assume rightly or wrongly to be incorrect." Through the most part of his article our con-

tributor makes no reference to Mr. Powell or his researches, in illustrating Mr. Roosevelt's misstatements of fact or inaccuracies of quotation. Only at the end he refers the reader to him (for one instance, out of many, of Mr. Roosevelt's partiality) on a matter in which the American historian expresses a wish for better authority than he has been able to find in James; and he shows where such authority could easily have been found, quite apart from Mr. Powell.

Again, Mr. Clowes writes: "You are mistaken in saying that my other American assistant, Captain Mahan, will write of 'the great operations of the naval wars in a part of the eighteenth century in which his country had no share.' On the contrary Captain Mahan writes (subject always to the conditions which I have already noted) of the major operations of the war of American Revolution, including the Campaign on the Great Lakes." Now, the period assigned to Captain Mahan in Mr. Clowes's general preface dates from 1763 to 1793. The war with our American Colonies lasted for eight out of those thirty years, from 1775 to 1783. During those eight years the only operations deserving the name of naval engagements (and they can hardly be called major ones) in which the Americans took any part, were the battle of Valcour Island on Lake Champlain, the destruction of the American fleet at Penobscott by Collier, and the action off the English coast between H.M. *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard*, an old Indiaman purchased by the French for the occasion, manned by a non-descript crew (including some Malays) of which only one hundred were Americans, and commanded by a Scotchman, the notorious Paul Jones. As for the really great naval engage-

ments of those years,—between Keppel and D'Orvilliers off Ushant, between Rodney and De Langara off Cape St. Vincent, between Rodney and De Guichen to leeward and to windward of Martinique, between Parker and Zoutmann in the North Sea, between Hood and De Grasse off Martinique, between Graves and De Grasse off the Chesapeake, and again between Hood and De Grasse at the Basseterre of St. Kitts, between Rodney and De Grasse off Dominica, and the various actions between Hughes and Suffren in the East Indies—Mr. Clowes will hardly, we take it, claim that the Americans had any part in them. We submit, therefore, that our contributor, though his language might have been more precise, was not so seriously mistaken in assuming that Captain Mahan, in handling that period of our maritime history which lies between the years 1763 and 1793, would write of great naval operations in which his country had no share.

Mr. Clowes congratulates himself on having asked Mr. Roosevelt to co-operate with him; some of Mr. Roosevelt's countrymen are also pleased, but apparently from different motives. "A certain New York literary journal [we quote from Mr. Clowes's general preface] congratulated itself that Mr. Roosevelt might be trusted to reflect American opinion in its most uncompromising form, and that I might live to be sorry for having secured the co-operation of that distinguished writer and administrator." Mr. Clowes "regrets this outburst," and no doubt with good reason. It would seem, however, that our contributor is not alone in his surprise at finding the American historian of THE NAVAL WAR OF 1812 asked by an Englishman to contribute to a history of the British Navy.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1898.

THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

By CECIL LOWIS.

CHAPTER X.

MINYWA was neither a large nor a conspicuous village. On a dark night, after lights were out, you might, if you came from Tatkin and the west, have walked through poor little Minywa without knowing it. Dense bamboo jungle pressed close in upon it on the sunset side as well as on the north and south; you stepped at one breath from the jungle-path eastward into the village-street, and there was nothing to mark where the one ended and the other began. The growth on either hand fell back a little, it is true, just before the turn that landed you in front of the first of the mat-hovels; but that was only what was to be expected, for there was a steady downward trend in the path, and it was evident that the end of the long ridge had come, and that there was a slope to the river on which it was natural that there should be patches of clearer ground. The village boasted of no stockade; nothing divided the road from the habitations on each side. A few hundred steps carried you past the ten or twelve low thatched huts, which seemed anxious to shrink away from observation, into the protecting shelter of the feathery green; and going eastward, if it were dusk and you were not on the look-out,

you were half down the slope before you realised that it was not a mere clearing you had come through, and that there was nothing now save a narrow belt of open ground between you and the next interminable wilderness of bamboo-stems. Down the slope the bamboo-clumps stood thinner; then came the stretch of level rice-land,—the sole reason for the hamlet's existence—and then the river under the trees at the further side, with jungle beyond and ever more jungle along the crests, as far as the eye could reach. There was not another village, that way, for thirty miles.

The stream was, for Burmah, a very insignificant little trickle. At Minywa the channel was narrow, some twenty yards across: the banks, though low, were steep and the trees nearly met overhead; but even in the rains the water at the ford was never more than waist-deep. On the day early in January with which we are for the moment concerned, it was a good deal lower; in fact in the deepest part it did not reach the knees of a Burman who was splashing leisurely across it from the east towards the village. The forenoon was well advanced, and though the morning had been cold, the sun was by this time high and hot, and the cool water lapped so refreshingly round the walker's dusty shins that he did not

hurry across. He was a long, lean individual with sheepish, good-natured eyes and a large mouth, its proportions accentuated rather than hidden by a scanty black moustache. He had neither jacket nor head-covering, his glossy hair being carelessly knotted at the crown; over his shoulder hung a red Shan tasselled bag and a coarse blue and white cloth, that earlier in the morning he had worn wrapped round the upper part of his body, while his waist was encircled by a width of material of almost the same pattern; this he had tucked up as high as possible before entering the stream, though the precaution was almost unnecessary, for the ripples did not reach anywhere near the lowest flourish of the blue tattooed pattern that extended downward from his waist to his knees. He gave a grunt and a final kick with each foot in the limpid flow as he reached the further side, then, tucking his knife into his waistcloth behind, so as to leave his hands free, he scrambled up the bank and emerged upon the paddy-plain.

There was more to be seen of Minywa from the east than from the west. The flattened, cowering thatch-roofs seemed, from here, as from above, fearful of obtruding themselves on the gaze; but, standing on the rice-fields, one could see something that was not visible from the jungle-path,—a line of plantain-tufts stretching away to the right of the village, with the pagoda and monastery (*kyauung*) posted at its further extremity. There was no overlooking the monastery, the pride and glory of Minywa, that towered with its quaint sharp gables and carved projections over the bamboo-clumps. It had been built many years before, when Minywa was much larger than it is now, by an old resident, a conscientious timber-

contractor, who, on retiring from business, had made the pious resolve that the particular act of merit, which was to ensure him after death a creditable transmigration, should be outwardly as imposing as the transactions by which he had amassed his wealth were shady, and, in pursuance of that resolve, had raised a pile that was for long the talk of the country-side. Kyaung-taga Tun Waing had died several years ago, in the earnest expectation of starting a fresh existence, if not as a monk, at any rate (and the alternative would perhaps, on the whole, be more satisfactory) as a successful owner of saw-mills with a large connection. His own residence, built half way between the village and the monastery, had fallen to pieces: his children had migrated elsewhere; and there was nothing left now to testify to his unique knowledge of all matters connected with timber but the old *kyauung* itself, which still stood erect on its mighty teak-wood posts and had a wonderful capacity for subsisting, and indeed thriving, on a minimum of repairs. The toothless old gentleman who had been installed, as presiding monk, when the monastery was built had long since, like his patron, gone the way of all flesh, and U Ananda reigned in his stead. Now U Ananda was a *gaingdaw*, or archdeacon of the Burmese Buddhist church, subordinate in spiritual matters to no one but the *thathanabaing*, or archbishop, and to his own *gaing-ôk*, or bishop, neither of whom exercised any control to speak of over him. He was fairly shrewd, moderately respected, and very much feared; so that, all things considered, he was somewhat of a power in the land, for though he had been a steady opponent of British rule on

its first introduction, and had acquired a name for his devotion to the old cause, he had since then had the good sense to learn, earlier than some, that kicking against the pricks was not the most profitable or healthful form of exercise, and had at times even been of assistance to the authorities. So skilfully indeed had he played his cards hitherto, that, while secretly known to the people of the Chindwin as inclined to sympathise with the disaffected, he had given the Government no shadow of an excuse for turning him out of his monastery; and if the truth is to be told, he figured in the Deputy-Commissioner's reports as "an ex-firebrand who has been gradually won over by British tolerance to a right way of thinking."

But U Ananda had not yet been so fully won over as Smart and his predecessors imagined; and nothing could have shown this more clearly than the fact that our long Burman friend, after crossing the belt of rice-land, where the yellow paddy-stubble bristled on the hard baked clay, instead of making straight for the village, branched off up a path to the right and bent his steps to where the topmost spire of the monastery rose above the plantains. So far he had met no one since fording the stream, save a pair of village maidens laden with red earthenware pots who were strolling, one behind the other, down to the river to draw water and bathe, and these he had passed with the briefest of salutations. The couple had eyed him askance as he approached, edging to the further side of the path, as though uncertain what to make of him; but his answer to their question,—“Where are you going to, Shwe Myaing?”—though curt, was friendly, and they passed on and were soon talking and tittering (not, it must be confessed, very

musically) behind him. Shwe Myaing knew pretty well what they were chattering about, and the knowledge that he had of late become an object of such interest to his fellow-villagers was by no means displeasing to his vanity. He also knew why it was that a small brown boy with big eyes and a shaven poll, whom he caught up on his way to the monastery, gave a sudden exclamation of terror and showed a disposition to drop his lacquer-work bowl and bolt into the jungle when he saw who it was that was standing by him. It needed but a laugh and a word or two, however, to completely reassure the urchin, and he was presently pattering along in the tall man's wake and answering his questions in a voice that quavered, but from lack of breath and not from fear; for, after all, little Po Lu was ten, and old enough by this time to know that there was really no reason why he should be frightened of his uncle Shwe Myaing, even though the latter had of late contracted the habit of living out in the jungle with doubtful characters and seemed always to be connected in people's minds with that alarming personage Bo Chet. Through the plaintain-grove they wended their way together, and before Shwe Myaing had had time to hear half the latest village-gossip an opening in a rough bamboo-fence brought uncle and nephew out on to a cleared square of dry levelled earth which formed the enclosure of the monastery. To their right, at one corner of the fenced quadrangle, was a pagoda, built of brick, plastered and rigorously whitewashed: the sides of the enclosure were lined with crazy wooden *zayats*, or rest-houses, and in front of them the teak-wood piles and walls of the monastery stood out dark against a background of sunlit foliage. A monastic stillness reigned over the precincts, till a sleek black pariah dog,

roused by the near footsteps, uncurled itself from a dusty siesta by the entrance to bark at the new comer. Immediately, as though by magic, the quarter rang with the sound of hoarse canine voices; but a clod of earth, deftly hurled by Po Lu, silenced the inhospitable cur; the din subsided as quickly as it had arisen, and the man and boy crossed the open space before the monastery unchallenged.

There were yellow clad forms stationary, or in sedate motion, on the open railless verandah of the main building, and underneath, amid the forest of rounded piles, a crowd of small shorn boys, each one ridiculously like his neighbour, was squatted, engaged in a perfunctory washing of plates and bowls. Po Lu made straight for his companions, who stared curiously but without fear at the visitor; but Shwe Myaing, being by no means anxious to attract attention, did not follow the boy to the monastery, but glided away to one of the rest-houses, where a few minutes later he might have been seen, seated in a remote shady corner, demolishing with ravenous appetite a huge pile of sticky rice that his nephew had placed before him on a portion of plantain-leaf. Coming as an emissary from Bo Chet's camp, he had the best of reasons for not wishing to court publicity, even in his native village; yet it would have surprised and amused a spectator to note how swiftly the tidings of his coming were diffused through the building, and how careful all were to conceal, and at the same time satisfy, their curiosity with regard to him and to avoid giving any indication of knowledge that might hereafter be considered compromising. An old lady, who had brought an offering to the monastery and was returning to the village, shuffled past the rest-house with many a sidelong glance in, for she had over-

heard a fragment of what Po Lu was saying to his companions; and a couple of young priests clambered down from the platform to the ground, ostensibly to look after the boys below, but really to obtain a stealthy glimpse of the *dacoit* as he bent over his food. Shwe Myaing, however, paid but indifferent heed to his observers. He was enjoying his first full meal for a fortnight, and so long as his hunger was appeased and no actual harm came to him (and of actual harm there was very little danger) he did not much care what people thought; so he looked away with a suppressed grin and crammed his mouth afresh with the glutinous lumps of grain. But he turned when a few minutes later a well-known husky voice called him by name, and saw standing opposite him in the sunshine the man he wanted to see, a short stout elderly Burman monk, swathed in the orthodox yellow robes of the Buddhist priesthood which left his right arm and shoulder bare.

"Your Reverence!" he exclaimed, rapidly changing his negligent attitude for the more decorous posture that a layman was expected to assume when addressing an ecclesiastic of the Buddhist church.

U Ananda chewed in silence at his mouthful of betel and looked severely into the upturned eyes of the Burman. The archdeacon was certainly not outwardly prepossessing, for his face was coarse and thick-lipped and his large ears stood out bat-like at each side of his close-cropped head. "So you have come, Shwe Myaing," he said after a pause.

"I have come, your Reverence," Shwe Myaing made answer, waiting for a lead and wondering what his Reverence would say to his presence there. It was a matter of no little importance to him, for he knew well that the village would take their cue

from the monastery, and that his reception at Minywa would be friendly or the reverse as the priest dictated.

"And you have come from,—from the east?" pursued U Ananda. The words conveyed a statement of fact, not a question, though the interrogative particle was used.

"From the east," said Shwe Myaing submissively. This was as good and safe an expression as any he could think of for the locality from which he had come.

"And what have you come here for,—to buy rice?"

"To buy rice," came like an echo from Shwe Myaing's lips.

The priest nodded a solemn approval, and Shwe Myaing's face brightened. To a European the words would have sounded perfectly innocent, but as a matter of fact the whole conversation was nothing more or less than a pleasing little farce, into the spirit of which the audience fully entered. The crowd of wide-eyed schoolboys and gaping deacons, whom the dialogue had attracted to the spot, knew well whence Shwe Myaing had come and what his business was in Minywa; but they also knew, as well as the two speakers themselves, how necessary it was to keep up appearances.

"When do you return?" the arch-deacon went on.

"To-day, at sunset," answered Shwe Myaing; "if I can get rice," he added, as an after-thought.

"How much rice do you want?"

"Two baskets, your Reverence."

"I cannot say whether you will get so much. The harvest has not been plentiful; but you can try, can you not?"

"I can try, your Reverence."

"Good. Is all well in the east?"

"All is not well, your Reverence," said Shwe Myaing. "The crops are not good and there is much sickness, but with food things will be better.

We only look to your Eminence for succour. The *saya-gyi*——"¹ Here he broke off on a look from the priest, which showed him that his last two words were superfluous, but after a pause during which U Ananda munched grimly he repeated in plaintive tones, "With food things will be better."

"Well, you may see what you can get here; but, remember, not more than two baskets," and the priest, turning on his heel as a sign that the interview was at an end, clambered into the monastery with as much dignity as was compatible with his squat figure and the cramped position he was forced to assume to scale the primitive ladder-like staircase. The throng of inquisitive youths and boys hung for a time open-mouthed round the rest-house, and then, realising that there was nothing more to be seen or heard, dispersed by twos or threes to sleep or smoke the hot hours away, while Shwe Myaing, left to himself, settled with a sigh of satisfaction into a dark corner to try conclusions with a prodigious cheroot. Before many puffs he was fast asleep, breathing as evenly as any child, his head pillowed on his cloth, a shame-faced grin still lurking in the corners of his big mouth.

A drowsy silence seemed to permeate the atmosphere. In half an hour it seemed as though all the human occupants of the monastery had followed the example of Bo Chet's emissary. Only the beasts were awake. Before long one of the vagrant dogs, that hung like shabby unclean spirits about the enclosure, approached and began surreptitiously to devour the scanty remains of Shwe Myaing's meal, the few gummy mouthfuls of rice he had been unable to devour before

¹ *Saya* or *Saya-gyi* is used by a Burman in speaking of, or to, any one of superior rank or position; it is equivalent to *husoor* in Hindustanee, *your Honour* or *his Honour*.

sleep overtook him. The scavenger was not, however, left long in undisturbed possession of his spoil; his movements had not escaped the observation of a godless brace of bright-eyed crows, black with a physical and moral blackness, but comely withal after the comeliness of their kind, who before long were bobbing backwards and forwards in his vicinity, taking it in turn to entice him from his meal. Their fiendish skill proclaimed them inveterate in crime. No sooner had the unfortunate cur made a dash for one of his obscene sidling tormentors, than the other hopped in jeeringly from the flank and abstracted a white morsel or two, and every time he leaped angrily out to annihilate the second robber, he had to return baffled, to find that the first had in its turn secured a beakful of food. These tactics were kept up till the rice was finished and the victim hoarse with fruitless snarling; and not till then did the diabolical birds leave him, and flutter, shouting in noisy triumph, to the nearest jack-tree, there to compare notes and indulge in mutual invective. But Shwe Myaing heard nothing of the flapping and the growls at his side; he was in a state of absolute exhaustion, in which he would have slept through the most riotous farce and been unmoved by the noisiest orchestra. Later on in the afternoon, however, when the sun was dipping towards the western line of jungle, he awoke with a start, stretched himself, yawned and, casting a hasty look around him, picked up his knife and cloth and slunk off in the direction of the village.

It was dusk when he returned to the monastery, followed by a sturdy villager who carried, slung at each end of a bamboo-pole, a basket full of husked rice. There was a broader grin than usual on the robber's face as he halted within the enclosure.

Thanks to his interview with the priest earlier in the day he had found it easy enough to fulfil his delicate mission. How he had secured his two baskets full of rice it is needless to describe here in detail; but, as Bo Chet was not in the habit, when he sent into a village for supplies, of providing his messenger with cash, it may be inferred that, in saying that he had come to buy rice, Shwe Myaing had been indulging in one of the graceful euphemisms to which the Burmese are, as a race, addicted. The main thing was that the rice was forthcoming, and that he had transacted his business without friction and expeditiously. The coolie, who had been pressed temporarily into the great outlaw's employ, was on the other hand less satisfied with himself and his day's work. He knew that the offence of assisting to supply *dacoits* with food was one that was not passed over lightly by the authorities, and he had an uncomfortable premonition of possible collisions with patrols in the jungle. Wherefore he grumbled a little while his principal was absent, bidding a formal farewell to the arch-deacon; yet he was too much of a Burman not to join heartily in the laugh that went up when one of the bolder wits at the monastery comforted him, in the hearing of one or two choice spirits, with the assurance that, when Bo Chet came into his kingdom, he would surely make him Governor of the Chindwin Provinces as a reward for trusty services rendered, and then proceeded to prostrate himself before the prospective ruler.

Shwe Myaing did not hear this sally, or he would have giggled as loudly as any of the others. He was at the moment squatting humbly before U Ananda in a small inner chamber of the monastery. The room was dark, except for the light of a small smoky oil-lamp which cast

a feeble glow on the priest's fat sensuous face. The rough plank floor was covered with two or three gaudy European rugs, and the walls and posts were dotted with a selection of pictures from English illustrated journals. The two were alone, and the fact was sufficient to account for the greater freedom of their speech.

"I have got the rice, your Reverence," said Shwe Myaing, pressing his joined palms against the floor, "and I am now going back,—to the east."

"It is well," replied the priest. "Tell me now, Shwe Myaing, how goes it with the *saya*?"

"The *saya* has recovered from his fever, and can eat, when there is rice; but Shwe Lan is ill again. The wound he got at Thayetbin has reopened and he suffers great pain. Nothing does the sore place good but the yellow powder the *saya-gyi* once got from the Government dispensary at Tatkin; but that is all finished now."

"Does the *saya-gyi*'s skill avail nothing to give his followers relief?"

"He has applied leaves to the wound, but it will not heal. He goes to-morrow to Thonzè to get more drugs from Maung Waik."

"Thonzè," said U Ananda, "let him take care how he goes to Thonzè. I have heard that the Deputy-Commissioner himself goes there soon to settle who is to be headman of the village. It would not do for the *saya-gyi* and the *aye-baing*¹ to meet, would it? You know the rewards that have been offered."

"I know them," said Shwe Myaing, a sullen look creeping over his face, but the priest went on with unction. "For Nga Chet one thousand rupees, for Nga Le and Nga Cho five

hundred each, for Shwe Lan two hundred and fifty, and for Shwe Myaing,—I have forgotten,—how much for Shwe Myaing?"

"One hundred," said the individual in question, rather sulkily. It was degrading enough to know that this absurdly low price had been put upon his head and to have the figure cast constantly in his teeth by his more expensive companions; the humiliation was twofold when the sneer came from a mere monk, a man who had never carried his life in his hand, had never even missed a meal in freedom's cause. If it had not been for the stupid affair with the old woman at Thayetbin, he would not have hesitated a moment to turn Queen's evidence; but that little episode had, he knew well, cut him off from all hope of mercy at the hands of a pig-headed Government that never would realise how apt young bloods are to be carried away with boyish excitement, and how marvellously the occupation of prodding obstinate ladies with a spear grows upon one. As it was, he could not help thinking that it would perhaps be the wisest thing to silence his colleagues' scoffs for good and all by some exploit that would enhance his value in the Government's eyes. In for a penny, in for a pound; the old woman was certainly not worth hanging for, and hanged he certainly would be if he were caught. Now if he could only account for some valuable Government official, say the Deputy-Commissioner, or,—but the priest's voice broke in upon his meditations.

"One thousand, five hundred, two hundred and fifty, one hundred," repeated U Ananda. "Don't let the rewards be forgotten, and remember that even in Minywa there may be those who would like to earn them. See that there is no further demand

¹ An official of high-rank answering to our Deputy-Commissioner. •

for rice before the rains. Who goes with you to carry the rice to the *saya-gyi*?"

"Ko Meik Gyi goes with your servant. He waits down below. All is ready."

"Go quickly then, and tell the *saya-gyi* that the bearer of the rice is not to be let or hindered in returning. It will not be wise to anger the only village that supports the jungle-dwellers, will it?"

"No, your Reverence, it will not," said Shwe Myaing; and then with a parting obeisance he retired as quickly as possible from the awe-inspiring presence of the archdeacon.

The path down to the river branched off from the track leading from the monastery to the village, at a point about a hundred yards from the enclosure. For these hundred yards, therefore, Shwe Myaing's road lay along the path to the village, and thus it was that a minute or two after his start he had an opportunity, himself unseen, of watching a cavalcade that was coming from the hamlet to the monastery, and of thanking his stars that he had left not later than he did. He had sent Ko Meik Gyi with the baskets of rice on ahead, while he stopped behind to get a handful of cheroots from one of the idlers at the monastery; he was hurrying along to catch his man up and had come near the branching of the roads, when he suddenly became aware of approaching horses, and had only just time to dodge into the brushwood to avoid being seen by a rider who was making at a rapid trot from the direction of the village for the monastery. It was a European; the lines of his helmet stood out clear, and by the glint of a steel scabbard in the moonlight the robber, as he crouched in the jungle, judged that it was a policeman. There were sounds of more horsemen behind, and before he emerged, trem-

bling in every limb, Shwe Myaing had seen half-a-dozen mounted Burman police pass spectre-like after their leader towards the monastery. Immediately the last of the riders had passed and he was satisfied that the coast was clear, the outlaw slipped out on to the path and sped down the turning to the river with a conviction that, whatever he might do later, the present was not a suitable opportunity for getting the reward for his own capture raised. The coolie was just visible on the rice-fields in front of him, a dark figure staggering under his load through the dim moonlight, and a few seconds sufficed to catch him up and hurry him, mildly protesting, across the stream into the jungle on the further side. Then, and not till then, did Shwe Myaing stop to ponder on the narrowness of his escape, and to congratulate himself on all things having turned out as they had.

There could be no doubt who the police were after; even one hundred rupees were apparently worth a little exertion. They had got some definite information, it was clear. Some one must have gone into Tatkin to tell of his arrival that morning in Minywa. Who that some one could have been he could not for the moment even hazard a guess; he could only conjecture that it was some evilly-disposed person in the village itself, or more probably some stranger who knew him by sight and was not afraid of angering the archdeacon. If this were the case, there had been no time lost either by the informer or the police, for it was a good ten miles from Minywa to the District head-quarters. Truly there was something alarming in the energy of these white folk; the Thonzè sergeant would certainly not have come so quick, though he was a good deal nearer Minywa. However, all was well that ended well. He knew that the police would not

get much out of the villagers of Minywa, nearly all of whom had friends or relations who either still were or had been in Bo Chet's gang, and that he himself was in no immediate danger of being pursued; and he reflected that, even if he was followed, he had by this time got a good start and ought to have no difficulty in shaking his pursuers off. So he called a halt for a moment in a moonlit space to light cheroots, one for himself and one for Ko Meik Gyi, whom he had, for good reasons of his own, not told of his adventure; and presently the pair were jogging along, talking cheerily, through the lights and shades of the jungle towards the robbers' camp.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Smarts' visit to the pagoda was not to be one of recreation only. The Deputy-Commissioner and his friends had no intention of foregoing, if it could be helped, travelling-allowance, that most useful supplement to the hard-worked official's salary; and therefore in good time it was discovered that Heriot had a plantation in the vicinity of Thonzè to visit, that Smart was expected to ascertain the validity of the claim of two applicants for the appointment of *thugyi*, or headman, of that village, and that it was Waring's bounden duty to write a report on the pagoda, which would entail a personal inspection of the building. As Treasury-Officer the last-named had been finding since his arrival in Tatkin that it was his lot to perform many of the multifarious odd jobs that are in Upper Burmah, as elsewhere in India, daily thrust upon the ill-starred District-Officer; and so useful had our young friend proved himself that when, a day or two before the expedition, Smart received from Government a request

for the submission, before February 28th, of a list of objects of historical and antiquarian interest in his district, a short report on such of the pagodas enumerated in the list as were thought sufficiently important to be administered by trusts, and detailed proposals for the creation of such trusts, he unhesitatingly transferred the papers to the Treasury-Officer "for favour of early report," adding in his own hand below the official endorsement, "T.-O. might make a beginning by taking up the Thonzè pagoda, one of the most important in the District, on Monday next. The Civil Surgeon will be placed temporarily in charge of the Treasury." The report was duly commenced by Waring on the afternoon of the arrival at Thonzè, after he had viewed and jotted down the architectural details of the structure and had questioned the residents of the village on its history and on the trust-scheme; but, for reasons which have still to be narrated, it was never brought by him to completion. Still it was progressing merrily enough that first afternoon, and so engrossed was Waring in his task of compilation that when, at about three o'clock, he still showed no signs of flagging, he was brought by Ethel Smart to book for his unsociability, and asked what it was that was engaging his attention to the exclusion of all earthly matters.

They had left Tatkin behind them in the mist that morning about seven o'clock, and a two hours' ride, first along winding sandy lanes hedged about with cactus, then over gentle ridges of bamboo and tree jungle, had brought them to where the village of Thonzè straggled along the shelving bank of one of the tributaries of the Chindwin up to the eminence tipped with the whitewashed brickwork of the pagoda. The rest-house, where the party was lodged, commanded a

full view of the slope, of the grey line of masonry steps winding up the brown hill-side, and of the pyramidal pile on the summit standing out in snowy relief against the misty blue billows of the mountain-chain behind. Waring had but to raise his eyes from the table before him to behold the subject of his treatise embodied in the shimmering middle distance, while that white vision on the hill-top was in itself an inspiration; and his pen had been scratching uninterruptedly over the foolscap for over twenty minutes when Ethel's reproachful voice roused him to himself.

They were sitting in the shade underneath the rest-house,—one of the ordinary inartistic type, lifted heavenward on high teak-wood piles, with a verandah in front, two bedrooms behind, a shingled roof above, and room for half a dozen ponies, if need be, below. They had breakfasted in the front verandah, and after the meal Ethel, Waring, and Heriot had descended to the cool lower regions, where they sat, surrounded by saddles, gram-bags, and implements of sport, Waring at a rough wooden table brought for him from the police-station, Ethel and Heriot in easy chairs within talking distance, the latter smoking indolently, the former reading, or pretending to read, a Burmese grammar. Outside, the village lay basking silently in the hot sunlight; not a living being was stirring in the long rambling street save a few dusty consequential fowls and a dissolute yellow pariah-dog, which, in the intervals of scratching itself, showed its resentment at the foreign invasion which had driven it from its usual resting place by hurling a fitful yelping bark in the direction of the rest-house. Just within the limits of the shade of the roof plodded, with fixed bayonet and downcast mien, a

Burman policeman, for the moment much exercised in his mind at the hostile attitude of the pariah, but uncertain whether or not to quit his post and drive it away. He was one of the Deputy-Commissioner's guard, told off for duty at the rest-house from the stockaded police-station just visible among the tamarind trees to the right. The drowsy buzz of voices filtered sleepily down from the verandah above, where Smart was sitting in state investigating the claims of the rival headmen. The two factions had, an hour or so before, shuffled apologetically up the verandah-steps in single file, arrayed in their most dazzling silks, and were now squatting on the boards at opposite ends of the verandah, their eyes riveted on the Deputy-Commissioner, who, his fourth cheroot between his lips, was stabbing with a penknife a rough genealogical table which lay on the blotting-pad before him while he listened wearily to the list of enormities with which the junior of the claimants, the late headman's eldest brother's son, had to charge the elder competitor, the deceased's youngest brother but one.

"What are you so busy over, Mr. Waring? You haven't spoken a word for the last half-hour. You seem to have forgotten all about us lazy people here."

Waring awoke suddenly to his surroundings and looked up with a smile. He was just then in a healthily hopeful mood. So far everything had progressed as favourably as he could have wished. Heriot had that morning been unwontedly genial and magnanimous, and had showed an amazing willingness to let his companion have his full share of Ethel's society. He had ridden for some distance that forenoon with Smart, and had allowed the Treasury-Officer and the Deputy-Commissioner's sister to enjoy a long

conversation in the rear of the cavalcade, which to Waring's mind had done much towards clearing the ground. They had spoken about Waring's leave, and the terms in which the girl had referred to his departure had raised in his breast a faint hope that, after all, Heriot might not be the only stranger in the Station whose doings were of moment to her. Since breakfast too Heriot had been much preoccupied, and had more than once led Ethel to exclaim against his dulness; and in all this Waring imagined that he detected a desire on the part of his inscrutable friend to withdraw gracefully from the field and give him a free hand. With anything of a lead now from Ethel he felt he would be able to say all he wanted to say.

"It's a report on the pagoda for your brother," he replied in answer to Ethel's question.

"On this pagoda! Dear me, what does Jack want with a report, I wonder. Do let me see what you've written. Will it be printed? I hope you've said something about the soda-water bottle on the top and the dear old priest that showed us round," and she held out her hand for the manuscript.

"It's only a stupid official thing," muttered Waring deprecatingly. "No, it won't be printed, I'm thankful to say." He placed the paper in her hand and sat chewing the end of his pen, wondering inwardly, fond youth, whether Ethel was enough of a judge to appreciate the indubitable excellence of the last three paragraphs. But the girl only looked at the top sheet.

"Why are you thankful that it won't be printed?" she asked looking up. "I'm sure it looks very interesting, though I haven't the remotest idea what several of the words mean. What are *hti* and *pyothes*, for instance?"

"*Pyat-that* not *pyothes*," corrected Waring. "I'm afraid my writing is not very clear. *Hti* is the golden umbrella-business on the very top of the pagoda, the thing they'd stuck the soda-water bottle on the top of, do you remember? *Pyat-that* is a kind of gabled erection with a lot of storeys. There was a *pyat-that* at the foot of the hill; look, you can see its top twinkling from here."

"Oh yes, and didn't the old priest say it was part of a covered way which once went a good distance up the slope? How I wish I could understand Burmese."

"Yes, I've mentioned that in the report."

"Have you? Ah yes, so you have, further down. Oh, I see you've written quite a lot of pages, six, seven, eight, why, nine altogether! I thought it was only one. It looks a very nice report; I'm sure it ought to be printed," and she handed the manuscript, with all its beauties undetected, back to Waring. "But what does Jack want with a report on the pagoda?" she went on.

"He wants to send it to Rangoon."

"Fancy their wanting it there!" exclaimed the girl. "But why does Jack make you do it, Mr. Waring, instead of doing it himself?"

"He's got enough work to do already."

"Then why doesn't he do it, instead of sitting up there talking to those natives? He and those men seem to have done nothing but chatter since breakfast-time."

"Hush, hush, Miss Smart!" said Heriot; "you really must not speak of the affairs of the nation so lightly. The fate of the District, I may say of the Province, trembles at this moment in the balance; all depends upon what verdict your brother gives upstairs."

"He's got to appoint a new head-man," said Waring. "There are two

claimants, you see, and your brother has to settle which of the two is to be appointed."

"Poor Jack, however is he to know, I wonder! I shouldn't like to have to settle. I should be afraid that the man I didn't choose would try to revenge himself on me. Can he appoint whom he likes?"

"Yes, practically."

"Fancy! I wish he'd appoint that nice policeman who came with us this morning from Tatkin, the one that scratched himself picking me those flowers. I wonder whom he will appoint."

"The one with the best claims, I should think," opined Waring.

"Not a bit of it; the one with the most cheek," asserted Heriot. "I'll put all my money on the brazen-faced young ruffian in a pink *pahso*, who led the way up. It's always the same; your diffident, retiring chap never has a chance against a fellow with lots of assurance, however good a case he may have."

"You think so?" said Waring grimly.

"I'm sure of it; I've tried."

"In what capacity?" The Forest-Officer's complacency was rapidly irritating Waring.

"Oh, as the diffident, modest individual, of course. What should you have thought?"

"What's going to be done to-morrow morning?" interposed Ethel. There was something in the voices of the speakers that made her scent possible discord in the air, and with feminine quickness she tried to divert the stream of conversation into a less troublesome channel.

"I'm going to ride out to the plantation," replied Heriot; "I've arranged to meet the ranger there. Will you come with me, Miss Smart?"

"Is it far? I don't want to tire myself to-morrow."

"About five miles out; we can be back by eleven."

"I'm afraid that's too far; we shall be riding home after dinner, you know. What are you going to do to-morrow, Mr. Waring?"

"I promised your brother to go out with him to shoot over the *jheels*¹ behind the village. If Mr. Mullintosh is to be believed, they are full of snipe."

"I wonder whether I might go with you," exclaimed Ethel. "I've never seen any snipe-shooting."

"I shouldn't," remarked Heriot. "They won't want you, the unsociable brutes, and you'll get yourself in an awful mess. Much better come with me and look at the plantation. Say you will, and I'll make it ten o'clock." For the first time to Waring's knowledge his friend seemed to be really going out of his way to secure Ethel's company.

"I don't see why you shouldn't come with us, Miss Smart," said Waring, who observed with satisfaction that Heriot's eagerness was producing exactly the opposite effect on the girl to what the latter had expected. "It's beautifully clean shooting. No wading over those dirty paddy-fields, you know. All little narrow *jheels*; one could do it in silk socks and dancing-pumps. You can walk back, too, whenever you feel tired."

"I should like to of all things," said Ethel resolutely; "it'll be a new experience. I'll ask Jack."

The movement in the verandah above told them that Jack was at that moment engaged in dismissing the villagers, who presently poured, a motley stream, down the wooden stairs, gathered up their sandals, and tailed sheepishly away in two bands to the village, each claimant at the head of his party, followed at a respectful distance by his adherents,

¹ Marshy grounds.

body-servants, betel-box carriers, and what not, for they kept great state in Thonzè.

Smart followed a little later down the steps, yawning prodigiously.

"Well!" asked Waring when the Deputy-Commissioner stood by them, "Who is it to be, Maung Waik or Maung Myo?"

"Maung Myo."

"Is he the young one or the old one?" enquired Heriot, while Ethel murmured, "What appalling names!"

"Young 'un," replied Smart, seating himself on a gram-bag and yawning again. "I say, isn't it about tea-time? What's the hour?"

"Only a little past three; do you want your tea now?" asked Ethel.

"May as well have it now," said her brother. "Then we can get out immediately it's cool enough, say at four. I'm going round to inspect the police-station after tea, and have a look at the *jheels* we're going to shoot over to-morrow."

"I told you so," said Heriot.

"Told me what?" asked Smart.

"Not you, your sister. I said you'd choose the young one."

"Maung Myo, you mean? I couldn't do otherwise. The old one is a confirmed opium-eater, and from what I've just heard must be hand and glove with all the *dacoits* in the neighbourhood. He's always been suspected of harbouring Bo Chet, and I'm pretty sure now that our suspicions have been well founded. One gets all kinds of useful information on enquiries like this when there's a little bad blood on both sides."

"What, do you mean that poor old thing that went off just now at the head of one of the processions?"

exclaimed Ethel. "That gentle, frail old man, I'm sure he can't have anything to do with *dacoits*. He wouldn't hurt a fly, I'm positive."

"Frail be blowed!" ejaculated her brother. "He's not fifty yet; it's the opium that makes him look so old. I've no doubt he's a thorough-paced old blackguard — I say, some one yell for tea."

"Jack, dear," said Ethel, when the tea had been brought and she was pouring it out into the thick camp tea-cups, "I am going out with you and Mr. Waring to-morrow morning. I may, mayn't I? I want to see how you shoot snipe. Now don't say no; I sha'n't be a bother, and I sha'n't get myself in a mess. Mr. Waring says it will be quite clean walking."

"Humph," said Smart. "I don't know about the clean walking, but if Mr. Waring doesn't mind, I don't. Only you must go back before the sun gets too hot, and mind you don't get in anybody's way."

"No, I'll take care," replied Ethel. "I'm sorry that you should have to ride out by yourself to-morrow morning, Mr. Heriot, but it's really rather too far for me. I hope you won't be lonely."

"I shall bear up," smiled Heriot; "don't think of me. After all I have got the ranger to comfort me; a most worthy officer, I assure you, quite an authority on *cutch-reserves*."¹

He spoke with his usual imperturbability, but it struck Waring somehow that he was really rather annoyed at the prospect of a solitary ride.

¹ *Cutch*, a brown dye made from the heart-wood of an acacia (*acacia catechu*, whence *cutch*).

JULES MICHELET.

THERE is in Michelet's writings an element of such vivid youthfulness that one is almost surprised to learn that France is already commemorating the centenary of his birth. The impalpable dust, which gathers so soon on the work of the modern historian, is already beginning to lie lightly on the covers of his contemporaries, on Mignet, Thiers, Thierry, even on Guizot; they are not superannuated, but their aspect is a little antiquated; we cannot forget as we read them that their day is not ours. But in this, as in every other respect Michelet stands apart from them, alone for better or for worse, untouched by that subtle suggestion of age; his history may strike the reader as being very bad or very good, but good or bad, it can hardly fail to impress him with a sense of its curious, perpetual freshness.

He was born in Paris on August 21st, 1798, in the chancel of a convent chapel which had been transformed during the Revolution into a printer's workshop. His father had come from Picardy to Paris after the Terror and had been fairly prosperous for some years, until Napoleon silenced the press and ruined the printers. In 1800, when Jules was two years old, the shadows of anxiety and privation began to darken his home. Before long the workmen were dismissed because their wages could no longer be paid, and all the work that could still be obtained was done by the family; the old grandfather laboured at the press with trembling hands; the mother cut and folded, while Jules stood for hours at

the compositor's case. "I grew up in the shade," he says, "like a blade of grass between two paving-stones." His only recreation was an occasional visit to the Museum of French Monuments where there was no charge for admission. His mother took him there sometimes, and while she sat absorbed in her own mournful thoughts the child wandered through the vaulted rooms, staring half fascinated, half afraid, at the pale sculptured faces of the dead. Were they really dead, those inanimate figures? He was not quite certain; if Frédégonde's marble head had turned on the pillow, if Chilperic had muttered a word in his heavy sleep, it would not have amazed him beyond belief. It was here that the spell of the past first stole upon his senses, and he became aware of a desire "to climb back through the great centuries."

Starved, shivering, exhausted by long hours of monotonous toil, and saddened by his parents' anxieties, the boy soon searched for and found the secret spring which opened a door into a different world. His father's little library contained Boileau's works, ROBINSON CRUSOE, Dreux de Radier's QUEENS OF FRANCE, and THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, and on these he fed his fancy, "reading a little and imagining a great deal." His father, an ardent Revolutionist, had taught him nothing of religion; it was in the Imitation that he first heard the Divine Voice speaking to him "in soft, paternal tones," and through its pages he gained his first glimpse of a happier life beyond this sorrowful world. "I can still see," he wrote,

nearly forty years after, in the preface to *LE PEUPLE*, "the mysterious radiance which seemed to illumine the large bare room; the book did not take me very far, for I understood nothing of Christ, but I felt God in it."

His parents were certain that Jules had a future before him, and by dint of heroic sacrifices they sent him at fourteen to the Lycée Charlemagne. Ignorant of almost everything which at that age he should have known, shy, awkward, and miserably conscious of his threadbare clothes, he found himself among his school fellows, "as bewildered as an owl in daylight;" giddy from hunger and numb from cold, it was hard for him to learn his lessons and harder still to say them; when he replied to a question his voice shook with nervousness, and was easily drowned by the ready laughter of his comrades. Too unlike other boys to understand their cheerful heartlessness, and too sensitive to endure it without intense suffering, he retreated still deeper into that inner world which was peopled with so many kind and gracious spirits. And as he crept painfully through the snowy streets, choosing, little misanthrope that he was, the least frequented paths, he was aware of a consoling voice which assured him that he would not disappoint his parents' hopes: "My faith was not ridiculous, I believed in the future because I was making it myself."

Soon after he left school, his father obtained a small post in a private lunatic asylum, and for the first time in his life the boy had enough to eat. His mother died just before this improvement in their circumstances, and Michelet bitterly regretted that they had not been able to afford to buy the plot of ground in which she was buried. On the anniversary of her death he never failed to carry a

wreath to the cemetery, and to lay it upon some nameless grave which might perhaps be hers.

Intellectual passion, he tells us, devoured his youth, but it never gained the entire mastery over the hunger for love and happiness against which he was always bracing himself; his sad little journal (1820-1822), shows him continually repressing with the severity of one-and-twenty the natural cravings which poverty still forbade him to indulge. "I must begin mathematics," he says; "they help to quiet the senses. . . . We must gird up our loins more firmly; perhaps that is the secret of happiness for him who knows himself so vulnerable. . . . Love your duties, your pleasures, such as they are; if they seem scanty, remember that more happiness might damp the wings of your soul. . . . How often I have said to myself, build a wall of separation round your soul, otherwise you have no rest. . . . You must read the Stoics again, especially Epictetus. I try every evening to read the Imitation, to raise myself, but it is despairingly perfect. . . . If I see a happy household I turn away my eyes. *I shall die alone*, says Pascal." Yet, while keenly feeling the limitations imposed upon him by the narrowness of his means, he resolutely rejected the temptation which came early in his way to use his pen to increase the scanty income earned by teaching. He thought, with Rousseau, that literature should be a thing apart, "the inward flower of the soul;" and with a thousand literary projects, he had as yet nothing matured: "I will not reap my corn half ripe," said he.

His talent did not long remain unrecognised, in spite of the fierce pride which made it impossible for him to ask favours, and the shy

repellent manner which was most unlikely to attract them. In 1822 he became Professor of History at the Collège Ste. Barbe-Rollin; in 1827, he published his translation of Vico's *SCIENZA NUOVA* and a *Précis* of Modern History, which procured him a Professorship of History and Philosophy at the Ecole Normale; in 1831 he was placed at the head of the historical section of the Archives; the first two volumes of his *HISTORY OF FRANCE* appeared in 1833; in 1834 he was appointed deputy to Guizot at the Sorbonne; and in 1838 he was called to the chair of History and Morals at the Collège de France. His marriage in 1823, to Mademoiselle Rousseau, did not interrupt the studious isolation which was then his choice, and when society opened her doors to the rising historian who had been selected to give lessons to the Duke of Berri's daughter, afterwards Duchess of Parma, he did not care to avail himself of the privilege. No success could obliterate the imprint of his early sufferings, and the gloomy misanthropy of his boyhood survived in a mistrust of society which he never overcame. He still clung to his youthful maxim, "Let us love men, but at a safe distance," and "in the half Catholic salons, in the insipid atmosphere of Chateaubriand's friends" he perceived a dangerous snare. His distaste for a political career was equally marked. "I have," he said, "neither the health nor the talent for politics, nor the knack of managing men;" and when invited to become a candidate for office he answered, "I am an artist." He never, in fact, swerved from the line of life which he had early recognised as his own vocation; he found his happiness in his writing, in his teaching, and in the tranquil seclusion of his own home, brightened by intercourse with a few friends, of

whom Edgar Quinet was the most intimate. For forty years he lived in the past, occasionally emerging like some amphibious creature, only to vanish gladly again into the element which he felt was truly his own.

His point of contact with the outer world was in the class-room where his happiest hours were spent. He loved teaching, and he gave himself unreservedly to his class; his sympathy, his imagination, his fearless originality, his hatred of every form of cruelty and oppression, and the passionate pity for all suffering creatures which was his ruling sentiment,—these were the qualities which made him the idol of the school. His boyish experiences had left him reserved, timid, and suspicious; in the adoration with which his students regarded him, and which he repaid in the warmest affection, he gratefully recognised a softening influence of the highest value. "Without knowing it," he wrote in the preface to *LE PEUPLE*, "they rendered me an immense service. If as an historian I had a merit of my own which made me the equal of my illustrious predecessors, I owed it to my teaching. These great historians were brilliant, judicious, profound; but I loved more." His lessons were the events of the week; one day he lectured, the other lesson was more informal. The young professor, frail, small, always dressed with extreme correctness, stood leaning against the mantelpiece, his white hair (it was white at five and twenty) contrasting with his brilliant eyes, while the class listened fascinated to his capricious and suggestive talk. "He was not always exact, far from it," says Jules Simon, who was one of his students; "but he always widened the horizon and awakened ideas. After having heard him we felt ourselves more capable. Sometimes his views struck us as so

novel that we were like travellers suddenly transported to some mountain summit, whence immense spaces became visible to us We thought that he knew everything, and even now I am not sure that we were wrong."

His career at the Collège de France was in a sense less satisfactory than it had been at the Ecole Normale. He was fully as popular at the one as at the other, but he was less himself in the larger room before a fashionable audience. The romantic reaction which had set in at the close of the first quarter of the century was at its height; Paris was in love with Gothic architecture and the Feudal System, and Michelet's lectures on the Middle Ages brought him crowds of eager disciples. His door was besieged two hours before the time of opening by an impatient throng bent on securing seats. "I have often," says Heine in *LUTETIA*, "vainly tried to gain admittance to the lectures of M. Symbole [the nickname the Latin Quarter had given him] but the room was always filled to overflowing by the students who pressed enthusiastically round him." In this heated atmosphere the simplicity, which had been so charming an element in his earlier teaching, disappeared; his inconsequence and eccentricity became more marked; he was always an original and eloquent orator, but the teacher's mission was frequently overlooked. And the lecture over, though never till then, a few of his hearers sometimes reflected that, while they had spent a delightful hour with the Professor of History and Morals, neither morals nor history had had much place in his discourse.

The year 1843 was marked by a curious mental crisis in Michelet's life. In that year a certain canon of Lyons, the Abbé Des Garets, contributed to the conflict in which the clerical party and the Minister of

Public Instruction were then engaged, a pamphlet, *LE MONOPOLE UNIVERSITAIRE DÉVOILÉ*, in which he attacked the best known men of the College and of the Sorbonne with outrageous violence. He denounced Michelet and his colleague Quinet (who was Professor of the Literature and Institutions of Southern Europe) with particular fury, accusing them of atheism, immorality, and bad faith, of killing "the very germ of virtue in the hearts of their students." The pamphlet was in itself of no particular importance, but its effect was quite unforeseen and out of all proportion. Michelet and Quinet simultaneously resolved to respond to the Abbé's onslaught by a course of lectures on the Jesuits; and the former who had hitherto passed for an ally of the Church, if for nothing more, suddenly declared himself her determined foe. The transformation, which so greatly surprised his contemporaries, has been attributed to Michelet's personal resentment against Des Garets, but this sentiment certainly did not wholly account for his rupture with Christianity. He seems rather to have become suddenly aware of the irreconcilable claims of the school of thought in which he had been born and bred, and of that faith to which his profoundly religious nature for ever yearned. Driven to choose definitely between the two, he did not hesitate. The clerical party had attacked freedom of thought under cover of attacking the University; Michelet retaliated by assailing the character of Christianity under pretext of exposing the Society of Jesus.

The Church's friends and foes alike beheld with amazement the mystical interpreter of the Ages of Faith step forward as their relentless accuser. Heine has recorded his wonder when "the gentle Michelet suddenly went wild" and "threw out the Christ-

child with the bath-water." Michelet's mind was far too spiritual and too reverent to allow him to adopt any form of materialism as his creed, but he never retraced his steps; he never again saw in Christianity the force and the beauty which he had once so freely recognised. Until this time his attitude towards religion had remained vaguely amicable. He had been brought up, as has been said, in complete ignorance of dogma, but at eighteen some impulse drove him to ask for baptism at the church of St. Medard, and though he never communicated, he was married in church, he took his two children, Adèle and Charles, to mass every Sunday, and in the preface to his *MEMOIRS OF LUTHER* (1835) he offers himself as the able apologist of the Roman Catholic Church. While acknowledging how much the world owes to the Saxon Reformer, "the liberator of modern thought," he adds that his strongest sympathies are not with the Protestants.

An enumeration of the causes which rendered the victory of Protestantism inevitable will not be found here; we shall not imitate others in showing the wounds of a Church which is dear to us. . . . Her weakness and her greatness consisted alike in this, that she excluded nothing that has to do with man. The universal is always feeble as opposed to the special; and heresy is a choice, a speciality, a local, an intellectual speciality. . . . The Church had to fight for the world's unity against the diverse forces of the world. Being in the majority, she dragged with her the timid and the lukewarm; as a state, she encountered all secular temptations; as the centre of religious tradition, she received from all sides a host of local beliefs. . . . Embracing the whole of humanity, she included humanity's contradictions and limitations. . . . Every streamlet may doubtless say to the ocean, "I come pure from my mountain, but thou receivest the pollutions of the world." "True," she replies, "but I am the ocean."

Utterances such as this had brought upon him the reproaches of his own party and had led the Catholics to reckon him almost as one of themselves; but no such misconstruction was to be henceforth possible.

The College authorities had not unnaturally objected to the excitement produced by the Jesuit affair, which had turned the lecture-room into a theatre where frenzied shouts of applause only half drowned the savage vociferations of the lecturer's opponents. They objected particularly to Quinet's share in the campaign, protesting that they could discover no connection between the literature of Southern Europe and the Jesuits; and since Quinet refused to admit that they had any right to interfere with his course, he was suspended in the autumn of 1843. Michelet continued to lecture for four years when the same fate befel him, partly on account of the difficulty he found in adhering to the College scheme. He had been requested to pay more attention to the rule which required two lessons in the week. "I cannot always do it," said he. "But I manage it," observed one of his colleagues. "Very likely," returned Michelet; "it would not be difficult to give a lesson like yours once a day. Each of mine is a poem." Unfortunately the College did not require him to make poems, and he was suspended in January, 1848. He was permanently deprived of his chair after the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, on the ground that his teaching had given rise to scandalous scenes and was of a nature to disturb the public peace. On his honourably refusing, as a Republican, to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Napoleon, he lost his post at the Archives, and at the same time his *Précis* of Modern History was removed from the list of works authorised by the Educational Department, a blow which completed

his financial ruin. He had been living for some time outside Paris, in the little house where Ranke found him in 1850. "I cannot think," says the German historian, "where he keeps his books, and I could not persuade him to show me his study." He now retreated to Nantes to devote himself anew to his writings; but his best work was already done, and none of the little books which he produced in the short intervals which divided the later volumes of the *History of France* have added materially to his reputation. In 1849 he had married again, and the limitless devotion of his wife sustained him under the trials which clouded his last years,—poverty, illness, bereavement, the sorrow with which he saw France renounce, as he thought, the glorious inheritance bequeathed to her by the Revolution, and the overwhelming calamity of 1871. He had always loved the Germans ("that innocent race of good and true patriots") as much as he hated the English, and his grief was therefore the more acute. When the news that Paris had capitulated to the Prussians reached him at Pisa where he was then staying, he fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and never wholly recovered from the effects of the blow. He lived three years longer, dying at Hyères on February 9th, 1873. He was first laid to rest in the cemetery there and afterwards re-interred in Paris, where in 1883 a monument was erected to his memory in Père la Chaise by public subscription.

The close of his life was brightened by his faith in the immortality of the soul, based characteristically neither on reason nor revelation, but on an intimate trust in the love and justice of God. "Nothing shall perish; of this I am persuaded," he wrote in *LE PEUPLE*; "we are in too good hands." "I do not feel," he said one day,

"the need of an eternal life for my mind: I think my intellectual powers have produced all they are capable of; but I cannot admit that my power of loving can be annihilated." He held firmly also that the wrongs of this world must be redressed somehow and somewhere. "The Emperor Nicholas would be enough to make me believe in a future life."

"My life," says Michelet in the preface to his *History of France*, "is in this book; it has been my one event."

These seventeen volumes by no means represent the whole of his literary activity,—his name may be read upon a score of other title-pages, exclusive of a history of the Revolution in seven volumes,—but we shall do well to accept his own verdict. His other writings, with the notable exception of *LE PEUPLE*, may be allowed to pass unnoticed; the *History of France* remains the one event in the writer's life with which, a quarter of a century after his death, a world so full of books as this is has much to do.

The French are richer in histories of their own country than the English. The French historian less frequently goes abroad to find his material, for the land which has always been, and still is, supremely interesting to her neighbours, has an inexhaustible fascination for her own sons. If a foreigner wishes to study the history of England as a whole, we hardly know what book to recommend him; Hume and Lingard are obsolete; Green is on too small a scale and too much occupied with one aspect of the national life. It might of course be done in epochs; but we could more readily supply him with an English history of Greece, of Rome, of Latin Christianity, of the Papacy, of the Middle Ages, of Frederick the Great,

or of the House of Austria, than of England. There is much to be said, no doubt, in praise of the Englishman's broader international view, and the devotion of French writers to France is certainly not untainted by qualities which under other geographical conditions have been condemned as insular; nevertheless we cannot reflect without a certain regret that we have nothing to compare with Michelet, or with Henri Martin.

It is not in the nature of things that an enterprise of this magnitude should result in unqualified success. The specialist theory, after conquering the field of science, has annexed the domain of letters; and it is now generally recognised that life is so short and State Papers so long, that it is a risk for any man to venture outside the particular period which he has made his own. It is impossible that a book begun at thirty and ended at seventy should maintain the same level throughout; that every period, from the founding of the Phœnician colony of Marseilles to the death of Louis the Sixteenth, should be treated with uniform excellence. The very number of the volumes offers an immense advantage to the hostile critic, and this is accentuated in Michelet's case by the marked limitations to which his genius was subject. Yet one of the striking features of his history is its artistic unity. It is by no means a work of even merit or of perfect proportion, and the writer's attitude has changed more than once with bewildering completeness. It is nevertheless distinguished by the kind of organic continuity which he claims for it, and which is due mainly to the biographical element in it. It is in truth not so much a History as a Life of France, which might have been written to illustrate the author's theory, "England is an empire, Germany a

country, France a person." It reveals to us not the building of a house but the growth of a sentient creature; it tingles with life and sensation.

The last volume of this great work, to which Michelet devoted the best years of his life¹ with unwearied assiduity, appeared in 1867; and the thirty years which have since elapsed have witnessed a notable change in the views of historical students. There has been a marked reaction in favour of what, for want of a better term, we may call historic realism. The generation which hailed Macaulay's History with rapturous homage has passed away, and its successor looks doubtfully upon the seductive volumes which were once pronounced more interesting than any novel. Readers are at present expected to content themselves with plain, unflavoured facts, with histories which bear no resemblance at all to novels. So closely indeed is the historian pursued by a terror of the picturesque, that he hardly attempts to be readable; to be more than readable would possibly be to hazard his reputation. Those who cannot rise to this austere standard, and are yet fain to know something of the past, are driven to satisfy their craving surreptitiously, as it were, in the pages of the historical novel. History must not be tempered with Romance, but Romance may still be tinged with History; it is this which accounts in great measure for the present popularity of that form of fiction.

A glance at the preface to Michelet's History of France will show how great a gulf divides him from his successors. The historian's true function, Michelet asserts, is not to narrate the past but to resus-

¹ It was planned in 1830 and finished in 1867; if we deduct the eight years which were given to the French Revolution, it covers a space of nearly thirty years.

citae it; his indispensable qualifications are, not detachment and industry, but sympathy and imagination. So far from adopting the attitude of a distant and impartial spectator, he must interest himself in all that has ever interested humanity; he must be thrilled by all its enthusiasms, he must be stirred by all its impulses; thus and thus only can he penetrate into the dim world of shadows which lies so far behind us. And he tells us elsewhere how completely he achieved this aim. To him the dead men and women among whom he lived were as close and as real as his contemporaries; when he asserts that he had not merely read of, but that he had witnessed the long drama he describes, one hardly feels as if he were exaggerating. "All that I had dreamed of in vain," he declares, "all that my destiny denied me in this world, I found in spite of her. . . . As I follow from age to age the undying man made in my own likeness, it seems to me sometimes as though he were indeed no other than myself. What he felt, I have felt, what he did, I have done." He was walking one day through the streets of Rouen, when his companion, wondering at his silence, glanced at him suddenly and perceived that there were tears on his face. He anxiously enquired the cause of his grief. "It was here she died," said Michelet. "But who?" "Who? Why, Joan of Arc," returned the historian, astonished in his turn that the square was not still peopled for everyone, as for him, with the actors in that immortal tragedy. It was said of him that he had only twice been in love,—once with Heloise and once with Joan. "No wonder I look old," he used to say; "I have lived two thousand years."

It is hardly necessary to dwell

upon the objections to which this method of writing history lies open. An imagination as marvellous, sympathies as passionate as those which qualified Michelet for what he calls the work of resurrection, are apt to prove as dangerous as the enslaved genii in the fairy-tale, to transfigure, to disguise, and to distort as much as they reveal. Whatever our conception of the ultimate use of history may be, whether to construct a philosophy of life or to point its moral, to explain the present or to divine the future, the historian's primary duty is to tell us to the best of his ability what happened. "The question is," says Mr. Morley, "does he tell the truth?" And although the historical student may not unfairly retort by asking whether anyone tells the truth, the question with some modifications must be allowed to stand. No one who depends upon other men's senses can be certain of coming to an infallibly correct conclusion; it is improbable that the sentences passed by a judge who had some fragments of written depositions before him, and no chance of hearing a single witness examined, would be invariably just. But if it is vain to insist upon the historian's telling us the truth, we must at least enquire whether he has done his best to tell it, whether his intentions are absolutely honest, and whether he has brought us as near the facts as he could. It is by his answer to this question that his work stands or falls; no originality of conception, no magic of style, no splendour of diction can redeem it from ignominy if it does not stand this test.

Michelet knew his peril and endeavoured to guard against it; he read and studied with unrelaxing industry, undaunted in his search for facts by dulness or difficulty. His negligence in giving his refer-

ences, and still more the astonishing dexterity with which he employs his materials, are apt to conceal from the general reader the accuracy of detail which he sought and obtained; I doubt if anyone who has not worked to some extent over the same ground can rightly appreciate the enormous extent of his knowledge. And yet it must be admitted that, while he was transparently sincere and unreservedly willing to tell all he saw, there were some things which he was never able to see aright, and others to which Time, who grants to so many a clearer mental vision, did only blind his eyes.

I have spoken of the organic unity of his history, and this is perhaps partly what he meant when he spoke of it as being the same throughout; in no other sense can we admit the statement. The melancholy fact is that, while his earlier work is unsurpassed in its sincerity, in its penetration, and in its beauty, the latter part drops steeply down to a far lower level. The volumes which deal with the Middle Ages are a wonderful achievement in themselves, and more wonderful still when we reflect upon their author's position. The child of the eighteenth century, born in that desecrated church which prefigured the empty fane in which he afterwards worshipped, who saw God incarnate only in the French Revolution,—how could he comprehend the childish faith, the mystical aspiration, the pathetic loyalty of an age whose dearest traditions clung about the Cross and the Throne? But he did comprehend them. The patient craftsman who wrought his prayers into up-springing arch and spire, "to bear witness that at least the desire to rise was not wanting," the maid who heard angelic voices in the rustling of the forest-boughs, the peasant begging a place in the kingdom of

God for his ox and his ass, his fellow-labourers hardly more ignorant or less articulate than he,—he divined their secrets and interprets them to us with the tenderest fidelity. What a kingly portrait this passionate Republican has given us of France's royal saint, benign, wise, and melancholy; with what a masterly hand he delineates the character and policy of that other Louis, malicious and subtle, who did so much for his country and so little for his own reputation. There is not a dull line in these volumes, and although it would be foolish to assert that there are no errors of detail to be detected,—the general rendering of the period is none the less finely and vividly true.

At the end of the reign of Louis the Eleventh he broke off to write the history of the Revolution. The volumes which followed, dealing with the Reformation, the Renaissance, the Wars of Religion and Henry the Fourth, brilliant though they are, show signs of deterioration; there is something feverish in their brilliance. And as the story proceeds from the death of Henry the Fourth to the end which the writer fondly believed crowned the work, he grows more moody, more violent, and more rancorous. The benign influences of Church and Crown were generously acknowledged in his earlier volumes, but he has forgotten by this time that he ever had a good word to say for either of them. He dwells with monotonous persistence upon the base and squalid side of the Bourbon reigns; we hear little of the century of Corneille and Molière, of Descartes and Pascal, except its court intrigues; he has studied the Scandalous Chronicles and Secret Lives of the day until he will hardly allow that Condé was clever or Fénélon pure.

The most obvious of these limitations of vision of which I have

spoken, is to be found in Michelet's feeling towards England and the English. To him the Englishman is only visible as the malignant, and too often the exultant enemy of France the soldier of God who represents always what is best in human aspiration. The destiny of France was to enlighten and to guide the world; it was constantly interrupted by the baneful influence of the uncivilised islander. The victories of the English are so many triumphs won by the powers of darkness, and the struggle between them is a sort of personification of the eternal conflict between good and evil in which the good is so often worsted, to the pain and perplexity of all right-minded observers. The Englishman is the incarnation of all the vices but one; he is haughty, cunning, stupid, ferocious, sensual, a drunkard, a glutton, a hypocrite; his solitary virtue is a sullen and dogged courage. In his fine chapter upon *THE IMITATION OF CHRIST*, whose mystic charm had touched him so profoundly as a child, he goes out of his way to observe that this unique work has been ascribed in turn to various nationalities,—never to an Englishman.

This great English nation, among so many good and solid qualities [it is the first we have heard of them], has one vice which spoils these very qualities. This vice, immense and profound, is pride, a cruel disease which is none the less their principle of life, the explanation of their contradictions, the secret of their actions. Their virtues and their crimes, pride accounts for them both; it accounts for their absurdities also. This adoration of oneself, this inward worship offered by the creature to itself, this is the sin by which Satan fell, the supreme impiety. This is why, with so many human virtues, with this outward show of gravity and goodness, this Biblical turn of mind, no nation is further from grace. They are the only people who have never been able to claim the *Imitation*. A Frenchman might have

written the book, a German, an Italian, never an Englishman. From Shakespeare to Milton, from Milton to Byron, their fine sombre literature is sceptical, Judaic, Satanic, in a word anti-Christian. The American Indians, who have so often so much insight and originality, had a way of saying: "Christ was a Frenchman whom the English crucified in London; Pontius Pilate was an officer in the British service."

He could never bring himself to forgive England her sins against France, and the Englishman of the nineteenth century, however harmless and friendly he might appear, was still to him the savage, and at heart the impenitent, author of all his country's ills. Crécy and Oudenarde were as near to him as Waterloo, and he could pardon and forget the one as little as the other. Yet there are times when he does us full, though reluctant, justice; the story of Agincourt has seldom been better told than by Michelet. And there is a flash of keen perception in the remark: "Except Pitt, England (in 1805) had no great men, though Nelson was a clever sailor. . . . England can do without individuals."

Michelet has been severely blamed for his choice of a style. History is expected, very justly, to go richly but soberly clad; we hardly recognise her in the glittering fantastic raiment in which he arrayed her. The truth certainly is that Michelet had no choice. Nature would have forced him to be a poet; he insisted on making himself a historian, and his style bears everywhere the mark of the conflict of which he was perfectly sensible. "When I try to write," he said in a despondent moment, "I am only an abortive poet;" and in spite of the surpassing beauty of many of his passages, his abrupt whimsical prose constantly suggests that he is

¹ *HISTORY OF FRANCE*, vi., 284; ed. 1876.

working in a wrong medium; he gains the victory (and what a victory it is!), but he has had to fight hard for it. It would be useless, considering what he has given us it would be ungracious, to demand of him the historian's ideal method, which we may describe as accuracy touched with emotion, and which is to be studied in Ranke's History of the Reformation in Germany. There is in the king of modern historians that element of sanity which is the one thing lacking in Michelet. Ranke has not Michelet's brilliance, nor his swift penetration: he is (except in the German Reformation) wanting in the vivifying quality which he himself considered an essentially French attribute, a little wanting also in that quick sense of heroism and beauty which thrills through Michelet's pages; but his glance is so steadfast, his temper so serene, his love of truth so unqualified, that we commit ourselves to his guidance with a refreshing sense of security. With Michelet we can never feel quite safe: he too often seizes the advantage his genius gives him to force his views upon us; there is not a page which can be detached from the writer's personality; it is as though he stood at the reader's elbow commenting and explaining with an eagerness which sometimes illuminates and sometimes bewilders him. "Gibbon's style," says Bagehot, "is not a style in which you can tell the truth;" Michelet's style is one which flashes the truth at times into your eyes as with a dark lantern; but a dark lantern is not the best light to read by.

There is one quality in Michelet's writings which is peculiarly his own; it is that strange intoxicating element which makes it difficult to read much of him at a time. Take, for example, the opening lines of the fourteenth

volume in which he begins brusquely to recount the Thirty Years' War. "There were," he says, in almost his opening sentence, "three or four markets where a desperate man might sell himself;" and then he goes on to enumerate them, giving to each a few descriptive words: the ancient market of the East, on the Turkish frontier, where Bethlehem Gabor was holding his ground against two empires; the little market of Holland, where men were carefully selected, well-fed and well-paid; the vast theatre of Russia and Poland; and finally Germany, the monstrous market which threatened to absorb all the rest, concentrating in itself all the soldiers in Europe of every country and of every religion. Here the reader is forced to pause. Involuntarily he lays down the volume to gaze at the immense canvas so swiftly unrolled before him; for it must indeed be an apathetic mind that can look without a sense of disquietude upon this sinister picture; from east and west and north he sees those strange figures, hungry and blood-stained, trooping to the slaughter, and he must wait awhile before he can see anything else.

We may not say that Michelet is one of the greatest of teachers, but he has in the fullest possible measure the teacher's greatest gift, a genius for inspiring his students with a wish to learn. He stimulates interest and curiosity more than almost any other writer; and if we begin the study of his subject with him, it is certain we shall not end it there. Once we have tasted what he calls, "the sharp strong wine of history" as he presents it, we come under the spell; we are captives for ever of the past. If his is not the best way of writing history, at least it is one of the best ways of inducing people to read it.

H. C. MACDOWALL.

THE GENTLE ART OF CYCLING.

III.—THE GHOSTS OF A SURREY PARK.

WE were sitting in what had once been the banqueting-hall of an Elizabethan manor-house. Although the afternoon sunshine was streaming through the stained-glass windows, we had been glad to draw our chairs up to the glowing logs on the great hearth, for the walls of the house were so thick that the heat of the sun could only pierce them on the fiercest of summer days. How out of place we all looked, sitting there in our modern tweed garments, in the presence of the picturesque ladies and gentlemen who looked down upon us from the panelled walls! I, for one, felt like an interloper, as though I had intruded into the land of ghosts, and had displayed a want of courtesy in forcing my society upon its shadowy inhabitants. How our host had the temerity to live and move and have his being amid surroundings so hallowed by time I have never been able to understand. Had the place been mine I should not have dared to live nearer to it than the village inn, and might have had sufficient effrontery to occasionally wander through its historic chambers as an unworthy visitor. The ancient butler seemed to feel his position acutely as he brought in afternoon tea; he evidently felt that the mild-looking cups and saucers were but a feeble substitute for the wassail-bowl and flagons of sack that had once graced the huge oaken table. We had been looking from the upper windows over the wide prospect of meadow and woodland sweeping away to the distant downs, and I was venturing to praise the view and to express my admiration for certain bits

of Surrey scenery. "Ah," interposed our host, "they're all very well, but have you been up to Newland's Corner?" On my replying that I had not, he looked at me reproachfully, much as a High-Church curate might look at one who should brazenly confess that he had never been to early communion. It was sufficient to convince me that this particular corner was worth seeing, and I resolved to redeem my character as speedily as possible.

Most cyclists lose heavily by slavish adherence to route-maps and guides which keep them on the great main roads. This is especially the case with townsmen. When they go for a day's ride they want to get as far away from the town as possible, and with this end in view they select a main road and grind along it so far as time and strength will permit. Some of these main arteries are of course very beautiful,—the Portsmouth Road between Esher and Ripley is a continuous feast of beauty for all who will ride slowly enough to appreciate it; but on the other hand the great highways are often monotonous lengths of roads, not to be compared with the byways and lanes that intersect them. It is in the shady depths of these narrow winding ways that the real delight and romance of cycling commences. You are one of a crowd on the great highway, stupidly toiling on from place to place; in the secret, shady lanes you are a solitary explorer, face to face with Nature in her prettiest moods, and you realise what a thinly-peopled, wild, woodland country England is outside her great over-

grown towns. A cyclist once confided to me that he was beginning to hate the sight of the high roads, but he was afraid of venturing off them lest he should lose himself. As if anything could be more delightful! Then he was also afraid that he might find himself in an isolated spot at lunch-time. This is the awful condition to which civilisation has brought some of us; we must receive our aliment with all the regularity of a cramming-room on a French poultry-farm, or we die. The man who cannot on occasion enjoy a lunch of bread and butter, or cheese, or even a hunch of bread and a mugful of milk, ought never to ride on a bicycle; his proper place is in the arm-chair of a Pullman-car, as near the cooking-galley as possible, or on an ocean-steamer. Sometimes it is the fear of unrideable roads that keeps the cyclist on the beaten track. More often than not there is no ground for such fears. There is, for instance, a lane on the Ripley Road, the beginning of which presents to view a formidable stretch of flints, and there are those ominous streaks of grass down the centre which usually betoken an unrideable path. But it is all an illusion. In a couple of hundred yards or so the flints disappear, and for three miles there is a charming ride with woodland on either side. I have never met a bicyclist on this road, although at each end it touches a popular Surrey highway.

If any Londoner desires to wander through the beauties of Surrey and Hampshire he will be wise if he takes train to Woking, which has the advantage of being quickly accessible, and from which excellent roads converge in all directions. Let him banish all superstitious forebodings as to the cemetery and the crematorium, both of which are separated from Woking by some miles of pine-fringed commons. This was my start-

ing-point on the gray September morning when I set forth, like a poor sickly town-bird escaped from its narrow cage, in search of Newland's Corner. How sweet the country air tasted after the smoke of London! The clerk of the weather sympathised with the poor jaded cockney, and before I had pedalled two miles the gray masses of clouds were checkered with patches of blue; a little later and they seemed to have suddenly been transformed into white fleecy boulders, and high overhead was a long sweep of mackerel sky foreboding strong winds.

Just before reaching Mayford School, behind the red-brick walls of which an earnest attempt is being made to mould the flotsam and jetsam of the London streets into honest useful lads, I turned off to the left along a road bordered with white posts, — very useful adornments on dark wintry nights, for the ditches on either side are deep and wide. With a spurt up the hill, past a triangular patch of turf in the centre of the cross roads, I found myself in the familiar green lanes leading to Stoke and Guildford. These lanes are wondrously rich in bird-life; and the birds seem to have taken a fresh lease of their singing-powers, for the trees are as full of song as they were in the spring-time. The honeysuckle is in bloom again and the hedges are still thick with blackberries. *Clang-clang-clang!* It is the bell of the little Roman Catholic church on the top of the hill ringing the faithful to prayers; where the worshippers come from is a mystery, for there is not a house in sight. A few yards farther on a finger-post points to Burgham and Merrow. Here the road narrows, and there are some awkward corners. It is well to ring your bell freely along such lanes, for you never know

who is round the next corner. It may be a thoughtless wheelman; it may be a nervous elderly female; whoever it is, you ought to let them know you are coming, for remember that your machine is almost noiseless. You will of course be abused for ringing. The good dame will exclaim: "Drat the man, surely there's enough room for him to pass! Does he want all the road to himself!" But you may console yourself with the knowledge that, if you had not given warning of your approach, she would have declared that you were no gentleman to startle a lady by rushing past her in that way: "Why doesn't the wretch ring his bell!" The world is difficult to please, but it is best to be on the safe side; no one can reasonably find fault with you for making your presence known.

Turning up the lane leading to Burgham I thought to get a glimpse of Sutton Court, the beautiful Elizabethan manor-house whose story has been written by Mr. Frederic Harrison. Watching the landscape on my left I was presently rewarded by a sight of the roof and ruddy gables peeping out from a gap in the trees. From this road the house is unapproachable; but if you are ever in the neighbourhood of Sutton Green, three-quarters of a mile to the left, do not fail to open the white gate facing the village street, to climb the hill and bear to the left on reaching the little church at the summit. About a quarter of a mile along the path, facing an avenue of fine old trees, you will suddenly find on your right hand a sight such as you rarely see even in England. It is the colour that first impresses you, the warm red walls softened by the mellowing hand of Time. In a moment you have stepped back over two centuries; you are in touch with the age of Shakespeare, Raleigh, and

Sidney. If a gentleman in doublet and hose, with a sword at his side or a hawk on his wrist, strolled across the court-yard you would not be in the least astonished. But the beauties of Sutton Court are worthy a poet's flight; they are beyond the reach of my poor pedestrian muse.

Wreaths of smoke are curling upward from the fields this morning; piles of rubbish, burning on all sides, fill the air with an unmistakable autumnal odour. A regiment of cows line the edges of the fields on either side of the road. They greet me with bovine indifference, almost amounting to contempt; evidently I am not the party they expected. I pause on the little bridge crossing the Wey, to look down upon the pretty banks green and wooded to the water's edge; and a few crumbs of biscuit bring up a shoal of young roach, who fight for the spoil with an eager greediness that I had hitherto thought peculiar to chickens.

A few minutes' ride beyond the bridge brought me to the Green Man at the side of the road leading from Ripley to Guildford. I crossed the road delicately, for unfortunately the Scorchers is occasionally to be found thereabouts, and I had no wish to find his front wheel buckled in my frame. Ripley is now shorn of much of its old glory. In the days of the old high machine it was a terminus for the London rider; it is now only a half-way house. On Saturday afternoons and on Sundays all the very latest things in cycledom are to be seen on this road. Some of the smart young men smile at my five-year-old crock. The handle-bars have not the latest curve, the saddle is not built on the new anatomical principle, the smooth tires are quite antediluvian, the spokes of the wheels have not the latest twist, and the whole machine is twice as heavy as a machine should

be. A saucy youth once declared that it must have come out of the Ark. But I often find these gay folk wheeling their machines home in two sections, or hammering at them sadly by the roadside with spanners and pocket-knives, or making their fingers sore in mending punctures. As for my own ancient friend, it has during its five years of life often toiled over some of the worst roads in England without mischance, and has only cost three shillings for repairs. No! wild horses shall not induce me to advertise the name of the maker; I only note these facts to show that accidents, breakages, and punctures are not the inevitable accompaniments of cycling, and that it is not necessary to have a new machine every year.

Having crossed the Guildford road with a whole skin I found myself in a lane winding through a charming wood. I caught glimpses of shady groves, carpeted with vivid green moss, wherein Titania on moonlight nights might well hold her fairy court. At the end of the lane I turned sharply to the right, passing under a railway arch, on to a thistle-covered common, across which a good road leads to the village of Merrow. At the top of a stiffish incline I suddenly found myself in front of the picturesque Horse and Groom inn, with its three-gabled front and diamond-paned windows. Opposite to the inn is the village church, about which I could find nothing more remarkable than that the borders of the paths in the churchyard were formed of old tombstones. Two hundred yards beyond the church I found that the pedals were so hard to push round that I began to think that the bearings must have become unduly tightened; the fact being, however, that the ascent was much steeper than it appeared to the eye. I was astonished on reaching the open common to find myself on such high ground,

not having noticed that from the Guildford road I had been continuously ascending by a series of gentle hills.

At the top of Merrow Down, at the opening of a grassy lane, some good soul has placed a comfortable seat well sheltered from the wind, where one can rest and recover breath and feast one's eyes on the masses of bracken, now changing from green to gold and russet. A hundred yards farther along the road, turning sharply to the right, I found myself at the famous Newland's Corner, and decided at once that it had not been overrated. You are on the brow of a down of respectable dimensions, a Surrey mountain, with a rich rolling woodland country stretching away to the distant hills. To gaze upon such a sunlit scene is to feel what love of country really is, although you cannot define it. In other lands you admire the scenery; in your own land you love it, as though the sense of possession imparted a peculiar felicity. What a world of meaning there is in Touchstone's reference to Audrey,—“An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own.” It is worth the climb if only to see St. Martha's Hill with the picturesque pilgrim's church on the summit, and the old pilgrim's road winding in and out among the foliage. Hence came worshippers from as far west as Cornwall on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. It is said that some of the worthy souls mingled business with religion, and brought ingots of tin with them as well as rosaries. Down in the valley below, thrusting its smoky head through the trees, is the shaft of the Chilworth gunpowder-mill which so enraged Cobbett. Unlike most views that are seen from high ground the landscape here does not fade away in the distance, but rises across the valley, hill upon hill, in a semi-circle, like a stupendous amphitheatre. Newland's

Corner is a grassy raised platform, from the centre of which a Gargantuan orator might address an audience of giants seated on the surrounding hills. Round the corner to the left is a clump of shady trees, a capital place for planting the cycle while you explore the hill-top. If you walk a few yards to the north you get a complete change of view,—a great wooded plain stretching far away to the Thames valley; you are on a veritable Pisgah. This is the place to feast on blackberries, which being fully exposed to the sun, are far riper than those in the shaded lanes below; moreover they are too high above the valley for the village children.

The hill down to Albury is justly labelled *dangerous*, but with care you can make your way down it in safety. Woe betide the rider, however, who for an instant loses command of his machine; none but the coolest heads should attempt this long and treacherous slope. All the way down the views are delightful, and almost at the foot I discovered a huge hollow at the road-side under a thick-boughed wide-spreading yew. It was quite a pleasant weather-proof room, which would have delighted Thoreau, who would never have troubled to build his house had he been able to discover such a one as this not made with hands. Although the wind was blowing hard the place was wonderfully free from draughts, a fact doubtless highly appreciated by some recent lodgers who had left the warm ashes of a fire behind them. The only fault that a cyclist could find with it was the rather serious one that the entrance was too small to admit a machine. Here I shared my lunch with a fine old frog, who with a confidence born of gratitude allowed me to look for some minutes at his beautiful eyes. Jefferies declared that any wild thing in the woods and fields will

come fearlessly to you if you will only keep perfectly still; but you must not so much as wink your eyelids. Thoreau was remarkably successful in winning the confidence of birds and squirrels, while old George Borrow solemnly avowed, and even put it into print, that he could tame the wildest of wild Irish horses by whispering some mysterious jargon into their ears. These three men were all great lovers of Nature, and studied her mysterious book at first-hand; they loved her better than they loved the towns and congregations of men. Is it possible that some as yet undetected law drew them towards her, and at the same time led her wild children to trust the love and tenderness of these interpreters of the fields and woodlands?

Down a shady lane, and across the road leading to Albury, I found the charming village of Shere, which surely contains some of the prettiest cottages in all Surrey. The gardens were overflowing with the flowers that we have always fondly believed to be the native growth of old England, but which the learned botanists now assure us are quite modern importations. It is too bad to tell us that the wallflower came from Spain, the toad-flax from across the Channel, the sweet-pea from Sicily, mignonette from Egypt, lavender from the shores of the Mediterranean, that the musk has only been in England for seventy years, that the nasturtium came from Peru, the balsam from Asia, and, worst of all, that London Pride is in no sense kin to the city of London, but is so-named after a nurseryman, one Mr. London, who was the first to introduce it. All this confirms me in the opinion I have always held, that botany,—that is, the botany of the text-book and the class-room—is the real dismal science, compared to which political economy is a delirious and intoxicating pastime. Shere

Church and the White Horse Inn you will find in the sketch-book of every artist who has wandered about Surrey, and they are indeed worthy their fame. In the little village street, leading up to the churchyard, I was glad to find the barber's shop adorned with the old-fashioned surgeon's pole and dangling brass soap-dish. The church was decorated for harvest-festival with wondrous trophies of vegetables, flowers, and fruit; every pew had its nosegay, and pumpkins and marrows of huge proportions invaded even the pulpit. The fact that the village boys had not yielded to the tempting allurements of the apples and pears, that were lying about as if asking to be eaten, reflects infinite credit on their power of self-control. Have the Board-Schools succeeded in eradicating the love of stolen fruit from the heart of boyhood? 'Tis an ancient vice, for even St. Augustin was sorely troubled when he came to write his Confessions, to find that he had to relate how he pilfered apples from the neighbours' gardens on his way home from school. I had been told to look out for some curious old stained glass in Shere Church, showing the quaint device of one Sir Reginald Bray. There it was, sure enough, in a little window beyond the pulpit; and, craning over a bank of potatoes and cabbages, I was able to discover the initials *R. B.* and a drawing of a queer-looking instrument called a *bray*, used for braying out hemp, in the days when farmers' wives made their own gowns.

Leaving Shere I turned homeward in the direction of Albury, once famous as the dwelling-place of Martin Tupper. The PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY has so long since disappeared even from the bookstalls that it is difficult to realise that forty years ago no American visitor thought of leaving England without paying a pilgrimage

to Albury. The book probably had a larger sale than any other issued in the first half of the century; not a drawing-room table but contained a copy in all the glory of calf and gilt edges. And now,—lives there a man under fifty years of age who has read Martin Tupper? I pulled up at the cross-roads before reaching Albury, for I knew that I must be near the Silent Pool, the birthplace of so many legends. In a little dingle opposite to the finger-post I found a highly respectable tramp and his family taking afternoon tea, although it was only half-past two. It was his spectacles and silk hat that gave the man such a superior air,—that is, for a tramp. He and his wife and the four small children were all very dirty, but very happy. Not only had they a plentiful supply of tea and bread and butter, but a goodly pile of water-cress; and it was edifying to see how mighty particular the old gentleman was in securing the proper quantity of salt from the family salt-cellar before he put each spray of cress into his mouth, as if he thoroughly realised the value of chloride of sodium as a digestive agent. I asked him if he knew the road to the Silent Pool, in the hope of having a chat with him; but he was so engrossed at the moment in saving the screw of newspaper containing the salt from a gust of wind, that he could only roll his eyes and jerk his battered hat in the direction of the high hedge at the right-hand side of the road.

Up a rough path and past a lodge, where the keeper insisted on my leaving my machine, I found a remarkable sheet of water almost entirely surrounded by high banks all one mass of lovely foliage. It was indeed like a glimpse of fairy-land, and when I went forward to the innermost part of the pool I felt that the sight of a water-baby on the scene would not

have surprised me. The water is so perfectly clear and transparent that at the depth of three or four feet, and not near the banks only, but in the centre, you can see every pebble, every plant at the bottom of the pool, and watch the fishes swimming about as if in a lake of liquid glass. There is something almost uncanny in this peculiar transparency and stillness; but I am assured by my scientific friends that there is no magic in it, that it is all to be explained by the formation of the banks and the peculiar chemical character of the bed of the pool. The popular explanation is of a very different character; it is a story of unrequited love, a leap from the highest part of the bank, a maiden's body floating in the moonlight, and transparent water undisturbed by a ripple ever since.

A very short distance from the Silent Pool I found the Catholic Apostolic Cathedral, its cold, modern grandeur forming a striking contrast to the quiet simplicity of the ancient village church at Shere. The hard outlines of the cathedral are somewhat relieved by a thick growth of ivy, among which I found many climbing roses. The whole place is a remarkable monument of religious enthusiasm; yet the Irvingites do not appear to increase and multiply, unless it is that they do not proclaim their religious opinions from the house-tops. Has anyone ever met a gentleman at dinner, or in an omnibus, tram-car, or train, who declared himself to be a citizen of the New Jerusalem and a worshipper at Albury Cathedral? The village of Albury looks suspiciously like a model village planned and built by a wealthy landlord, its ornamental chimney-pots reminding one of Chenies. The smooth road through the village and on by the side of the river, overshadowed by the splendid timber of

Albury Park, gives a few miles of ideal riding. As you approach Chilworth you get a fine view of St. Martha's Hill and Newland's Corner from below, and the riding is good right on to Shalford, the village of latticed windows and quaint frontages.

At Shalford I turned off the Guildford road and made for Godalming, in the face of a strong south-westerly breeze. September was only four days old, and I noted for the first time the falling leaves, signs of the dying summer. Through the familiar streets of Godalming I hurried on to Elstead, for it had suddenly dawned upon me that I was not many miles from Moor Park, which must still be haunted by the ghosts of dear Dorothy Osborn, Sir William Temple, Swift, and Stella. From Elstead the road wound about through lovely woods, and at the top of a steep hill I discovered a grand view of Hindhead across the vale. Then came a timber-lined road right on to the little mill that stands between the entrance of Waverley Abbey and Moor Park. It was to the old house among these giant trees that Sir William Temple, after so many years of patient courtship, brought as his bride the sweet-natured, sensible young lady whom we now know so well. Owing to the happy preservation of Dorothy's charming letters, this young lady of the seventeenth century is brought nearer to us than the women of our own day; we are not so familiar with our own sisters' daily thoughts, feelings, and sympathies as we are with Dorothy's. Sir William had turned his back on politics, and he and Dorothy were an elderly couple leading a quiet life in this Surrey park, amusing themselves with their garden and their books, when the inevitable poor relation made his appearance in the shape of Jonathan Swift, a raw, awkward Irish youth. What else

could the poor young man do? His widowed mother had only an annuity of £20, and he had no means of adding to it. The rich relative took him in, and made him private secretary and keeper of the family accounts, which offices his patron declared that he fulfilled with diligence and honesty.

One would like to believe that the garden of this quaint red-tiled house with the gabled attics, standing by the roadside, was the scene of Swift's first meeting with little Esther Johnson. Dorothy Temple was dead, and her sister-in-law, Lady Giffard, was keeping house for the widower. Her ladyship had a confidential servant, Mrs. Johnson, whose daughter Esther, a girl of thirteen, must often have rambled about these shady walks. Something about the child attracted the private secretary; he set himself the task of educating her, and ended by loving and immortalising her as Stella, the heroine of one of the saddest, strangest love-stories that history has to tell. As I stood on the little white-railed bridge, looking down at the running stream, I thought of Swift's cry of agony as he stood by Stella's death-bed,—“For my small remainder of years I shall be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation which could alone make it tolerable!” What this meant, coming from the lips of such a man, we can form but a faint conception. It was here, at Moor Park, that he wrote *THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS* and the daring *TALE OF A TUB*; it is good to think that here also he spent perhaps the happiest hours of his stormy life, teaching little Esther Johnson, and moulding the life that was destined to form so great a part of his own.

These grand old oaks and elms, whose shadows fell upon the men and women who live with us again in our

beloved books, they are indeed precious links binding us to the great dead who are so often the companions of our firesides. The memories that linger in these leafy paths and stately avenues give the one touch needed to satisfy the heart as Nature satisfies the eyes. I was glad to have seen the old place while it still looked much the same as it must have appeared to the eyes of Dorothy Osborn and Stella, of Sir William and Swift, for standing among the trees is a board with the ominous legend, *This eligible freehold land to be sold or let on lease for building purposes in plots.*

Almost as enjoyable as the day's ride is the quiet hour in the evening spent in recalling the scenes one has passed through. As the sun was setting, I took down the letters of Dorothy Osborn, and read between the lights, and with renewed interest, my favourite passage. How many of the highly educated young ladies of the present day could write to their lovers (if they ever fall in love) so sensibly and so charmingly as this?

There are many of so careless and vain a temper that the least breath of good fortune swells them with so much pride that if they were not put in mind sometimes by a sound cross or two that they are mortal, they would hardly think it possible; and though 'tis a sign of a servile nature when fear produces more of reverence in us than love, yet there is more danger of forgetting oneself in a prosperous fortune than in the contrary, and affliction may be the surest (though not the pleasantest) guide to heaven. Many people fancy a perfect happiness here, but I never heard of anybody that ever had it more than in fancy, so that it will not be strange if you should miss on't. One may be happy to a good degree, I think, in a faithful friend, a moderate fortune, and a retired life; further than this I know nothing to wish; but if there be anything beyond it, I wish it you.

A RHYME OF MAY.

A HEAVENLY evening,—far and near
 Stole a charmed land along
 The flutter of the waking year,
 Faint sweetness, furtive song.

High on the ruddy foreland slept
 The last gleam of the day ;
 The wash of sapphire waters swept
 A milky-pebbled bay.

A softened murmur, low and wild,
 Rose from the plunging bar
 To meet the breath of woods that smiled
 Beneath the twilight star.

From moorland ridge, from mountain brake,
 Thro' stony gorges steep,
 Loud rushed the torrents twain to take
 The welcome of the deep.

Hope cleared the note, stretched wide the wing,
 And hope made blue the air ;
 The visions and the dreams, that bring
 Light in worn eyes, were there :

Dim blooms that in green ambush wait,
 Dumb passion, smothered fire,
 The music inarticulate
 Veiling a world's desire ;

Most golden silence, golden speech,
 Powers that in quiet hide,
 Love, joy, a beating billow each,
 Of being's mighty tide ;

Far cries upon the lonely fell,
 The wave's, the woodland's lay,—
 Anthems inaudible that swell
 The lyric heart of May !

CLEVER MICK MORIARTY.

THE market was over: pigs, sheep and cattle were being driven away in different directions to an accompaniment of hideous shouts and waving sticks; it was a mystery how the opposing streams of animals disentangled themselves, but either fear or instinct accomplished what seemed to be impossible. It is hardly necessary to say that a good many drivers were drunk; the potency of Mrs. Mulcahy's porter was beyond question; it was said by people of imagination that it would have stood up without the glass.

Carmore is one of the whitest towns in the south of Ireland, where so many towns are white. This does not imply that it is particularly clean, but the prevailing outward shade gives an impression of cleanliness. The market-square blazed under the declining sun; the sound of voices and shuffling feet, of lowing and bleating beasts rose into the still sky, while the old half-ruined castle looked down upon it all placidly from its grey rock. It was a sight of curious, fantastic, almost exalted beauty, dashed with an unconscious squalor that gave a piquant spice of contrast. A group of three men stood talking by Mrs. Mulcahy's door, which sent forth mingled and tempting odours upon the street.

"Tom Condon," said the biggest man of the three, "meanin' you," he tapped Tom on the breast, "so it's you that fancies Kitty More? Bedad, yer taste's beyant quarrel; any man'll say that for yer. Mick here'll say that for yer, Tom."

Mick, a slim, dark, good-looking

young fellow, with honest, but rather timid eyes, smiled faintly and apparently with a particular inner enjoyment that shook him down to the waist. He lit a pipe carefully before he spoke. "Shure, Tom's got an eye," he said quietly.

"And I've a mind," said the big man, "to black it for 'um! Kitty More and me's been makin' it up this two months, and the man that says a word agin' her I'll break!"

"And me too!" said Tom.

"And me too!" said Mick.

"'Tis no business o' yours, Mick; 'tis betwixt Tom Condon and me. Tom has a fancy for Kitty, bad 'cess to 'um, and we'll talk it over reasonable-like!"

John O'Dwyer dived into the doorway of many odours, followed by his companions. "Biddy," he called, "some of the ould stuff, God bless it!"

The old stuff was poured from a black bottle and placed before the three men, who drank it without water.

"Shure and this is the thrue dhrink," said O'Dwyer; "'tis like milk; it soothes the timper,—like a woman," he added, contemplatively. "Now thin, Tom Condon," he went on, "is it to marry Kitty More yer afther, or what?"

"To marry her," said Condon, "before Father Rourke, wid ivery convainyence for a good weddin', an' all the frinds there an' the world to look on."

"Ach! be aisy," said John; "the friends 'ull come afther. Ye've a tongue like a sthrame."

"Didn't ye ast me a question?"

"I did."

"And didn't I answer ye?"

"Ye did; but it wasn't how ye'd do it I wanted to know, but whether ye'd do it at all."

"Be still," said Mick, "and talk sinse. What'll Kitty say?—that's the thing." He winked furtively at Mrs. Mulcahy behind the bar. Mrs. Mulcahy returned the wink and poured out more whiskey.

"Thru for yer," said John; "what'll Kitty say?"

"I'm thinkin'," said Tom, "of askin' her this blessed day."

"The divvle ye are! Well, thin, and I'll do the same, and here's to my own luck, Mister Condon."

"And here's to mine," said Tom.

"And here's to the both of yer," said Mick; "and may Kitty forgive us for playin' like this wid her name!"

They drank, O'Dwyer's queer eyes blinking rapidly in appreciation of the tickling in his throat. "We'll go together, Tom," he said, "and put it plain and swate to her,—you, Tom Condon, or me, John O'Dwyer. That'll be fair to the girl, and no shame to anyone. And you, Mick," he went on, "can come to see all's square and kape Tom from makin' his long spaches. I'd pity the poor soul 'ud marry him; shure, he'd talk the divvle dumb!"

"As for the talk," said Condon, "'tis you have the gift; and yer father had it before yer."

"He was a good man, God rest him!"

"He was,—barrin' the talk."

"Come," said Mick, "if it's to Ballyhinch we're goin', 'tis time we set out. And lave the dhrink be now,—no more, Biddy; take thim glasses away. Arrah, would ye want to be dhrunk whin ye spake to the girl? Come an, now, while 'tis light."

And Mick Moriarty marshalled the friends into the street.

They turned to the left and mounted a slight hill to the barracks, where they turned into the Ballyhinch road. They gave the impression of men bent on serious business, and the nearer they got to Ballyhinch the more serious they became. O'Dwyer's pace slackened: Condon's fell in with his; and the only one who seemed in any hurry was Mick. His backward face, as he turned to urge them on, was gravely earnest; his forward expression was indicative of a budding chuckle, artfully repressed.

"Have ye it all arranged?" he asked.

"What?" said O'Dwyer sharply.

"What ye're goin' to say."

"Av coorse; what 'ud I be comin' for at all if I didn't know that?"

"Well, well," said Mick, "'tis sometimes hard, I'm tould, to manage whin it comes to the question. Ye might feel sthruck like and narvous. Ah, but no doubt ye'll manage well, John; sure ye've had expariance in thim matters. Who's to ast first?"

The two men stopped dead.

"Begorra," said Condon, "I niver thought o' that."

"Well," said Mick, "ye must fix it up, for two can't spake to onst, and it 'ud be an ugly thing to quarrel before the girl."

"I'll begin," said O'Dwyer.

"No, but I will," said Tom.

"You shall thin, an' that's settled!" Condon repented and looked appealingly to Mick.

"Toss up," said Moriarty, "and him as wins'll spake first. Hurry, now, for there's Father Rourke just come away from the house and Kitty'll be alone." The coin spun and O'Dwyer won; Tom fell back a step with a relieved sigh. The priest paused as the men touched hats. "Boys," he said, "did I see a coin go up?"

"Ye did, Father,—but shure ye wouldn't be too partic'ler about the like o' that," said Mick.

"Who won?"

"I did, sor," said O'Dwyer.

"How much was it?"

"Nothin' at all. 'Twas only for who's to ast a question first, sor."

"Is it a weddin' you're thinking of, boys? Go on then, and settle it. Don't stand there grinning at me, Mick. A wedding, is it? Ah, but that's brave news for a poor priest!" And Father Rourke waved his hand and swung heavily up the road.

The three men approached the house in single file; first came O'Dwyer, then Tom Condon, and last Mick. It was small, but unusually neat; a few new out-buildings, with sound roofs, indicated a certain definite prosperity, and there was a little garden, full of carefully-tended flowers, before the door. John tip-toed up the pathway cautiously and knocked; they all instinctively took off their hats before the door was opened. There was a minute's delay, during which Mick saw the curtain of a side-window move suspiciously and caught a glimpse of a coil of black hair. Then the door opened and Kitty stood before them, flashing welcome from flushed cheeks and white teeth, and drooping demure eyelids over deep blue eyes that seemed always brimmed with laughter. Mick noticed a red rose in her hair that he could have sworn was not there a moment before.

"Ah, an' welcome to ye all!" cried Kitty. "An' has it been a good market to-day, an' did ye see father with the young calves? Come in, do, and sit down. Shure, ye're such big sthrong men the little room'll hardly hould ye and I feel just like a child among ye all. Never mind the work-box, Mister O'Dwyer; I'll pick up the things afther; av coorse ye couldn't know it was there. Don't

stand, Mister Condon; take father's chair,—'tis fine and comfortable afther a hard day. An' now what'll ye take to dhrink?"

They took whiskey, all in embarrassed silence; but Kitty was queen in her father's house and chattered on as though the object of the visit had never entered her pretty head. "I hear there was a noise in Limerick yesterday, Mister O'Dwyer, and you not there! Shure if ye'd have known there'd have been a bigger wan."

"I'm a quiet man now, Kitty," said John.

"Is it say that and you in the biggest row only last week? I heerd ye stood up and sint them flyin' all ways. 'Twas four down at wan time from yer own fist."

"That's the thruth," said O'Dwyer, warming to the recollection. "'Twas afther Sandy's weddin', ye mind, and a rale fine weddin' it was."

"An' would ye do the like o' that at yer own weddin', Mister O'Dwyer?"

"He would," said Tom Condon, with conviction.

"Ach, no! Kape yer tongue still, Tom. 'Twas by way of divarsion, Kitty, and no bad blood in it at all."

"Well, anyway," said Kitty, "there was blood spilled, good or bad."

"'Twas me high sperrits," said O'Dwyer, apologetically.

"Well, well!" laughed Kitty. "An' so yer a quiet man, now? I can't say ye look it, with yer eyes that fierce on Mister Condon! Mister Moriarty, sit down here by me."

Mick obeyed; he thought it was about time for his friends to get to business. "Mister O'Dwyer and Mister Condon have a word to say to ye, Kitty," he said, fixing the two waverers with a stern glance. "'Tis you first, John."

"Me, Mick?" he asked innocently.

"Yes, you, to be shure; didn't ye win the toss?"

"I did, but shure I wouldn't hould to that if Mister Condon has a mind to spake first."

Tom waved his arm threateningly. "Go an!" he said.

O'Dwyer drained his glass and regarded the bottom of it with an apoplectic flush. Then he cleared his throat laboriously three times. "'Tis this way, Kitty," he said. "Me and Tom's frinds; an' bein' frinds, we has tastes in common, so to spake." He paused and rattled his money in his pocket, perhaps to create a good impression, perhaps only to reassure himself. "An' bein' frinds," he repeated—

"Ah, lave the frinds alone, John," interrupted Condon; "spake up, man, an' say what's in yer mind!"

"I apologise for 'um, Miss More," said O'Dwyer, with great dignity; "wan gintleman should know betther than to interrupt another."

"But what's it all about?" cried Kitty, with an appealing glance at Mick.

"It's like this," said O'Dwyer; "bein' frinds, we has tastes in common, and wan o' them tastes is for you."

"For me?" murmured Kitty.

"For you. 'Tis my wish to marry, and to marry you; 'tis Tom's wish,—"

"To marry, and to marry you," broke in Condon, who did not approve of this manner of conducting the affair. "To marry you, Kitty," he added, "before Father Rourke, wid ivery convainyence for a good weddin', an' all our frinds there an' the world to look on."

"I've good land," began O'Dwyer again, "an' a dacent house, and as fine cows, bedad, as iver were milked; an' money in the bank and the best pigs in Tipperary—"

"Barrin' mine," said Tom; "an' ast Father Rourke, for he had a side o' bacon av me last week and it made his mouth water to look at it. 'Tom,'

says he, 'tis a pig to be proud of; an' do ye happen to have a few greens I could boil wid it.'"

"Well," said O'Dwyer, "'tisn't the pigs we're askin' Kitty to marry, but ourselves. An' I'll say this,—an' ye'll all know it for thrue,—I'm as tender as a girl whin I'm not roused."

"But maybe 'tis aisy to rouse ye," Tom suggested.

"I'll not deny that; but shure Kitty knows a man widout a timper's no man at all."

"Thru for ye," said Kitty; "but there's timpers and timpers; wan'll be free wid his fist an' another wid his tongue."

"I'd niver sthrike a woman."

"Sure I'd be butther and honey to ye," said Tom.

There was a long pause, in which the suitors benevolently regarded each other. Kitty glanced at Mick and smiled; Mick shook with his quiet laughter. The little room seemed full of heavy breathing. At last Kitty spoke. "Father Rourke was here this day," she said, "an' I'll not deny he spoke to me about marryin'."

"He was always me good frind," said Tom.

"A fine man, God bless 'um!" murmured O'Dwyer.

"An' I tould him," Kitty continued, "I was too young to be thinkin' av it. 'But no,' says he, 'tis nineteen years since I christened ye, an' that's a good age and a right age,' says he, 'to marry an honest, sober boy.' 'Well,' says I, 'Father, an' who was ye thinkin' av for me?'" Here she paused and blushed, and her blue eyes took a new depth of meaning and colour. "'No,' says he, 'but who was ye thinkin' av for yerself?'"

"Ah!" sighed O'Dwyer.

"The kindness av 'um!" murmured Tom.

"An' what did ye say, Kitty?" asked Mick.

"'Is it me think about the like o' that?' says I. 'Aye,' says he, 'I've known girls think av it and no blame to them.' 'Well, thin,' says I, 'an' I have thought av it, an' many a soft word he's spoke to me. But could I belave 'im, Father?'"

"Ye could," said Tom.

"Ivery word," said O'Dwyer.

"'That 'ud depind,' says he, 'on who it is. An' what's his name?'" says he. 'Oh,' says I, 'an' it's Mick Moriarty, an' may God bless 'im an' kape 'im,' says I." And at that Kitty's head went down on to Mick's shoulder and there was the sound of a happy sob.

O'Dwyer and Condon gazed into each other's faces until a broad smile passed between them. Then O'Dwyer hammered on the table with his glass and burst into a roar of laughter. "Well!" he cried, "to think o' Mick playin' aff that thrick on us! Tom, we're bate fair."

"Shure, I didn't know for sartin meself," said Mick; "an' if Kitty

had a fancy for either o' ye, well, she must have her chance."

"Ye didn't know, Mick?" Kitty whispered.

"How could I know, asthore?"

"An' me dyin' for ye, Mick!"

"Dyin'! Let me see into yer eyes, Kitty. So that's dyin'? Then I'm dyin' too."

"Ye'll dhrink to our health?" asked Kitty, appealing to the other two.

"Bedad," said Condon, "yes, an' we'll dance at yer weddin'. But ye'd best kape John O'Dwyer away, for he's sthrong wid the fists."

"I'll only use thim," said O'Dwyer, "agin yer inimies."

So they drank the health and then the defeated lovers returned to Carmore arm-in-arm. And as they went they sang melodiously and with the lightest-hearted lilt in the world:

Oh Norah O'Neill she's bruk my heart,
An' Norah O'Neill she's wed;
An' it's Norah O'Neill I'll love, me dears,
Till I'm lyin' could and dead!

C. KENNETT BURROWS.

THE BASIS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

INTERNATIONAL Law has been treated on various recent occasions with scant respect in practice; and in the field of theory the fashion seems to have descended from the schools to the streets of denying it the name and force of law altogether. Sometimes it is admitted that it is extremely like law, although not quite the genuine article; sometimes it is airily dismissed as a mere code of voluntary ethics, or as the unauthoritative amusement of professors and theorists. We are told that it has no armed force compelling obedience to its dictates, no tribunal to apply its rules, no legislature to upset them.

It is precisely in the absence of these organs from its system, that the highest interest of International Law consists.

The coercion of an army or a police, the solemn procedure of tribunals, with their unvarying deference to the acts of a legislature, which so impressed the imagination of John Austin, the arbitrary activity of a definite person or chamber,—all are absolutely adventitious adjuncts to the fabric of law. Picturesque at times and useful in their place, they undoubtedly are; but they are not essential to the conception of law, any more than are ermine and sealing-wax, and any attempt to exaggerate their importance can only result in exhibiting them in the light of cumbrous and clumsy excrescences on the essential characteristics of what law is.

Does the army, to begin with, necessarily guarantee the supremacy of law better than the inconvenient

old *posse comitatus*? The constitutionalists of two centuries ago, who upheld the idea of conservative legalism, did not think so. There was nothing upon which they looked with so much jealousy as a standing-army. At the present day, it is only by a happy accident, and by that very force of law which it is rashly supposed to provide with a basis, that the army supports the law. It might as easily be used by the executive, or by its commanders, to break it. It may be answered that such a proceeding would only amount to the substitution of a new law for the old, the will of the junta, or of a dictator, for the will of Parliament; but what then of the period of anarchy in the meanwhile? And would a series of such periods conduce to the supremacy of law? A population which habitually obeys Marshal A. this month, which habitually obeyed Marshal B. last month, and Marshal C. last winter, is not governed by law at all. No decree of these ephemeral autocrats can have the general character which is essential to law. It can only command particular acts.

Apart from these considerations, it is only a very shortsighted observer who sees in the violent infliction of harm, in case of non-compliance, the surest means of securing respect for law. Such measures of coercion are useful only at a low stage of civilised development. Even when they are successfully employed, they do not necessarily extend the scope of law; for the cool choice of a certain course of conduct, in view of the probable inconveniences which would attend a

different course, is not submission to law, but the acceptance of a bargain,—a hard bargain, it may be, but essentially, and in the spirit of it, a bargain. So soon as the influence of the threatened evil can be made light of, no more bargains of that kind will be possible. Anyone who can laugh at the evil, or call it good, is exempt from the law, if its range rests on no surer basis than this. An entire nation might conceivably regard with complacency exclusion from official receptions; still its people would consider that disregard of an enactment sanctioned by that penalty was breaking the law.

In short, physical force is a mere adjunct to law, not generally necessary, not always adequate, and frequently dangerous. The error involved in the opposite view is of a precisely similar cast to that which induced an early school of economists to regard the precious metals as the essentials of wealth. Both are the childish generalisations of immature science. These considerations show the fallacy which is involved in a very common heresy. It is easy, and not unfashionable, to say that might is right, and that a State will do precisely what it is strong enough to do, without regard to law. If this were as true as it is demonstrably false, it would be beside the point. There is all the difference in the world between doing as we choose in a spirit of lawlessness, and doing as we choose within the limits assigned by law. Law is not an ineluctable determinant of human conduct; it is not even the principal factor in determining it. Municipal law itself is constantly and systematically violated by the average citizen. And a rule which can by no possibility be infringed is not a law at all, but a scientific fact. We do not ask of law that it should absolutely suppress all action which is

opposed to its dictates: its function is performed when it imposes a definite and powerful check upon any such action; more we cannot require of it.

Admitting that International Law is not observed so strictly as it ought to be, and that its obligations sit somewhat lightly on the conscience of modern politicians, is that any reason for decrying it? No invocation of physical force will, in the long run, supply the want of a law-abiding spirit. Surely the object of those who are struck by the frequent infringements of International Law which occur, should be not, by disparaging its authority, to weaken it still further, not to attempt to abandon it for the chimerical dream of a universal Empire, but to do their utmost to foster a spirit of cordial loyalty to its provisions.

One might, indeed, infer from the language which is sometimes used on this subject, that, (as nobody can seriously desire International Anarchy), the real wish of those who treat the Law of Nations lightly is for the establishment of a World-Empire. This is not the place to examine the merits and defects of such a system; but have we made up our minds to this astonishing revolution? Are there no difficulties in the way? How many months, during which we may safely do without a Law of Nations, are to elapse before France and Germany consent to be components of one Imperial Federation? Is it quite certain that if International Law is discredited now, we shall not need its help, before the Powers will be ready to replace the *batons* of their marshals by those of the Universal Constabulary? Surely, to diminish the authority of an existing law by slighting allusions to it, made through admiration of an alternative system which is entirely specu-

lative and unpractical, is a course leading directly to anarchy.

As to the establishment of a central tribunal, it can with confidence be predicted that such a step would inevitably destroy the elasticity of International Law, and would envelope its professors at once in the meshes of quibbling technicalities. The bad law of first-rate text-writers does not live long after them; the bad law of indifferent judges is not always easy to inter. Even in countries where judicial decisions have not the force of law, the *jurisprudence de la cour*, or trend of its opinions, cannot but have a predominant authority; just as the practice of juries (who are supposed to have nothing to do with making or declaring the law) has in the United Kingdom. It is its fatal devotion to decided cases that has caused English law to resemble a heap of isolated sticks rather than a living and growing plant, and has made its name an accepted synonym for aridity. Precedents, right in themselves for the time of their enunciation, have been applied to the circumstances of a new century, apparently without the shadow of a suspicion of anything unsound in the process. Precedents have been gathered from cases, and broadly enunciated as general rules, when the decision really turned on some unnoticed factor, perhaps not even consciously appreciated by the judge. Precedents have been laid down, and followed, on the authority of judicial persons of little repute as lawyers. Thus no important business, of however simple a character, can now be transacted without the employment of a technical jargon which, we are complacently assured, has stood the test of judicial criticism. No layman can hope to manipulate its intricacies, and even the lawyer may be appalled when he picks his cautious way through the mysterious machinery,

knowing that by the turn of a lever, or the pressure of an innocent-looking button, he may set in motion its ponderous cylinders and inexorable shafting.

Again, judicial decisions are given in the stress and rush of business; an International Court which was not well occupied with work would soon be declared to be not worth its cost. Yet incomparably the best judgments are those which have been prepared at leisure, and with the opportunity of considering the point at issue in its broadest aspects, and in its relations with the rest of the sphere of law. The time spent by Eldon before giving his judgments, and the few cases annually dealt with by the House of Lords, are alike the subjects of popular animadversion; yet what judicial utterances have been so satisfactory?

Most unfortunate of all, there inevitably arises a certain esoteric canon of selection, according to which precedents are sometimes deprived of their presumed authority. To borrow Sir Charles Darling's piquant language,—"The judges themselves will in dealing with a reported case frequently say, 'Ah, I happen to know that my learned brother lived to repent of that judgment; it does not express his later views;' or 'My brother was hardly orthodox in railway cases.' Anyone who will may satisfy himself, by taking down any volume of reports, old or new, that any given judge will run in a particular direction if he fairly can."¹ And there are well-recognised ways of dispensing with the strict application of precedents the authority of which is undoubted. Would, for instance, the case of *Madrado v. Willes* secure damages for a private person injured by a naval officer in the *bond fide* discharge of Governmental orders,—say,

¹ SCOTTILLÉ JURIS, p. 22; fifth ed.

the prohibition of landing arms in the Persian Gulf? Or would some rusty theory of Admiralty jurisdiction, or the law of treason, be invoked to distinguish the case? So, in a recent case, it was seriously argued that the principle of adherence to precedent was "a figure of speech."¹

This theoretical supremacy of precedent, combined with the actual paramount necessity of watching the tendencies of the courts, makes it ten times as difficult to predict the result of any given case as it would be if precedent were discarded and the current views of the courts alone recognised as authoritative. Then, at least, we should know our position. Then, the current of judicial opinion would be diligently ascertained, and published, instead of being a matter only to be delicately alluded to in legal treatises. Its operation would be freed from the caprices and irregularities which characterise an unrecognised institution. In short, for a dead system of legal rules, modified by arbitrary and uncertain forces, we should have an elastic science of law. To some such end the overwhelming multiplication of decided cases seems to be slowly urging the juristic system of England; and in the lap of that unique body in the world's history, the Bench of Judges, we may well be content to leave it. But no admirer of International Law would care to see its rules at the mercy of a small party of State-elected jurists.

As an indirect legislature (which it could not but resemble) a Central Court would do infinite damage to the free and scientific character of International Law. As a mere appliance for discovering facts, it would be unnecessary and inappropriate.

It is impossible to cross-examine a

sovereign State, or properly to sift matters of high politics in the atmosphere of a court composed of simple jurists, subjects themselves of some government or another. That theorist had a true inspiration who proposed that such a tribunal should be released from all allegiance. But, even if this could be practically carried out (and it does not seem a particularly hopeful suggestion), the atmosphere of a court, governed by the forensic traditions of Municipal Law, is not suited for the discussion of affairs of State.

The ordinary objections to arbitration need not here be discussed. They have been the subject of recent and full comment in various quarters. But a permanent court of reference would embody and stereotype the worst features of the practice. Arbitration by special agreement may be admirable; forced arbitration, before a fixed tribunal, must be detestable.

An international legislature, again, is not to be desired in the interest of International Law. Apart from the loss of elasticity and freedom which would result from the establishment of such a chamber, there is the further danger that any body of so exalted a nature would be extremely difficult to keep in its proper place. Just as a suzerain, or protecting State, is subject to great temptations to consider the limited sovereignty of the vassal nation as a thing which is altogether dependent on its suzerain's own good pleasure (and so to have no real existence at all), so the International Senate would hardly be restrained from interfering, upon occasion, with the internal affairs of the States for which it had the power to make rules. And this would be the substitution of a World Empire for a community of Nations.

Legislatures, moreover, are on their trial. The simple system (not too simple, it seems, in the Southern

¹ LAW REPORTS (1896), ii., Chancery, p. 796.

States, and elsewhere) of counting heads in order to select their members, is slipping into the abyss of hopeless discredit. The very accumulation of statutory rules (mostly obsolete) is beginning to be felt, in the sphere of Municipal Law, an intolerable nuisance. It is not a time to insist upon the importance and vital necessity of legislatures to a well-developed system of law, when their composition is universally ridiculed and their work regarded with contemptuous impatience. Nothing less in consonance with the profound organic spirit of International Law can be imagined than the trite and crabbed technicalities of a draftsman's statute. If the Declaration of Paris or the terms of the Treaty of Washington had been embodied in an act of legislature (as they have, both, unfortunately, been embodied in conventional stipulations), the discussions which have not failed to arise as to what is "privateering," and what

"due diligence," would have taken a far more serious and embittered form than was actually the case when these points arose, not on the construction of a binding rule formulated by external authority, but simply on that of a mutual engagement. Legislative decrees are clumsy (if sometimes necessary) accessories to law; no more, far less than courts and armies, are they of its essence.

Opinion is stronger than armies, stronger than courts; legislatures are its playthings. International Law shows it in its most imposing operation, untrammelled by the paraphernalia, which Municipal Law is, through its weakness, forced to employ, of displaying the mysterious power of pure law, not on the trivial scale of the family or in the dim theatre of tribal custom, but on the majestic stage of the World of Nations.

THOMAS BATY.

THE SHEPHERDS OF OLYMPUS.

SOME six hundred and fifty years ago a Turkish chieftain, at the head of a little band of horsemen, drove his flock southward from the mountains of Khorasan in search of fresh pasture beyond the reach of the Mongol hordes which swept in repeated waves over northern and central Asia. After lingering for a while on the banks of the Euphrates, the wanderers turned their faces towards Anatolia. Debouching one morning from a mountain gorge they descried in the plain below a cloud of dust, horses galloping to and fro, swords and spears gleaming. With the true nomad love of a fray they spurred into the thick of the fight, and their four hundred lances turned the fortune of the day in favour of the weaker side. Not till after the battle was over did the victors and their unexpected allies discover their kinsmanship.

Such was the battle of Angora. The victor was Kay Kubad, the Seljuk Sultan of Iconium; the nomad chieftain was Ertoghrul, the forefather of the Ottoman Empire.

As a reward for their prowess the new-comers received gifts of pasture-lands on the banks of the Sakaria and the little town of Sugut was assigned to them for their capital. Here, after many another hard-fought fight, Ertoghrul died and was buried; and his tomb, overshadowed by the willows which give their name to the place, is still an object of pilgrimage to pious Turks. He lived long enough to see his son Othman in a fair way to realise a dream of unbounded ambition.

Thirty-three sultans of Ertoghrul's

line have held sway with varying fortunes over Othman's empire. The thirty-fourth sits in his palace of Yildiz, alternately cajoling and cajoled by the Great Powers, haunted day and night by the fear that his empire is at an end and his capital in the hands of the Giaour. Perhaps, like the Caliph's favourite in the old Persian tale, Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid treasures somewhere a shepherd's cloak and crook and would gladly exchange the intrigues of Stamboul for the free life of his shepherd ancestors. If so he keeps his secret well. Master of numerous *chiftliks*, or farms, both in Europe and Asia, he never goes near any of them, never indeed goes anywhere beyond the immediate vicinity of Yildiz, except once in the year when, behind a triple row of soldiers and policemen, he ventures as far as the old Seraï in Stamboul to kiss the mantle of the Prophet.

Of the Imperial farms one of the most important is Myhalitch close to Brussa. Tradition says that the flocks of sheep attached to this farm are the descendants of those which Ertoghrul brought with him from central Asia. Every year, when the grass in the plains of Brussa begins to fail, these flocks are driven up the slopes of Mount Olympus. For days the streets of Brussa are blocked with a continuous stream of sheep, and the air is filled with their bleatings and with the cries of their Albanian drivers.

Let us follow them and see something of pastoral life in the uplands. The grand panorama of the snowy peaks of Olympus that bursts on the traveller's eye as, sailing from Con-

stantinople, he doubles the promontory of Boz Burnou and enters the gulf of Mudania, grows less and less impressive as he crosses the great green plain of Brussa. From Brussa itself, lying, as it does, right at the foot and on the spurs of the mountain, the crown of Olympus is masked by the lower heights which rise abruptly behind the town, clothed with a thick growth of brilliant green vegetation, varied here and there by a mass of grey boulders or the deep blue shadow of a ravine.

Numerous paths lead up these lower heights, all converging at the first plateau. That most usually followed runs from the eastern extremity of Brussa past the kiosque of Yildiz, built by Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz who used frequently to visit the ancient capital, being as fond of movement as Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid is of seclusion.

The mountain-side is covered with a thick undergrowth of hazel and oak with an occasional clump of chestnut or walnut trees. Here and there in a clearing an attempt has been made to grow corn, but soon all signs of cultivation cease. A wealth of wild-flowers stars the ground, cistus and dog-roses being the most profuse; in some places a sharp eye may detect the tea-plant. Every now and again we meet a string of donkeys trailing loads of planks or charcoal. Their drivers, most of whom are Turkish refugees from Roumania or Bulgaria, are eminently picturesque in their ragged brown homespun jackets, loose trousers and broad scarlet waist-bands; but not all of them are very canny-looking folk. Some of their hang-dog faces indeed might serve to give countenance to the extravagant tales of the dangers of Olympus, which the inhabitants of Brussa pour into the traveller's ear. Turkey, however, is the last country in the world where one should judge by appearances; a

man with a physiognomy which elsewhere would stamp him a blackguard often turns out the mildest and kindest of mortals.

The path continues to wind up the mountain-side, growing rougher and steeper at every turn. A halt at a spring, to water and rest the mules, gives us an opportunity of enjoying the view on which we have been turning our backs. Faintly outlined on the horizon are the Gulf of Mudania and the promontory of Boz Burnou; in the middle distance rises a range of low hills; and nearer us stretches the plain of Brussa, looking with its checkered vegetation like a tartan plaid. Sheer down below lies Brussa itself, a long streak of red roofs, white minarets, and domes. To Brussa and the plain we may bid good-bye for, as we resume the ascent, we turn suddenly into a ravine and lose sight of the lowlands. Here and there a few sparse firs, stunted at first, but soon growing large, warn us that we are in a higher zone. An eagle sails circling down; a cool breeze tempers the scorching heat of the sun. Presently we emerge on to a plateau strewn with huge grey boulders and carpeted with a thick low growth of juniper. Then the ground rises again, and after passing through another belt of firs we reach a little lake marking the beginning of the second plateau.

Here we get our first glimpse of the dun, snow-flecked summit of the mountain rising from behind long low ridges fringed with firs. In some places fires have played havoc among these firs, and left belts of silvery skeleton-trees which give a singularly wild aspect to this part of the mountain. Soon we reach the pasture-lands, undulating hillocks carpeted with soft fragrant turf, dotted with round patches of juniper, the dark grey-green tones of which contrast sharply with the bright yellow

spikes of mullen which grows here in profusion. On the tops of many of these hillocks rise cairn-like heaps of grey boulders worn into fantastic forms by rain and snow.

The plaintive notes of a shepherd's pipe, the piper all unseen, float on the evening air proclaiming that we are nearly at the end of our ride. Half a hour afterwards in the deepening twilight we reach our destination, Qerq-bunâr, the place of the forty springs. The name is no misnomer, for from every side snow-fed rills come trickling down to empty themselves into a brook, the music of whose waters sounds doubly sweet in the ears of men coming from the heat of Brussa in July. It is on this brook that the shepherds have made their principal settlement; two big huts with low walls of rough stones and high-pitched timber roofs, an open shed or arbour made of four poles roofed with some boughs and planks, and a large sheep-pen.

All these, however, are details to be discovered in the morning. For the present our six hours' ride makes us glad to stretch tired limbs. Our arrival is expected and we meet with a warm welcome, for we come under the protection of an obliging Armenian gentleman, the inspector of the Sultan's farms in the *vilayat* of Brussa, and have thus been able to elude the vigilance of the Vali and the nuisance of an escort.

The bigger of the two huts has been prepared for us, the floor of beaten earth well swept and strewn at one end with fresh-cut bracken. A log-fire crackles on the hearth in the centre, sending up a column of smoke which finds its way out somehow through the many chinks and holes in the planks of the roof. Our beasts are unloaded, carpets and quilts spread, provisions unpacked, saddlebags stuffed with fragrant herbs for

pillows. While our meat, cut up and spitted on a sharp piece of wood, is being roasted, we sip the inevitable coffee, the cup of welcome, and may examine by the light of the fire and of a primitive oil-lamp the faces of our hosts.

The Albanian type varies greatly. The black-bearded face of the chief shepherd with its prominent nose and thick lips is decidedly Asiatic, while the fair, blue-eyed, freckled youth, who bends over the fire making the coffee, might be a Yorkshire lad. They are simple, rough fellows, these Albanian shepherds, loving their sheep with an almost motherly love and reputed throughout Turkey for their skill in rearing them. They are all Moslems and nearly all hail from upper Albania. Driven from their native land by the pinch of poverty to seek work in other parts of Turkey, they often remain absent four or five years, in many cases leaving behind them wife and children. Notwithstanding these long absences, cases of conjugal infidelity, with the terrible *vendetta* which it entails, are rare, so at least our Armenian friend, who knows a good deal about Albania and the Albanians, informs us.

Our *kabob* is by this time ready. It is flanked by a big dish of *yaourt*, a kind of sour buttermilk, dear to the heart of the Turk. To wash it down there is ice-cold water from the brook. The Albanian Moslem is generally strict in his avoidance of spirituous liquor, and looks with no small contempt on the *raki*-drinking Turk. Then come more coffee and many questions about sheep and grass, conversation being carried on in Turkish, of which language most of the shepherds have a certain knowledge, the head-man even adding a little Greek. Our heads, however, are nodding and our eyes half closed. Let us turn in, or, better still, turn out, spread

carpets and coverlets, and saddle-bags in the open, or under the shelter of the arbour. There is little need of the trickling waters of the brook to sing us lullaby; our slumber is likely to be sound. If the moon, peeping through the boughs overhead, or a touch of cold in the small hours of the morning waken us, it will be to see all around us the forms of sleeping shepherds wrapped in their hooded sheepskin cloaks with a couple of stones for a pillow, in the background pastures and mountains shimmering in the moonlight. Were the heavens to open and the angel of the Lord to appear singing *Glory in the highest*, we should scarcely find it strange.

Dawn wakes the sleepers. One by one they rise, shake off their sheepskins, perform their ablutions at the brook, and say their prayers among the tall thistles which fringe its banks. Inside the hut a shepherd is making bread. First he kneads the flour on a sheepskin spread on the ground (everything here is sheep); then he puts the dough into a flat tin pan which is placed on hot embers; the cover, previously heated, is then put on the pan and a few embers scattered on the top. The outcome of this operation is a flat cake about two feet in diameter of brown bread somewhat tough to Western ideas and, when not quite fresh, a little doughy, but infinitely superior to what you may find in the mountain villages of Spain and Italy. The amount of this bread which a shepherd can consume at a sitting is truly prodigious. The dogs get a loaf apiece every morning.

While we watch the bread-making and wait for our coffee, we may examine the hut. It consists of four walls of rough stones and earth carried to a height of about four feet with a sloping roof of beams, and planks showing many a gap and hole. Over the hearth in the middle hangs

from a beam an iron chain for the cauldron; in one corner stand some sacks of flour and chests of provisions. A low wooden table, hung up on the wall when not in use for meals, a basket of wooden spoons, with a few pots and pans complete the furniture. On the other side of the brook is just such another hut, only divided into two parts, the first for making cheese, the second for the dairymen. Every year these huts are dismantled; the stone walls are left to be buried under the snow, while the timber is taken down to Brussa and sold.

The colony, which we found at Qerq-bunâr, consisted, all told, of twelve men and boys, four dogs, two goats, a grey kitten, half-a-dozen horses and donkeys to fetch and carry wood and cheese, and two flocks of sheep numbering some fifteen thousand head. These flocks pasture and sleep on the neighbouring slopes and dales. Twice a-day, once about ten in the morning and again about four in the afternoon, they are driven into the big stone pen to be milked. It is a wonderful sight to see the long fleecy line come wavering down the hill side, a shepherd in front piping or whistling, one behind urging on the laggards with his wooden crook and cries of *tir-r-ré, tir-r-ré!*

They are picturesque figures, these shepherds, in their brown or white homespun garments, a jacket (*caparona*) with a broad collar, convertible into a hood, and short sleeves, a braided vest, a voluminous sash, stuffed with a knife or two, a cumbersome flint-lock pistol, tinder-box, tobacco-pouch, etc., wide trousers, goatskin sandals or mocassins (*openga*). No less picturesque are the dogs, huge long-haired creatures with fleecy tails, who sleep or lounge about lazily during the day and, if they do accompany the flock, make no attempt to drive it, their work being all at night,

when they have to keep watch against wolves and thieves. By a custom general throughout Turkey these dogs have an ear cut short to oblige them, if they sleep, to do so with one ear open.

The flocks trot over the bridge of stones which spans the brook and up into the pen. In the milking-shed at one end of this eight shepherds await them. Four openings in the wall allow the sheep to pass from the pen to the shed. Each sheep as it passes is seized and milked, the passage of the next being barred by two stout knees. Occasionally a sheep does manage to slip unmilked through the shepherds' hands, only to be caught and ignominiously dragged back by the tail.

The operation of milking lasts about two hours. The milk is then poured into a big wooden vat, three or four ladle fulls of rennet being added. It is covered with a flannel blanket and left to turn into a white creamy cheese, which it does in about an hour; with the liquid remaining a kind of curded milk, called *laure*, is made. The cheese is put into a linen wrapping, wrung out, and hung up to dry till next morning, when it is taken down by horse to Brussa. A small portion of the milk is put aside to be churned into *yaourt* for the shepherd's use. *Yaourt* and bread form the shepherd's staple food, but now and again he varies it with trout from the neighbouring brooks, a kind of sweet paste (*helva*) of flour, sugar and butter, or *flee*, a cake of half-baked pastry requiring a good deal of time and patience in its preparation.

After the midday meal the shepherds lounge about or sleep under the arbour. From what I have seen of the Albanian on this and other occasions, I am inclined to think that his sleeping-powers surpass those of any other nation. He is quite callous as

to comfort, and will curl himself up anywhere, anyhow, and fall asleep. Life, however, is not all *siesta*. Besides tending the sheep the shepherd has plenty to do; dependent entirely on himself, he must turn his hand to everything. Clothes have to be repaired or new ones made, and the shepherd is as deft as a sailor in handling a needle. Sandals will not last more than a month on the rough mountain paths, though they may go two on the plains. With a sharp knife, a pointed stick, a piece of goat-skin and some string, a shepherd will turn out, in a couple of hours, foot-gear infinitely more comfortable and more hygienic than our cramping boots. Wood has to be fetched from a neighbouring valley, for just round the settlement there is not a single tree.

Thus the hours pass till the tinkling of bells and the reappearance of the white dots on the mountain-side tell that it is again milking-time. This process over, the different flocks, each under the care of two shepherds, are driven off again to neighbouring valleys for the night.

The sun is now sinking westward, soon to be lost behind a projecting spur of the mountain. Of sunset and of sunrise *Qerq-bunâr*, lying as it does in a hollow, knows nothing, save a streak of golden light on the crags above in the morning and a great scarlet flush all over the mountain-side at evening. At night-fall the hearth is piled high with logs, for the air after the heat of the day feels keen. By the light of the flickering flames the shepherds eat their supper. Then follows for an hour or two the enjoyment of *kief* (the sense of having nothing to do) and cigarettes, to which the head-men add the luxury of coffee. Sometimes these somnolent evenings are enlivened by a little music. A pair of long flutes (*kavdl*) is produced,

and the two most proficient performers, —every one can play a little—settle down on their knees to a series of duets, plaintive Albanian melodies varied now and then by a sprightlier Bulgarian air. The audience, perhaps transported in fancy to far distant hill-sides, listens dreamily and in silence, not even applauding. Thus the morning and the evening make up the shepherd's day.

Sometimes the monotony of existence is broken by the arrival of a visitor from some other sheep-fold, for Qerq-bunâr is only one of many settlements with which the mountain-side is dotted. The majority of these settlements lie on the wooded slopes of the southern side of Olympus and are even more beautiful than Qerq-bunâr. Such visitors generally bring some small offering, and it is needless to say they are well received. Hospitality is the particular virtue, as it is the pride, of the Albanian; be his stay short or long, the guest will always be given the best cup of coffee, the first place by the fire, and the choicest bits at meals.

Now and again a shepherd goes down to Brussa and returns with a small stock of luxuries, and maybe a letter for one of his comrades. Such letters, if the head-shepherd, the only man in the camp who can read or write, happen to be away, are often

kept for days, sometimes for weeks, treasured in a jacket-pocket to be pulled out and fingered at odd moments, thrust at night under the sleeper's head to be dreamed of, till some one comes who can spell out their contents.

Thus pass the long summer months. By the end of August the pasture is well nigh exhausted, nibbled up by the sheep or scorched by the fierce sun. The yield of milk is less by half than in June, and the milking only takes place once a day. The mornings and evenings are fresh, the nights cold. The shepherds no longer sleep in the open but huddle together in the hut where a fire is kept up all night. There is talk, and sometimes something more than talk, of wolves. At nightfall the sheep, instead of being driven off in separate flocks to the neighbouring valleys, are all brought up to head-quarters. Here in the open a watch-fire blazes all night, and shots are fired from time to time to scare away wild beasts or marauders.

Early in September the descent begins. From all sides woolly streams pour down the mountain towards the plain. The streets of Brussa once more resound with bleatings and Albanian cries as sheep and shepherds pass to their winter-quarters at Myhalitch.

A NEW EDITION OF DON QUIXOTE.¹

Consonancia en cristal de vino añejo, the harmony of old wine in crystal, is the genial comparison which Lope de Vega in one of his plays finds for the melody of his heroine's voice. We do not stretch the meaning too severely when we apply the words to the presentation of the old wine of literature in fine book-form; it may at any rate pass when used of a new and handsome reprint of DON QUIXOTE. This edition of the Spanish text, which has been prepared by the late Mr. Ormsby, and by Mr. James Fitz-Maurice Kelly, has been printed by Messrs. Constable of Edinburgh in a fashion worthy of their artistic press. The massive letters of the headline may not be to all tastes; they certainly are not quite to mine, for though handsome in themselves they have a tendency to distract the eye as one reads, towering, as it were, over the page, till one is set thinking, by the black and bulky letters forming the name, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, of the giants, and dragons for whom the flower of Manchegan chivalry was for ever on the look-out. The volume is large and therefore cannot well be light, but it is not excessive either in bulk or weight; and there is a pleasant, and appropriate, archaic air about the tone of the paper, the type, and the side-notes. It is also no small addition to its merits that, though most acceptable in its present red casing, stamped on the side (with

more artistic effect than heraldic precision) with the arms of the Catholic Kings surrounded by the collar of the Golden Fleece, one sees that the volume will bind admirably. Only the First Part is now published, but the Second will follow in due course; and then all who read DON QUIXOTE in the original can possess him in a form bearing an agreeable, but not too close, resemblance to his well-beloved folio tales of Chivalry.

If the volume were only a handsome reprint of the common text (that of the Spanish Academy) there would be nothing more to be said. But it is much more than this; it undertakes to give us for the first time a really good text of the masterpiece of Spanish literature. When we remember how often the adventure has been attempted before, since Pineda corrected the proofs for Tonson's edition of 1738, there appears to be something extraordinary in the notion that it remained to be achieved by two Englishmen at the end of the nineteenth century. Tonson's edition (which ought to be called Carteret's, for it owed its existence not to the enterprise of the publisher, but to the wish of the minister to please Queen Caroline,) set the example to the Spaniards, who in the decadence at the end of the seventeenth century had neglected their own literature. Since then, however, Clemencin, Pellicer, and the Spanish Academy have prepared editions, and a new (and, by all accounts, a very indifferent) one was produced so late as 1863 by Don J. E. Hartzenbusch. Yet Mr. Ormsby and Mr. Kelly were well entitled to be-

¹ DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA; the First Edition of the text restored, with Notes and an Introduction by James Fitz-Maurice Kelly, corresponding member of the Spanish Royal Academy, and John Ormsby. London, 1898.

lieve that it was left for them to complete the task which Carteret caused to be begun. This, by the way, seems as appropriate a place as another to explain that Mr. Ormsby, who was well known as a translator of THE POEM OF THE CÍD, and of DON QUIXOTE, only lived to assist in the revision of the text so far as the twenty-fifth chapter; the rest is the work of Mr. Kelly alone. Both names are signed to the introduction; but it may be presumed to be written by the survivor who has added his late colleague's from a respectable motive.

The history of the text of the First Part of DON QUIXOTE is full of warnings for the commentator. The manuscript was sold by Cervantes to Francisco de Robles at some time in 1604. It must have been already well known. Lope de Vega, writing to his Patron the Duke of Sessa, before the book appeared, speaks of it as familiar to many readers. The reference is ill-natured, for the judgment of Gil Blas on the vanity and quarrelsomeness of authors has had but too much foundation at all times; and there was a feud between the dramatist and the novelist over which biographers have in their turn fought. It is mentioned in the PÍCARA JUSTINA (a work of slightly earlier date) as famous. Lope's tone shows that it was not highly esteemed by the prevailing literary cliques of the Court, and this may have caused Francisco de Robles to take less interest in his venture. He secured his *privilegio* (which may be translated as copyright) for Castile only. Spain was still a confederation of States under the same King. The Crown of Castile, the Little Crown (*coronilla*) of Aragon, which included Catalonia, Valencia, and the Balearic Isles, and the annexed Kingdom of Portugal, had their home-rule, and a *privilegio* taken for

one only would be of no value for the others. The date of the *tasa* is December 20th, 1604; the *tasa* was an official decree fixing the price of any article after the fashion of our old "assize of bread and ale."

The book appeared very early in 1605, and then occurred the first of the oddities of its history. On February 9th of that year Francisco de Robles took out a *privilegio* for Aragon and Portugal, and prepared a second edition in haste. Mr. Kelly accounts for this by saying that the book became the quarry of competing publishers; but the interval between the publication of DON QUIXOTE, and the issue of the *privilegio* can hardly have been a month. We may be very sure too that the official forms and delays, which neither were, nor are, less prolonged in Spain than elsewhere, put an interval of several days between the application and the issue. This leaves a very brief space indeed in which the fame of the book could spread all over Spain and Portugal sufficiently to stimulate the cupidity of the piratical bookseller. Besides, the reference to DON QUIXOTE in the PÍCARA JUSTINA shows that it was famous while in manuscript. One might suppose that it was the earlier and, so to speak, private reputation which stimulated Robles, if this did not at once present us with another puzzle; namely, why on that supposition did he not secure publishing rights for Aragon and Portugal, when he took out the *privilegio* for Castile in September, 1604? There is a mystery here which cannot be solved by known evidence. In regard to the bibliographical disputes it is often well to remember the three topics for reflection laid before the students of the English College in foreign parts on St. George's Day: "You will consider first that we know very little about St. George; next you will remember that the

little we do know is very uncertain ; and finally bear in mind that we shall never know any more."

Be the cause of Robles's action what it may, a second edition was prepared on the very heels of the first. The first had been small and ill-printed, full of the modern equivalent for what the King of the Visigoths called the *putredines scribarum*, which are printers' errors ; it had also been marked by some curious omissions. The second was much larger ; it professes to correct the printers' errors, but does not keep its word, and contains two new passages, one in the twenty-third, the other in the thirtieth chapter. Over these additions much ink has been, and probably will continue to be, spilt. Leaving them aside for the present, one may go on with the history of the early editions. The copyright which Robles secured for Aragon and Portugal did not prevent the appearance of editions both at Lisbon and Valencia in 1605. It was reprinted at Brussels in 1607, and Mr. Kelly seems to have proved elsewhere that Shelton made the first English translation from this edition. In 1608 a third edition was published in Madrid by Robles, which follows the second, but contains changes of its own in the text. From this second and third of Madrid, all the later editions descend ; the earlier Tonson's, Bowle's, the first three editions (1780, 1782, and 1787) of the Spanish Academy, and others of less reputation coming directly from the second ; Pellicer, Clemencin, the Academy in its fourth edition of 1819, and again some others, have preferred to take the third.

It is the contention of Mr. Ormsby and Mr. Kelly that their predecessors have all taken the wrong basis for their text. In some cases the error has been involuntary. The first edition was small, and fell into obscurity ;

Bowle had, for instance, never seen a copy of it, though he knew of its existence ; the Academy had not even that knowledge when it published its first edition of 1780. This being so, it was natural that the second edition should be taken as the model. In later times, when the truth was known, the mistake came, they say, by a sheer error of judgment. Moreover they contend that not a little pedantry and want of humour has been shown by editors both in their own emendations, and those they have accepted from their predecessors. They, for their part, maintain that the true basis is the first edition, and that in order to secure a good text it is necessary to take it, to correct only manifest printers' errors, to reject the new passages inserted in the second, and to admit "no conjectural emendation where there is a possibility that the original may represent the author," though they find places for all variants in their footnotes. There can be no quarrel with the orthodoxy of their summary of the editor's duties ; but then everything depends on the accuracy of the view they take of what was the original, and what is conjectural emendation. It is obvious that if Cervantes revised the proofs of the second edition of 1605, and the third of 1608, then the first is not the original of *DON QUIXOTE* ; Cervantes must himself have been responsible for the changes, and whether we consider them for the better or worse, they are to be accepted as his. Navarrete persuaded himself that Cervantes did revise the edition of 1608, and it has often been taken for granted that he corrected both this, and the second, as modern usage makes it natural to suppose that he did. But probabilities, external evidence, and internal evidence combine to make it as certain

as well can be that this is a mistake.

It was not usual in Spain that an author who had once parted with his copy to a publisher should have any further control over the fate of the manuscript. When he was a popular man the publisher would naturally be unwilling to offend him, but in most cases the purchaser dealt much as he pleased with what he had bought. Now Cervantes was but little known in 1605, and it is unlikely that Robles, having acquired all rights in the manuscript of *DON QUIXOTE* for ten years, would think it necessary to consult him, even if he had been in Madrid. But it is known that in this year he was in Valladolid in very distressed circumstances. The two towns were then at four days' journey from one another, and it is in the last degree improbable that Robles put himself to the serious inconvenience and expense of forwarding proofs, contrary to the usual custom. Whether Cervantes was in Madrid at any time in 1608 has been a debated point; the evidence is that he was not. It is known that he was summoned at the very close of the year to give reason why he did not discharge the remains of a small debt he owed the Crown, and that he is not described in that document as a resident in Madrid. Probability and external evidence, therefore, alike go to show that he did not revise either the edition of 1605 or that of 1608. Internal evidence points in the same direction. Several of the changes made in the second edition are inept, and the confusion is worse confounded in the third. Mr. Kelly quotes several convincing examples in his introduction. The way in which the words of the Bachelor Antonio Lopez, which are only misplaced in the first edition, are transferred to the Don himself in the second is a

convincing proof that Cervantes can have had nothing to do with the revision. But, as I have already said, the great fight is over the two additions in the twenty-third and thirtieth chapters. They certainly do present a very curious problem for editorial ingenuity.

Every reader of *DON QUIXOTE* must have noted the contradictions which gather round the story of the theft and the restoration of Dapple. In the first edition there is no account either of the abstraction or of the recovery. We only learn from the twenty-fifth chapter that the ass has been stolen, and that Don Quixote promises Sancho the three colts to replace him. Nor is this all, for there is a casual mention by the Don of the theft of his sword by Ginés de Pasamonte, of which we hear no more. In the second addition appear the well-known passages describing the lifting of the ass by Ginés during the first night's halt in the Sierra Morena, and the recovery when the Don and his companions are about the adventure of the Princess Micomicona. Ginés, on that occasion, "got off that ass and fled away like wind," as did the thief in the not dissimilar case of Jacob Omnium's nag. But these explanations do not make matters better, for after the abstraction of Dapple we hear of Sancho as riding on him. The editor of the edition of 1608 was so conscious of this that he dismounts Sancho and then makes no other change, thereby producing an absolute incongruity in the second day's adventure in the Sierra Morena. To complete the bewilderment of editors, Cervantes undertook to explain the mystery in the fourth chapter of the Second Part. Sancho then tells Sanson Carrasco, who has informed him that no account is given of the loss of Dapple, that Ginés de Pasamonte stole it, as Brunello took

the horse of Sacripante, by propping up the saddle with stakes, and leading the beast out from beneath the sleeping rider. This obviously does not agree with the account given in the second edition. But Sancho's reading of the riddle of the recovery of Ginés de Pasamonte's booty does agree in the main with the version given in the thirtieth chapter as revised.

Now here is a tangle which suggests quite a string of questions. If Cervantes corrected the proofs of the second edition and made the insertions, why does the account of the theft given in 1605 not agree with the version of the Second Part, and why were the contradictions not removed? To allow an isolated absurdity to stand is one thing. Sir Walter Scott, though it was in his power to have done so, never removed the famous passage in *THE ANTIQUARY* which describes the sun as setting in the east, contrary to universal experience. But to make an alteration, and thereby create a string of dependent absurdities, and to crown all by giving another explanation, these are very different things from merely allowing what was written to remain. On this ground the editors reject the passage as the work of an interpolator. This, however, only lands us in the face of another difficulty, or rather plants us down in front of two. The account of the recovery of Dapple does agree with Sancho's story in the Second Part; it may be added that the account of the loss of the good beast also does to a certain extent, since Ginés de Pasamonte is named as the thief. Now if the passages were added by a mere interpolator, some hack working for Francisco de Robles, how came he to know so much? Mr. Kelly says that he was led to select Ginés as the thief by the casual reference to the theft of the Don's sword; but that does not explain his knowledge of the time and

place of the recovery. The present editors, in fact, leave us in nearly as great a fix as any of their predecessors. If the additions were not made by Cervantes, then some hack, some inferior *avellaneda* Mr. Kelly calls him, must have had a truly wonderful inspiration to be able to guess so closely at what Cervantes meant. Mr. Kelly will not allow, what seems a possible explanation, that Cervantes had seen the additions, and adopted them with improvements in the Second Part. Taking the words of Sancho in the fourth chapter literally, he will not even allow that Cervantes had as much as seen his book in print, which seems an extreme supposition in the case of a work which had been so often reprinted, and of which the author was justly proud. Even if the authors of the seventeenth century were so indifferent to the honour of seeing themselves in print as he thinks (which I should hesitate to believe), Cervantes must have heard the matter discussed; if he had not, why do we have Sancho's explanation to Sanson Carrasco?

The critic may be asked what he has to offer as the conclusion of the whole matter. It is not quite a fair demand where the evidence is so scanty and contradictory. Yet two interpretations may be suggested, of course with all due deference. It is impossible to believe that Cervantes corrected the second and third editions in the full modern sense of the word. On the other hand, it seems to me incredible that the two additions were made entirely without his knowledge. He may not have written the words as they stand, but they represent what he meant to do. The sheets containing his corrections may have been lost, and the substance given from memory. His absence from Madrid, the difficulty of communicating rapidly with him at Valladolid, the unwilling-

ness of the publisher to spend money on a doubtful venture, the uneasy circumstances of the author's life, combined to make full revision by him impossible. That two passages were foisted in by Robles, and that they came as near as they did to the author's intention by pure accident, is to me incredible. This, of course, leaves much to be explained, but is, I venture to think, a less violent supposition than that which commends itself to the editors of this edition.

Then there is a second interpretation, which is that there was a considerable element of downright mystification in all this, that Cervantes was, in fact, poking fun here at the the contradictions and absurdities of the later tales of chivalry, in the spirit of his scarification of Lope de Vega's pedantry in the prologue. Nothing would be more consistent with the general tone of the book. Here again the explanation is far from complete, but is perhaps as acceptable as another. For the rest did these two passages, and the contradictions which surround them, ever spoil the pleasure of a fit reader, of one, that is, who loved DON QUIXOTE for the style, for the human reality of the figures, the fun, the pathos, the endless adventure, the unique mingling of the fantastic and the prosaic, which make the humour of Cervantes? The wise lover of literature takes no heed of trifles; *de minimis non curat*. No sane man would allow the famous scene on the cliff by Fairport to be spoiled for him by the impossible position of the sun. It is right to add

that the loss of Dapple, Sancho's lament, and the happy recovery of the most famous of donkeys, though removed from their places in the text, are duly printed at the end of their respective chapters.

The general treatment of the text is excellent. Once the editors leave the words *gol solo*, which others have corrected into *golpe solo* (a single blow), on the ground that they are, in their opinion, slang (*germania*). To me they smack very strongly of mere printer's error. Cervantes, and it was part of his usual (but in Spanish literature most exceptional) truth to life, was by no means afraid of making rogues talk their own dialect; but he did not use it at random where it would have been inappropriate. One little expostulation I must make with Mr. Kelly for his application of the word *vagabond* to the life of Cervantes in the English version which he has written of his introduction. He ought to have remembered the indignant rebuke which Sainte-Beuve gave to Germond de Lavigne for applying that word to the genius of Cervantes. No doubt it means a wanderer, but that would be a pedantic excuse. "A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be," was the curse of Cain, and the name implies more than a life which poverty, misfortune, and the love of adventure made restless. It irritates one to see stains of that kind anywhere near what really is the best text of the First Part of DON QUIXOTE yet made.

DAVID HANNAY.

MESSER CINO AND THE LIVE COAL.

I.

It is not generally known that the learned Aristotle once spent the night in a basket dangled midway betwixt attic and basement of a castle; nor that, having suffered himself to be saddled for the business, he went on all-fours ambling round the terrace-walk with a lady on his back, a lady who, it is said, plied the whip with more heartiness than humanity. But there seems no doubt of the fact. The name of the lady (she was Countess of Cyprus), the time of the escapade, which was upon the sage's return from India in the train of the triumphant Alexander,—these and many other particulars are at hand. The story does not lack of detail, though it is noteworthy that Petrarch, in his *TRIONFO D'AMORE*, decently veils the victim in a periphrasis. "*Quell'e'l gran Greco*,"—there is the great Grecian, says he, and leaves you to choose between the Stagyrice, Philip of Macedon, and Theseus. The painters, however, have had no mercy upon him. I remember him in a pageant at Siena, in a straw hat, with his mouth full of grass; the lady rides him in the mannish way. In pictures he is always doting, humbled to the dust or cradled in his basket, when he is not showing his paces on the lawn. By all accounts it was a bad case of green-sickness, as such late cases are. You are to understand that he refused all nourishment, took delight in no manner of books, could not be stayed by the nicest problems of Physical Science,—such as whether the beaver does indeed catch fish with his tail, the

truth concerning the eyesight of the lynxes of Bœotia, or what gave the partridge such a reputation for heedless gallantry. But it would be unprofitable to enquire into all this; Aristotle was not the first enamoured sage in history, nor was he the last. And where he bowed his laborious front it was to be hoped that Messer Cino of Pistoja might do the like. It is of him that I am to speak. The story is of Selvaggia Vergiolesi, the beautiful romp, and of Messer Guittoncino de' Sigibuldi, that most eminent jurist, familiarly known as Cino da Pistoja in the affectionate phrasing of his native town.

Love-making was the mode in his day (which was also Dante's), but Master Cino had been all for the Civil Law. The Digest, the Pandects, the Institutes of Gaius and what not, had given him a bent back before his time, so that he walked among the Pistojesse beauties with his eyes on the ground and his hands knotted behind his decent robe. Love might have made him fatter, yet he throve upon his arid food; he sat in an important chair in his University; he had lectured at Bologna (hive of sucking archdeacons) at Siena, at Perugia. Should he prosper, he looked to Florence for his next jump. As little as he could contrive was he for Pope or Emperor, Black or White, Farinata or Cerchi; banishment came that road. His friend Dante was footsore with exile, halfway over Apennine by this time; Cino knew that for him also the treading was very delicate. Constitutionally he was Ghibelline with his friend Dante, and such poli-

tics went well in Pistoja for the moment. But who could tell? The next turn of the wheel might bring the Pope round; Pistoja might go Black (as indeed she did in more senses than one), and pray where would be his Assessorship of Civil Causes, where his solemn chair, where his title to doffing of caps and a chief seat at feasts? Cino, meditating these things over his morning sop and wine, rubbed his chin sore and determined to take a wife. His family was respectable, but Ghibelline; his means were happy; his abilities known to others as well as to himself. Good! He would marry a sober Guelphish virgin, and establish a position to face both the windy quarters. It was when his negotiations to this end had reached maturity, when the contract for his espousals with the honourable lady, Madonna Margherita degli Ughi, had actually been signed, that Messer Cino of Pistoja was late for his class, got cold feet, and turned poet.

II.

It was a strange hour when Love leapt the heart of Cino, that staid jurisconsult, to send him reeling up the sunny side of the piazza heedless of his friends or his enemies. To his dying day he could not have told you how it came upon him. Being a man of slow utterance and of a mind necessarily bent towards the concrete, all he could confess to himself throughout the terrible business was, that there had been a cataclysm. He remembered the coldness of his feet; cold feet in mid-April,—something like a cataclysm! As he turned it over and over in his mind a lady recurred with the persistence of a refrain in a ballad; and words, quite unaccustomed words, tripped over his tongue to meet her. What a lovely vision she had made!—"Una donzella non

con uman'volto (a gentle lady not of human look)." Well, what next? Ah, something about "*Amor ch'ha la mia virtù tolto* (Love that has reft me of my manly will)." Then should come *amore*, and of course *cuore*, and *disiò*, and *anch' io!* This was very new; it was also very strange what a fascination he found in his phrenetic exercises. Rhyme, now: he had called it often enough a jingle of endings; it were more true to say that it was a jingle of mendings, for it certainly soothed him. He was making a goddess in his own image; poetry—Santa Cecilia! he was a poet, like his friend Dante, like that supercilious young tomb-walker Guido Cavalcanti. A poet he undoubtedly became; and if his feet were cold his heart was on fire.

What happened was this, so far as I am informed. At the north angle of the church of San Giovanni fuori Civitas there is a narrow lane, so dark that at very noon no sunlight comes in but upon blue bars of dust slantwise overhead. This lay upon Cino's daily beat from his lodgings to the Podestà;¹ and here it was that he met Selvaggia Vergiolesi.

She was one of three young girls walking hand in hand up the alley on their way from early Mass, the tallest where all were tall, and, as it seemed to him when he dreamed of it, astonishingly beautiful. Though they were very young, they were ladies of rank; their heads were high and crowned, their gowns of figured brocade; they had chains round their necks, and each a jewel on her forehead; by chains also swung their little mass-books in silver covers. Cino knew them well enough by sight. Their names were Selvaggia di Filippo Vergiolesi, Guglielmotta Aspramonte, Nicoletta della Torre. So at least he

¹ So the Pistoiese described at once their government and the seat of it.

had always believed ; but now, but now ! A beam of gold dust shot down upon the central head. This was Aglaia, fairest of the three Graces ; and the other two were Euphrosyne and Thalia, her handmaids. Thus it struck Cino, heart and head, at this sublime moment of his drab-coloured life.

Selvaggia's hair was brown, gold-shot of its own virtue. In and out of it was threaded a fine gold chain ; behind, it was of course plaited in a long twist, plaited and bound up in cloth of gold till it looked as hard as a bull's tail. Her dress was all of formal brocade, green and white, to her feet. It was cut square at the neck ; and from that square her throat, dazzlingly white, shot up as stiff as a stalk which should find in her face its delicate flower. She was not very rosy, save about the lips ; her eyes were grey, inclined to be green, the lashes black. As for her shape, sumptuous as her dress was, stiff and straight and severe, I ask you to believe that she had grace to fill it with life, to move at ease in it, to press it into soft and rounded lines. Her linked companions also were beauties of their day,—that sleek and sleepy Nicoletta, that ruddy Guglielmotta ; but they seemed to cower in their rigid clothes, and they were as nothing to Cino.

The lane was so narrow that only three could pass abreast ; it was abreast these three were coming, as Cino saw. On a sudden his heart began to knock at his ribs ; that was when the light fell aslant upon the maid. He could no more have taken his eyes off Selvaggia than he could have climbed up the dusty wall to avoid her. Lo, here is one stronger than I ! At the next moment the three young rogues were about him, their knitted hands a fence,—but the eyes of Selvaggia ! Terrible twin-fires, he thought, such as men

light in the desert to scare the beasts away while they sleep, or (as he afterwards improved it for his need) like the flaming sword of the Archangel, which declared and yet forbade Eden to Adam and his wife.

Selvaggia, in truth, though she had fourteen years behind her, was a romp when no one was looking. There were three brothers at home but no mother ; she was half a boy for all her straight gown. To embarrass this demure professor, to presume upon her sex while discarding it, was a great joke after a tediously droned Mass at San Jacopo. Nicoletta would have made room, even the hardier Guglielmotta drew back ; but that wicked Selvaggia pinched their fingers so that they could not escape. All this time Messer Cino had his eyes rooted in Selvaggia's, reading her as if she were a portent. She endured very well what she took to be the vacancy of confusion in a shy recluse.

"Well, Messer Cino, what will you do ?" said she, bubbling with mischief.

"Oh, Madonna, can you ask ?" he replied, and clasped his hands.

"But you see that I do ask."

"I would stop here all the day if I might," said Messer Cino with a look by no means vacant. Whereupon she let him through that minute and ran away blushing. More than once or twice she encountered him there, but she never tried to pen him back again.

Little Monna Selvaggia learned that you cannot always put out the fire which you have kindled. The fire set blazing by those lit green swords of hers was in the heart of an Assessor of Civil Causes, a brazier with only too good a draught. For love in love-learned Tuscany was then a roaring wind ; it came rhythmically and set the glowing mass beating like the sestett of a sonnet. One lived in numbers in those days ; numbers

always came. You sonnetteered upon the battle-field, in the pulpit, on the Bench, at the Bar. Throughout the toil of his day's work at the Podestà those clinging long words, in themselves inspiration, *disio, piacere, vaghezza, gentilezza, diletto, affetto*, beautiful twins that go ever embraced, wailed in poor Cino's ears, and insensibly shaped themselves coherent. He thought they were like mirrors, so placed that each gave a look of Selvaggia. Before the end of the day he had the whole of her in a sonnet which, if it were as good as it was comfortable, should needs (he thought) be excellent. The thrill which marked achievement sent the blood to his head; this time he gloried in cold feet. He wrote his sonnet out fair upon vellum in a hand no scribe at the Papal Court could have bettered, rolled it, tied it with green and white silk (her colours, colours of the hawthorn hedge!), and went out into the streets at the falling-in of the day to deliver it.

The Palazzo Vergiolesi lay over by the church of San Francesco al Prato, just where the Via San Prospero debouches into that green place. Like all Tuscan palaces it was more fortress than house, a dark square box of masonry with a machicollated lid, and separate from it, but appurtenant, a most grim tower with a slit or two half way up for all its windows. Here, under the great escutcheon of the Vergiolesi, Cino delivered his missive. The porter took it with a bow so gracious that the poet was bold to ask whether the Lady Selvaggia was actually within. "Yes, surely, Messere," said the man, "and moreover in the kitchen with the cookmaids. For there is a cake-making on hand, and she is never far away from that business." Cino was ravished by this instance of divine humiliation; so might Apollo have

bowed in the house of Admetus, so Israel have kept swine for Rachel's sake. He walked away in most exalted mood, his feet no longer cold. This was a great day for him, when he could see a new heaven and a new earth. "Now I too have been in Arcady!" he thought to himself with tears in his eyes. "I will send a copy of my sonnet to Dante Alighieri by a sure hand. He should be at Bologna by this." And he did.

Madonna Selvaggia, her sleeves rolled up, a great bib all about her pretty person, and her mouth in a fine mess of sugar and crumbs, received her tribute sitting on the long kitchen-table. It should have touched, it might have tickled, but it simply confused her. The maids peeped over her shoulder as she read, in ecstasy that Madonna should have a lover and a poet of her own. Selvaggia filched another handful of sugar and crumbs, and twiddled her sonnet while she wondered what on earth she should do with it. Her fine brows met each other over the puzzle, so clearly case for a confidence. Giambattista, her youngest brother, was her bosom-friend; but he was away, she knew, riding to Pisa with their father. Next to him ranked Nicoletta; she would be at Mass tomorrow,—that would do. Meantime the cook produced a most triumphal cake hot and hot, and the transports of poor Messer Cino were forgotten.

Dante's reply to his copy was so characteristic that I must anticipate a little to speak of it. He confined himself almost entirely to technicalities, strongly objecting to the sestett with its three rhymes in the middle, upon which Cino had prided himself in no small degree. The only thing he seemed to care for was the tenth line, "*A dolce morte sotto dolce inganno*," which you may render, if you like, "To a sweet death under so

sweet deceit"; but he said there were too many o's in it. "As to the subject of your poem," he wrote in a postscript, "love is a thing of so terrible a nature that not lightly is it to be entered, since it cannot be lightly left; and, seeing the latter affair is much out of a man's power, he should be wary with the former, wherein at present he would appear to have some discretion, though not very much." This was chilly comfort; but by the time it reached him Cino was beyond the assault of chills.

Equally interesting should it be to record the conversation of Monna Selvaggia with her discreet friend Nicoletta; yet I cannot record everything. Nicoletta had a lover of her own, a most proper poet who had got far beyond the mere accident of the science where Cino was fumbling now; you might say that he was at theory. Nicoletta, moreover, was sixteen years old, a marriageable age, an age indeed at which not to have a lover would have been a disgrace. She had had sonnets and *canzoni* addressed to her since she was twelve; but then she had two elder sisters and only one brother—a monk! This made a vast difference. The upshot was that when Cino met the two ladies at the charmed spot of yesterday's encounter he uncovered before them and stood with folded hands, as if at his prayers. Consequently he missed the very pretty air of consciousness with which Selvaggia passed him by, the heightened colour of her, the lowered eyes and restless fingers. Also he missed Nicoletta's demure shot askance, demure but critical, as became an expert. A sonnet and a bunch of red anemones went to the Palazzo Vergiolesi that evening; thenceforth it rained sonnets till poor little Selvaggia ran near losing her five wits. It rained sonnets, I say, until the Cancellieri brought

out the black Guelphs in a swarm. Then it rained blood, and the Vergiolesi fled one cloudy night to Pitecchio, their stronghold in the Apennine. For Messer Cino, it behoved him also to advise seriously about his position. To sonneteer is very well, but a lover, to say nothing of a jurisconsult, must live; he cannot have his throat cut if there is a way out.

There was a very simple way out, which he took. He went down to Lucca in the plain and married his Margherita degli Ughi. With her Guelph connections he felt himself safer. He bestowed his wife in the keeping of her people for the time, bought himself a horse, and rode up to Pitecchio among the green maize, the olive-yards, and sprouting vines to claim asylum from Filippo, and to see once more the beautiful young Selvaggia.

III.

There is hardly a sonnet, there are certainly neither *ballate*, *canzoni*, nor *capitoli* which do not contain some reference to Monna Selvaggia's fine eyes, and always to the same tune. They scorch him, they beacon him, they flash out upon him in the dark so that he falls prone as Saul (who got up with a new name and an honourable addition); they are lode-stones, swords, lamps, torches, fires, fixed and ambulatory stars, the sun, the moon, candles. They hold lurking a thief to prey upon the vitals of Cino; they are traitors, cruel lances; they kill him by stabbing day after day. You can picture the high-spirited young lady from his book—her noble bearing, her proud head, her unflinching regard, again the sparks in her grey-green eyes, and so on. He plays upon her *forte nome*, her dreadful name of Selvaggia; so she comes to be Ferezza itself. "*Tanto*

è altiera," he says, so haughtily she goes that love sets him shaking; but kind or cruel it is all one to the enamoured Master Cino; for even if she "*un pochetto sorride* (light him a little smile)," it melts him as sun melts snow. In any case, therefore, he must go, like Dante's cranes, trailing his woes. It appears that she had very little mercy upon him, for all that in one place he records that she was "of all sweet sport and solace amorous"; in many more than one he complains of her bringing him to "death and derision," of her being in a royal rage with her poet. At last he cries out for Pity to become incarnate and vest his lady in her own robe. It may be that he loved his misery; he is always on the point of dying, but like the swan he was careful to set it to music first. Selvaggia, in fact, laughed at him (he turned once to call her a Jew for it) egged on as she was by her brother and her own vivacious habit. She had no Nicoletta at Pitecchio, no mother anywhere, and a scheming father too busy to be anything but shrugging towards poets. She accepted his rhymes (she would probably have been scared if they ceased), his services, his lowered looks, his bent knee; and then she tripped away with an arm round Gianbattista's neck to laugh at all these honourable attentions. As for Cino, Selvaggia was become his religion, and his rhyming her reasonable service. His goddess may have been as thirsty as the Scythian Artemis; may be that she asked blood and stripes of her devotees. All this may well be; for, by the Lord, did she not have them?

Ridolfo and Ugolino Vergiolesi, the two elder brothers of Selvaggia, had stayed behind in Pistoja to share the fighting in the streets. They had plenty of it, given and received. Ridolfo had his head cut open,

Ugolino went near to losing his sword arm; but in spite of these heroic sufferances the detested Cancellieri became masters of the city, and the chequer-board flag floated over the Podestà. Pistoja was now no place for a Ghibelline. So the two young men rode up to the hill-fortress, battered but in high spirits. Selvaggia flew down the cypress-walk to meet them; they were brought in like wounded heroes. That was a bad day's work for Messer Cino the amorist; Apollo and the Muses limped in rags and Mars was the only God worth thinking about, except on Sundays.

Ridolfo, with his broken head-piece, was a bluff youth, broad shouldered, square-jawed, a great eater, grimly silent for the most part. Ugolino had a trenchant humour of the Italian sort. What this may be is best exemplified by our harlequinades in which very much of Boccaccio's bent still survives. You must have a man drubbed if you want to laugh, and do your rogueries with a pleasant grin if you are inclined to heroism. Ridolfo, reading Selvaggia's sheaf of rhymes that night, was for running Master Cino through the body, jurist or no jurist; but Ugolino saw his way to a jest of the most excellent quality, and prevailed. He was much struck by the poet's pre-occupation with his sister's eyes. "Candles, are they," he chuckled, "torches, fires, suns, moons, and stars? You seem to have scorched this rhymester, Vaggia."

"He has frequently told me so, indeed," said Selvaggia.

"It reminds me of Messer San Giovanni Vangelista," Ugolino continued, "who was made to sing rarely by the touching of a hot cinder."

Selvaggia snatched the scrolls out of her brother's hand. "Nay, nay, but wait," she cried with a gulp of laughter; "I have done that to Messer Cino, or can if I choose."

She turned over the delicate pen-work in a hurry. "Here," she said eagerly, "read this!"

Ugolino scampered through a couple of quatrains. "There's nothing out of common here," said he.

"Go on, go on," said the girl, and nudged him to attend. Ugolino read the sestett:

"His book is but the vesture of her spirit;
So too thy poet, that feels the living
coal

Flame on his lips and leap to song,
shall know,

To whom the glory, whose the unending
merit."

Reading he became absorbed in this fantastic, but not unhandsome piece; even Selvaggia pondered it with wide eyes and lips half parted. It was certainly very wonderful that a man could say such things, she thought. Were they true? Could they be true of anyone in the world,—even of Beatrice Portinari, that wonderful dead lady? She had never, she remembered, shown this particular sonnet to Nicoletta. What would Nicoletta have said? Pooh, what nonsense it was, what arrant nonsense in a man who could carry a sword, if he chose, and kill his enemies, or, better still, with his head outwit them,—that he should turn to pens and ink and to mystifying a poor girl! So Selvaggia, not so Ugolino. He got up and whispered to the scowling Ridolfo; Ridolfo nodded, and the pair of them went off presently together.

Oblique looks on Cino were the immediate outcome. He knew the young men disliked him, but cared little for that so long as they left him free to his devotions. A brisk little passage, a rally of words, with a bite in some of them, should have warned him; but no, the stage he had reached was out of range of the longest shots.

Said Ugolino at supper: "Messer Giurisconsulto, will you have a red pepper?"

"Thank you, Messere," replied Cino, "it is over hot for my tongue."

The huge Ridolfo threw his head back to laugh. "Does a burned man dread the fire, or is he only to be fired one way? Why, man alive, my sister has set a flaming coal to your lips, and I am told you burst out singing instead of singeing."

Cino coloured at this lunge; yet his respect for the lady of his mind was such that he could not evade it. "You take the language of metaphor, Messere," said he rather stiffly, "to serve your occasions. You are of course within your rights. However, I will beg leave to be excused the red pepper of Messer Ugolino."

"You prefer coals?" cried Ugolino, starting up. "Good! you shall have them."

That was all; but the malign smile upon the dark youth's face gave a ring to the words, and an omen.

Late that night Cino was in his chamber writing a *ballata*. His little oil-lamp was by his side; the words flowed freely from his pen; tears hot and honest were in his eyes, as he felt rather than thought his exquisite griefs. Despised and rejected of men was he,—and why? For the love of a beautiful lady. Eh, Mother of God, but that was worth the pain! She had barely lifted her eyes upon him all that day, and while her brothers gibed had been at no concern to keep straight her scornful lip. Patience, he was learning his craft! The words flowed like blood from a vein.

Love struck me in the side,
And from the wound my soul took wing
and flew
To Heaven, and all my pride
Fell, and I knew
There was no balm could stay that
wound so wide.

At this moment came a rapping at his door. He went to open it, dreaming no harm. There stood Ridolfo and Ugolino with swords in their right hands; in his left Ugolino carried a brazier.

"Gentlemen," said Cino, "what is the meaning of this? Will you break in upon the repose of your father's guest? And do you come armed against an unarmed man?"

The pair of them, however, came into the room, and Ridolfo locked the door behind him. "Look you, Cino," said he, "our father's guests are not our guests, for our way is to choose our own. There is a vast difference between us, and it lies in this, that you and the like of you are word-mongers, phrasers, heart-strokers; whereas we, Master Cino, are, in Scripture-language, doers of the word, rounding our phrases with iron and putting in full-stops with the point, when they are needed. And we do not stroke girls' hearts, Cino, but as often as not break men's heads."

Cino, for all his dismay, could not forbear a glance at the speaker's own damaged pate. "And after all, Messer Ridolfo, in that you do but as you are done by, and who will blame you?"

"Hark'ee, Master Giurista," broke in Ugolino, "we have come to prove some of these fine words of yours. It will be well for you to answer questions instead of bandying them. Now did you, or did you not report that my sister Selvaggia touched your lips with a coal and set you off singing?"

Cino, with folded arms, bent his head in assent: "I have said it, Messere."

"Good! Now, such singing, though it is not to her taste, might be very much to ours. In fact we have come to hear it, and that you might be robbed of all excuse we have brought the key with us. Brother, pray blow up the brazier."

Ridolfo with his great cheeks like

bladders blew the coals to a white heat. "Now then," he said grinning to Ugolino, "now then, the concert may begin."

Cino, who by this had seen what was in the wind, saw also what his course must be. Whatever happened he could not allow a poet to be made ridiculous. It was ridiculous to struggle with two armed men, and unseemly; but suffering was never ridiculous. Patience, therefore! He anticipated the burly Ridolfo who, having done his bellows-work, was now about to pin his victim from behind. "Pray do not give yourself the pain to hold me, Messere," said he; "I am not the man to deny you your amusement. Do what you will, I shall not budge from here."

He stood where he was with his arms crossed, and he kept his word. The red cinder hissed upon his lips; he shut his eyes, he ground his teeth together, the sweat beaded his forehead and glistened in his hair. Once he reeled over, and would have fallen if Ridolfo had not been there to catch him; but he did not sing the tune they had expected, and presently they let him alone. So much for Italian humour, which, you will see, does not lack flavour. It was only the insensate obtuseness of the gull which prevented Ugolino dying of laughter. Ridolfo was annoyed. "Give me cold iron to play with another time," he growled; "I am sick of your monkey-tricks." This hurt Ugolino a good deal, for it made him feel a fool.

Will it be believed that the infatuate Master Cino spent the rest of the night in a rapture of poetry? It was not voiced poetry, could never have been written down; rather, it was a torrent of feeling upon which he floated out to heaven, in which he bathed. It thrilled through every fibre of his body till he felt the wings of his soul fluttering madly to be free.

This was the very ecstasy of love, to suffer the extreme torment for the beloved! Ah, he was smitten deep enough at last; if poetry were to be won through bloody sweat, the pains of the rack, the crawling anguish of the fire, was not poetry his own? Yes, indeed; what Dante had gained through exile and the death of Monna Beatrice was his for another price, the price of his own blood. He forgot the physical agony of his scorched mouth, forgot the insult, forgot everything but this ineffable achievement, this desperate essay, this triumph, this anointing. Cino, Cino, martyr for Love! Hail, Cino, crowned with thy pain! He could have held up his bleeding heart and worshipped it. Surely this was the greatest hour of his life.

Before he left Pitecchio, and that was before the dawn came upon it, he wrote this letter to his mistress.

To his unending Lady, the image of all lovely delight, the Lady Selvaggia, Cino the poet, martyr for love, wisheth health and honour with kissing of feet. Madonna, if sin it be to lift over high the eyes, I have sinned very grievously; and if to have great joy be assurance of forgiveness, then am I twice absolved. Such bliss as I have had in the contemplation of your excellence cometh not to many men, yet that which has befallen me this night (concerning which your honourable brothers shall inform you if you ask them),—this indeed is to be blessed of love so high, so rarely, that it were hard to believe myself the recipient, but for certain bodily testimony which, I doubt not, I shall carry about me to my last hour. I leave this house within a little while and go to the hermitage by Santa Marcella Pistoiese, there to pray Almighty God to make me worthy of my dignities, and to contemplate the divine image of you wherewith my heart is sealed. So fare you well!—The most abject of your slaves,

CINO.

His reason for giving the name of his new refuge was an honourable

one, and would appeal to a duellist. His flight, though necessary, should be robbed of all appearance of flight; if they wanted him they could find him. Other results it had,—results which he could never have anticipated, and which to have foreseen would have made him choose any other form of disgrace. But this was out of the question; nothing known to Cino or his philosophy could have told him the future of his conduct. He placed his letter in an infallible place and left Pitecchio just as the western sky was throbbing with warm light.

For the present I leave him on his way.

IV.

The third act of the comedy should open on Selvaggia in her bed reading the letter. Beautiful as she may have looked, flushed and loose-haired, at that time, it is better to leave her alone with her puzzle, and choose rather the hour of her enlightenment. Ridolfo and Ugolino were booted and spurred, their hooded hawks were on their wrists when she got speech of them. They were not by this time very willing witnesses in a cause which now seemed to tell against themselves. Selvaggia's cheeks burned as with poor Cino's live coal when she could piece together all the shameful truth; tears brimmed at her eyes, and these too were scalding hot. Selvaggia, you must understand, was a very good girl, her only sin being none of her accomplishment; she was a child who looked like a young woman. Certainly she could not help that, though all the practice of her race were against her. She had never sought love, never felt to need it, nor cared to harbour it when it came. Love knocked at her heart, asking an entry; her heart was not an inn, she thought, let the wayfarer go on. But

the knocking had continued till her ears had grown to be soothed by the gentle sound; and now it had stopped for ever, and, Pitiful Mother, for what good reason? Oh, the thing was horrible, shameful, unutterable! She was crying with rage; but as that spent itself a great warm flood of genuine sorrow tided over her, floated her away: she cried as though her heart was breaking; and now she cried for pity, and at last she cried for very love. A pale ethereal Cino, finger on lip, rose before her; a halo burned about his head; he seemed a saint, he should be hers! Ugolino and Ridolfo, helpless and ashamed before her outburst, went out bickering to their sport; and Selvaggia, wild as her name, untaught, with none to tutor her, dared her utmost, — dared, poor girl, beyond her strength.

Late in the afternoon of that day Cino, in the oratory of his hermitage, getting what comfort he could out of an angular Madonna frescoed there, heard a light step brush the threshold. The sun, already far gone in the west, cast on the white wall a shadow whose sight set his head spinning. He turned hastily round. There at the door stood Selvaggia in a crimson cloak; for the rest, a picture of the Tragic Muse, so woebegone, so white, so ringed with dark she was.

Cino, on his feet, muttered a prayer to himself. He covered his scarred mouth, but not before the girl had caught sight of it. She set to wringing her hands, and began a low wailing cry. "Ah, terrible, ah, terrible! That I should have done it to one who was always so gentle with me and so patient! Oh, Cino," — and she held out her hands towards him — "Oh, Cino, will you not forgive me? Will you not? I, only, did it; it was through me that they knew what you had said. Shameful

girl that I am!" She covered her face and stood sobbing before him. But confronted with this toppled Madonna Cino was speechless, wholly unprepared by jurisprudence or the less exact science of love for such a pass. As he knew himself, he could have written eloquently and done justice to the piercing theme; but love, as he and his fellows understood it, had no spoken language. I do not see, however, that Selvaggia is to be blamed for being ignorant of this.

Yet he had to say something, since there stood the weeping girl, all abandoned to her trouble. "I beseech you, Madonna, —" he was beginning, when she suddenly bared her face, her woe, and her beauty to his astonished eyes, looking passionately at him in a way which even he could not misinterpret.

"Cino," she said brokenly, "I am a wilful girl, but not wicked, ah, no, not hard-hearted. I think I did not understand you; I heard but would not hear; it was wantonness, not evil in me, Cino. You have never wearied of telling me your devotion; is it too late to be thankful? Now I am come to tell you what I should have said long before, that I am grateful, proud of such love, that I receive it if still I may, that, — that, —" her voice fell to a thrilled whisper — "that I love you, Cino." Ah, but she had no more courage; she hid her blushes in her hands and felt that now she should by rights sink into the earth.

Judge you, who know the theory of the matter, if this were terrible hearing for Messer Cino. Terrible? It was unprecedented hearing; it was a thing which, so far as he knew, had never happened to a lover before. That love should go smooth, the lady smile, the lady love, the lady woo! Monstrous! the lady was never kind. Where was anguish? Where martyrdom? Where poetry and sore eyes?

Yet stay, was not such a thing in itself a torment, to be cut off your martyrdom?

Cino gasped for breath. "You love me, Madonna?" he said. "You love me?" Selvaggia nodded her head in her hands; she felt that she was blushing all over her body. Cino at this new stab struck his forehead a resounding smack. "This is terrible indeed!" he cried out in his distress; whereupon Selvaggia forgot to be ashamed any more, she was so taken by surprise. "What do you mean, Cino?" she began to falter. "I don't understand you."

Cino plunged into the icy pool of explanation, and splashed there at large. "I mean, I mean"—he waved his hands in the air—"it is most difficult to explain. We must apprehend Love aright,—if we can. He is a grim and dreadful lord, it appears, working out the salvation of the souls of poets, and other men, by great sufferings. There is no other way, as the books teach us. Such love is always towards ladies; the suffering is from them, the love for them. They deal the darts, and receive the more devotion. It is not otherwise—could not be—there can be no poetry without pain, and how can there be pain if the lady loves the poet? Ah, no, it is impossible! Anciently, very long ago, in the times of Troy may be, it was different. I know not what to say,—I had never expected, never looked, nor even asked,—ah, Madonna," he suddenly cried, and found himself upon his knees, "what am I to say to you for this speech of yours?"

Selvaggia, white enough now, froze hard. "Do you mean," she said slowly, in words that fell one by one like cuts from a deliberate whip, "do you mean that you do not love me, Messer Cino, after all?"

"You are a light to my eyes and a

lantern to my feet," Cino murmured: but she did not seem to hear. "Do you mean," she went on, "that you are not prepared to be,—to be my,—my betrothed?"

It was done; now let the Heavens fall! She could not ask the man to marry her, but it came to the same thing; she had practically committed that unpardonable sin; she had approached love to wedlock, a mystery to a bargain, the rapt converse of souls in Heaven to a wrangle over the heeltaps in a tavern parlour. She was a heretic whom any Court of Love must excommunicate. The thing was so serious that it brought Cino to his feet, severe, formal, an Assessor of Civil Causes. He spread out his hands as if to wave aside words he should never have heard. He had found his tongue, for he was now contemplating the Abstract. "Be very sure, most sacred Lady," said he, "that no bodily torment could drive me to such sacrilege as your noble humility led you to contemplate. No indeed! Wretchedly unworthy as I am to live in the light of your eyes, I am not yet fallen so far. There are yet seeds of grace within me,—of your planting, Madonna, of your planting!" She paid no heed to his compliments; her eyes were fixed. On he hurried. "So far, indeed, as those worldly concerns go, whereof you hint, I am provided for. My wife is at Lucca in her father's house,—but of such things it is not fitting we should speak. Rather we should reason together of the high philosophy of love, which——"

But Selvaggia was gone before he could invite her on such a lofty flight; the wife at Lucca sent her fleeing down the mossy slopes like a hare. It was too dark for men to see her face when she tiptoed into Pitecchio and slipped up to her chamber. Safe at last there, she shivered and drowsed

the night away ; but waking or sleeping she did not cease her dreary moan.

Cino, after a night of consternation, could endure the hermitage no more ; the problem, he was free to confess, beat him. Next day, therefore, he took horse and rode over the mountains to Bologna, intent upon finding Dante there ; but Dante had gone to Verona with half of his *INFERNO* in his saddlebag. Thither Cino pursued and there found him in the church of St. Helen, disputing with the doctors upon the question of the Land and the Water. What passed between the great poet and the less I cannot certainly report, nor is it material. I think that the tinge of philosophy set here and there in Cino's verses, to say nothing of a couplet or two which give more than a hint of the *VITA NOVA*, may safely be ascribed to that time. I know at least that he did not cease to love his beautiful and wild Selvaggia, so far as he understood that delicate state of the soul which she, perverse child, had so signally misapprehended. The truth may well be that he was tolerably happy at Verona, able to contemplate at his ease the divine image of his lady without any interference from the disturbing original. He was, it is said, meditating an ambitious work, the history of the Roman Polity from Numa to Justinian, an epic in five-and-twenty books, wherein Selvaggia would have played a fine part, that of the Genius of Natural Law. The scheme might have ripened but for one small circumstance ; this was the death of Selvaggia.

That healthy, laughing girl, Genius of Nature or not, paid the penalty of her incurable childishness in catching a malaria, whereof she died, as it is said, in a high delirium of some eight hours. So it seems that she was really

unteachable, for first she had spoiled Cino's martyrdom, and next, by the same token, robbed the world of an epic in twenty-five books. Cino heard of it some time afterwards, and in due season was shown her tomb at Monte della Sambuca high on the Apennine, a grey stone solitary in a grey waste of shale. There he pondered the science of which, while she was so strangely ignorant, he had now become an adept ; there, or thereabouts, he composed the most beautiful of all his rhymes, the *canzone* which may stand for an elegy of the Lady Selvaggia.

Ay me, alas ! the beautiful bright hair,—

Ay me, indeed ! And thus he ends :

Ay me, sharp Death ! till what I ask is done

And my whole life is ended utterly,—

Answer,—must I weep on

Even thus, and never cease to moan
*ay me ?*¹

He might well ask. It should be accorded him that he was worthy of the occasion ; the poem is very fine. But I think the good man did well enough after this ; I know that if he was sad he was most melodiously sad. He throve, he became a professor, his wife bore him five children. His native city has done him what honour she could, ousted his surname in favour of her own, set up a pompous monument in the cathedral church (where little Selvaggia heard her dull Mass), and dubbed him once and for all *L'amoroso Messer Cino da Pistoja*. That should suffice him. As for the young Selvaggia, I suppose her bones are dust of the Apennine.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

¹ The translation is Rossetti's.

THE STORY OF THE UGANDA MUTINY.

SOMETHING is always happening in Africa, said the ancients, and we may say so now. Events follow one another in that country with such kaleidoscopic rapidity that six months after they have occurred they have almost ceased to interest the general public at home. This is doubtless in a great measure due to the state of perfection which telegraphic communication between the Mother Country and her Colonies has reached. The telegrams in the daily papers record, with necessary brevity, a disaster in South Africa, which in a few days is effaced by the horrors of a massacre in West Africa; then follows a tragedy in East Africa, but before the mails bringing full details of any of these events have reached England, something still more startling has occurred in another quarter of the Dark Continent. Months afterwards is published a Blue Book, in which the whole story is told in a series of despatches, letters, and telegrams. The matter has, however, long since been forgotten, and even if resuscitated for a night by some curious Member of Parliament, is the following day consigned to the official tomb whence there is no resurrection. No better instance of this swift oblivion is perhaps to be found than in the disregard that has been shown to the recent tragedy enacted in the British Protectorate of Uganda, compared with which history, at any rate Anglo-African history, contains no more heroic record of British valour and self-sacrifice.

To give anything like a clear account of the mutiny of the Uganda

troops, it will be necessary to enter into certain geographical and historical details, which shall be made as short as possible. First, as to Uganda itself; the British Protectorate known by this name lies on the northern and north-western shores of the great Victoria Nyanza and (including Buddu, Singho, Ankoli, and Usoga,) covers an area of some sixty-five thousand square miles; it comprises also Unyoro, Toru, and several smaller kingdoms, more or less under British rule. The Victoria Nyanza was first discovered in 1858 by Speke, who in 1860-63 visited it again with Grant; in 1874 Colonel Long reached the lake by way of the Nile, and in the following year Mr. Stanley completed the work of discovery by circumnavigating it. The latter's reception by Mtesa, King of Uganda, and his descriptions of the vast resources of the country created a profound impression in England; but the first steps taken to gain a footing in the new land were in the cause of Christianity, the Church Missionary Society despatching to the court of Mtesa a pioneer party of eight Englishmen in the summer of 1876. With the work done by this party, and by the Roman Catholic missionaries who shortly came on the scenes, with the extraordinary conversion of the people, and the subsequent antagonism that sprang up between native Protestants and native Roman Catholics, with the part played by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Mahomedans in the fierce struggles between the two Christian parties, and with the unfortunate civil wars which for many

years devastated Uganda, we need not concern ourselves, since these matters in no way affect my subject, though had they never occurred, it is doubtful if the Union Jack would now be floating over this valuable tract of country.

I pass to the connection between Uganda and Egypt. Gordon, as Governor-General of the Egyptian Soudan, had gradually extended the boundaries of the Equatorial Provinces, and it will be remembered that, when the intervening country fell into the hands of the Mahdists, Emin Pasha (Governor of the Equatorial Provinces) was cut off from Egypt, and was forced to remain with his troops in the neighbourhood of Wadelai on the Nile. His relief by Mr. Stanley is well known, and to that traveller was a second time due the interest aroused in England in connection with Uganda. The Imperial British East Africa Company (confirmed by Royal Charter in September, 1888,) already established on the East Coast of Africa, extended its territories in 1890 so as to include, within Ibea, Uganda and the neighbouring kingdoms. Thus Uganda became virtually a British possession, and was further acknowledged as such by the Anglo-German Agreement of the same year.

This brief sketch brings us to the end of 1890, when Captain Lugard, on behalf of the Imperial British East Africa Company, concluded a treaty with Mwanga, King of Uganda, by which the power of the Company became paramount. So disturbed, however, was the state of the country by religious factions, that Captain Lugard at once decided to raise an independent force to protect the Company's interests. To obtain these from India, or from Egypt, was beyond the slender resources at his disposal, and moreover the material was actually at hand, the bulk of Emin's troops

having remained, after that officer's departure, in the neighbourhood of Lake Albert. The position of these men was peculiar; they had originally formed part of the Egyptian army, had been armed, drilled, clothed, and paid as such, and were proud of serving under the Egyptian flag. They might have deserted to the Mahdi, had they so wished, but they had become settlers as well as soldiers, had married wives of the neighbouring tribes, and the Equatorial Provinces had become their home. They refused the offer of conveyance to Egypt made to them on Emin's departure with Mr. Stanley, and although they had ceased to draw Egyptian pay, they still considered themselves servants of the Khedive. The regiments, according to Emin's own account, were composed principally of Negroes or Negroids (sometimes described as Nubians or Soudanese Blacks) of various equatorial tribes, such as the Makraka, Lataka, Monbuddu, Dinka, etc.; while the remainder consisted of the riff-raff of the Egyptian regiments (half-bred Turks, Egyptians, and mixed Arabs,) whom, for one reason or another, it was considered desirable to keep in the distant provinces. Of these latter men Emin had the worst opinion, calling them "untrustworthy, tyrannical, venal, deceitful, and slave-dealers"; but of his Soudanese Blacks he was always proud: "though not exactly angels," he wrote, "they deserve nothing but praise."

These were the men whom, for two reasons, Captain Lugard decided to make use of. The first was that he required troops for the Imperial British East Africa Company: the second (and by no means an unimportant one) was that this uncontrolled body of men, living within the limits of the British Protectorate, well armed with modern weapons and plenty of ammunition (collected from Mr. Stanley's

abandoned camps), was likely to become a most disturbing factor in the future development of the country ; and that the decision was a wise one is beyond all question. He forthwith set to work to carry out his scheme, and though unable, through want of sufficient means, to enlist the whole of the available force, he collected some six hundred picked men, who readily accepted service, and brought them and their thousands of followers into Uganda proper. The best men were selected to be thoroughly drilled at Kampala, to form the nucleus of the Company's force, while the remainder were, for the time being, distributed in a series of frontier forts built by Captain Lugard's orders. The experiment proved entirely successful ; the Kampala garrison, under Captain Williams, R.A., and their old leader Selim Bey, was soon converted into a well-disciplined and serviceable force, and, but for the impecuniosity of the Company, the same methods would have been applied to the garrisons of the outlying forts. The men, as I have said, still considered themselves bound to the Egyptian Government, and this Captain Lugard acknowledged ; the terms under which they were engaged being that the Company would apply to the Khedive for their services, that, until the sanction was given, the Company would give them their Egyptian rate of pay, and that until their final transfer they should retain the Egyptian flag, and not be liable to serve beyond the northern frontier of Unyoro ; but that, if eventually, with the Khedive's consent, they enlisted into the Company's service, they should be liable to go anywhere.

The only means of communicating with Cairo was through Mombasa, some six hundred miles from Uganda, and a year elapsed before the Khedive's favourable reply was received.

In the interval the Company had decided on the abandonment of Uganda (in 1891), and the British Government had despatched Sir Gerald Portal to the country to enquire into the desirability of taking it over. Emin's troops (now known as Selim's Soudanese) were, therefore, never formally enlisted into the service of the Company, and only those at Kampala ever received pay from it ; but in March, 1893, Sir Gerald Portal, impressed with the necessity of making use of these men, despatched Major Owen to the frontier forts to enlist all the available men for service under the British Government. It is necessary to dwell on these matters, since without a knowledge of the terms of their enlistment and the conditions of their service, it is impossible to discuss the rights and wrongs of the men who eventually mutinied. Major Owen's instructions were briefly these : he was to proceed to the line of forts and enlist the four hundred and fifty Soudanese soldiers ; to evacuate two of the forts, sending one hundred men and their followers to Kampala to be drilled with the garrison of that place ; to concentrate the remainder, with their families, in the other two forts, and to encourage the followers (numbering some four thousand) to settle down to agricultural pursuits in the immediate neighbourhood. To the commanders of the forts Selim Bey addressed a letter, calling on them to enlist their men into the British service, and detailing the proposed arrangements for the establishment of the new force. Five companies were to be formed, each consisting of one hundred rank and file, with the proper complement of officers and non-commissioned officers ; the pay of the privates was fixed at four rupees per month, and that of the other ranks at from six to one hundred and twenty rupees, everyone receiving in addition

an annual allowance of clothing and daily rations. One paragraph in the recruiting instructions should especially be remembered: *These men are merely taken on by Government without anything being said as to terms of service.* Sir Gerald Portal had a reason for inserting this, since the British Government had not at that time finally decided on the retention of Uganda.

Major Owen proceeded to carry out his orders, but meanwhile, in May, 1893, Sir Gerald Portal left Uganda, appointing Captain Macdonald, R.E., to act as administrator. On him also devolved the command of the Kampala garrison, in the absence of Major Owen, Commandant of the Uganda Rifles (to give them their new title), and no sooner had he assumed it than the relations between him and Selim Bey became strained. Selim's word was law with the Soudanese soldiery; and it was reported to Captain Macdonald that he had come to terms with the Mahommedans of the country, promising that, in the event of the native Christians of Uganda preaching a crusade against the followers of the Prophet, he would support the latter with the Soudanese troops, who, it must be remembered, were themselves Mahommedans. To make a long story short, Selim, though dying of dropsy, was arrested, tried, and found guilty of mutinous conduct. His sentence was deprivation of rank and deportation, and he subsequently died on his way down to the coast. Concerning this Captain Lugard, then in England, wrote:

There must have been a strange want of tact to convert a loyalty so sincere into hostility, when Selim was even then a dying man . . . Selim held the rank of Bey in the Egyptian army,—the highest rank but one that there is in Egypt—and had for years been in command of large districts. That he should suddenly be treated as a very subordinate

officer was wholly incongruous. . . . To me it is a sad contemplation, that this veteran, selected by Gordon for the command of Mruli, whose valour saved Dufleh, against whom no charge of disloyalty had ever been proved amidst all the faithlessness of the Sudan troops, and who had proved at the risk of his life his loyalty to me,—that this man should have been hurried off in a dying state, discredited and disgraced, to succumb on the march, a prisoner and an outcast.

At the same time, Captain Macdonald, fearing a general mutiny on account of Selim's arrest, paraded the garrisons of Kampala and Entebbi, and disarmed them in front of a loaded Maxim. Major Owen's situation at the forts was not improved by these events; indeed under less strong control the Soudanese there would inevitably have broken into mutiny, being fully aware of the course of events at Kampala and Entebbi.

Matters in the following months became more quiet, and the troops swore loyalty to the Queen and her officers, taking part in several small expeditions against turbulent chiefs and fighting with great gallantry. Towards the close of 1893 Colonel (now Sir Henry) Colville arrived in Uganda, and (the Government having decided to retain the country) took over the administration, and the command of the forces, whom, with the assistance of English officers speaking Arabic and acquainted with the ways of the Soudanese soldier, he soon brought into an excellent state of discipline. The accounts in the Blue Books of the various campaigns in which the troops took part during the next three years are proof enough of their qualities as fighting men. They bore hardships and privations at all times cheerfully and without a murmur, and to these men and their British officers our present position in Uganda is alone due.

Let me pause here to say something

of the characteristics of these Soudanese soldiers, the Uganda Riflemen. Emin's opinion of them (and no man could know them better) has been already given; Major Casati, Emin's lieutenant, describes them as possessed of great personal valour and "the noblest virtues that can distinguish a soldier,—obedience, endurance, and self-sacrifice"; while Romolo Gessi, a man who led expeditions without number in which none but Soudanese were employed, says of the black soldier: "He is an excellent one, if well led. Strong, patient, and courageous, one may do wonders with him; but if left to himself, he is careless or worse, and if ill-treated, he may become a dangerous element in the army." This is the general opinion of all who have fought side by side with the Nubian, or who have studied him. He must, however, be dominated by an iron will; kindness he considers weakness; he will follow anywhere an officer in whom he has confidence, who has treated him justly, even though harshly; doglike he will turn to lick the hand that has beaten him; but at the same time there probably exists no human being to whom anything approaching vacillation or injustice is more repugnant. To attempt to treat such men as ordinary British soldiers is to court complete failure, and to command a force of Soudanese successfully requires special qualities in the officer. He must be a man with immense strength of will, with a keen sense of justice, with a knowledge of their language, manners, and customs; and furthermore he must have proved himself their superior in every way. There is another peculiarity which it is of particular importance to note; although essentially a fighting man, valuing his arms above all things and considering war as pure sport, he is a thoroughly domesticated individual and dislikes to leave his

wives and family for any long period of time.

To return to the sequence of events: Colonel Colville remained in Uganda until the spring of 1895, when, owing to ill-health, he was relieved by Mr. Jackson. The Uganda Rifles had by this time been raised to a strength of twelve hundred men, and under Major Owen and Captain Thruston had shown themselves to be a well-trained and well-disciplined force. Both these officers had, however, been forced to leave the country, the one before and the other immediately after the departure of Colonel Colville, and the command of the troops devolved on Major Cunningham, who continued to carry on the work of his predecessors and conducted several successful expeditions against refractory chiefs. There was no sign of disaffection; the troops worked willingly and fought bravely, though often hungry, and their scanty pay six months in arrear.

In 1896 the state of affairs in Uganda began to look threatening, the different religious parties endeavouring to stir up the natives of the Protectorate to revolt against British rule; and in the following year matters came to a crisis. King Mwanga had left his capital to head an insurrection in Buddu, and the natives were ripe for rebellion. The Uganda Rifles, now commanded by Major Ternan and still loyal, were marched in all directions, covering a distance of upwards of a thousand miles within a few months, and frequently engaged in severe fighting. By the end of August the revolt was temporarily suppressed, but the situation in the Protectorate was anything but satisfactory, and the presence of the troops alone prevented a general rising. Of the dangerous and discontented attitude of the native population the Foreign Office was apparently unaware; otherwise it is improbable that orders would

have been sent to Uganda to despatch three hundred soldiers to accompany Major Macdonald on an expedition which he had been instructed to conduct to the extreme north of the Protectorate. On August 25th, Major Ternan gained a decisive victory over the rebels in Buddu, and then, being due to hand over three hundred men to Major Macdonald on September 10th at Mau, proceeded by forced marches to carry out his instructions. He brought his troops down as far as Nandi; and thence, having been invalided home, he left for the coast. About two hundred and twenty of the Soudanese reached the camp at Mau on September 20th, and were at once warned that the expedition would march on the following morning. From this moment commenced the disaffection which eventually culminated in open mutiny.

Major Macdonald's expedition was evidently an important one; the caravan was the largest that had ever left the coast, and though ostensibly it was merely to survey the upper reaches of the Juba River, it seems not improbable that its commander had other orders. Be that as it may, the Soudanese troops, after months of hard marching and fighting, were not prepared to be suddenly launched on an indefinite expedition into a part of the country of which they knew nothing and had heard the worst accounts. They had already been absent from their families for a longer period than usual, and they had not been informed what arrangements had been made for the care of their households during their absence. Then, they were handed over to strange officers who knew nothing about them and who could not speak their language. They considered that they had a grievance, and they requested to see the commander of the expedition; this Major Macdonald refused,

though he permitted their native officer, Mabruk Effendi, to state the grievances of his men. The answer, as we now know, was not correctly carried by Mabruk, for the soldiers still insisted on a personal interview with their chief. This was at length granted, with the only result however that each company was given the order, *Right-turn, quick march*, without receiving any satisfaction.

The men, doubtless, brooded over their supposed grievances during the night, but no sign was given of their intentions, if indeed they had then formed any, and on the following morning, September 21st, the first column (accompanied by a detachment of Uganda Rifles) marched; on the 22nd the second column started, and on the 23rd the third column, each with an escort of the Rifles, and with the latter went the commander of the expedition. During the day's march one hundred and sixty-five of the Rifles deserted, straggling back in small parties to the Eldoma Ravine Station (about eight miles from Mau, the starting-point,) to lay their grievances before officers who knew them, notably Mr. Jackson, the Acting-Commissioner. Major Macdonald, seeing what was taking place, immediately despatched Captain Kirkpatrick to warn the Station, commanded by Lieutenant Feilding, who on the arrival of the first batch of deserters (thirty-five in number) endeavoured to persuade them to lay down their arms. In this he was unsuccessful, the men refusing to do anything until the remainder of their comrades arrived, and Captain Kirkpatrick then ordered Mr. Feilding to disarm them in front of the Maxim; but the gun jammed, and the garrison, consisting of twenty-five of the Rifles, was called upon to fire on the men of their own regiment. Three volleys were fired and

replied to, though it was evident, from the fact that there were no casualties, that the men had no intention of harming each other. Mr. Feilding then parleyed with the mutineers, all of whom had now come in, and persuaded them to camp for the night close by, and later in the evening Major Macdonald arrived, accompanied by Mr. Jackson, two hundred and fifty armed Swahilis and twenty Sikhs. During the next three days the Commandant and the Commissioner attempted to come to terms with the now openly defiant Soudanese; but nothing came of the negotiations, and, on September 26th, the mutineers, joined by fifteen of the Soudanese garrison of the Eldoma Ravine Station, commenced to march on Uganda.

From Eldoma Ravine to Nandi Stockade is a distance of about forty miles, and Mr. Jackson now sent a messenger to inform Captain Bagnall, the Civil Officer in charge of Nandi, of the approach of the mutineers. His garrison, consisting of Soudanese, had been augmented by fifty-five men who, on their way to join Major Macdonald's expedition at Mau, had heard of the mutiny of their comrades and had returned to Nandi. Captain Bagnall's force refused to act, and, on the arrival of the main body of mutineers, he himself was tied up and barely escaped being murdered; the fort was looted, and the whole of the Soudanese went on their way towards Uganda, ill-treating the natives of the country and pillaging far and wide. The next fort on the road is Mumia's, about sixty miles distant, and this, being garrisoned by Swahilis, the mutineers deemed it advisable to avoid, continuing their course to Lubwa's seventy-five miles beyond. Mr. Jackson, and Major Macdonald, with ten Europeans, three hundred and forty armed Swahilis, and twenty

Sikhs, left Mumia's in pursuit on October 11th, hoping that Lubwa's garrison would remain loyal and that the mutinous Soudanese would be caught between two fires.

To go back a little. On Major Ternan's departure for England, the command of the Uganda Rifles was assumed by Major Thruston, who had recently returned to the country; an officer who had had vast experience of the Soudanese both in Egypt and in Uganda, who had commanded several of the earlier expeditions in the outlying provinces of the Protectorate, and whose courage, tact, and knowledge of their language and customs had made him, if not actually worshipped by his men, at any rate greatly respected and thoroughly popular. When the mutiny broke out, he was at the head-quarters of the Rifles at Entebbi, which lies on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza about sixty miles south-west of Lubwa's. On October 9th rumours of the mutiny reached Entebbi, and Thruston, though refusing to believe in the disloyalty of his troops, and perfectly confident in his influence over the Soudanese, at once started for Lubwa's, in order, should there be any truth in the rumours, to prevent the garrison from joining the mutineers. He reached Lubwa's on October 11th, and found everything quiet. The garrison fell at his feet and swore loyalty to him, but he received sufficient unofficial information confirming the reports of the mutiny to cause him to take every precaution to check its spread. A message was sent to Major Macdonald asking him to come on to Lubwa's with all speed, while Lieutenant Maloney (the Adjutant of the Rifles) was despatched, with fifty Soudanese and two hundred Waganda allies, to protect the Nile crossing at Jinga.

Before dawn of October 17th, the mutineers reached Lubwa's, and were

admitted by the garrison, whose loyalty wavered when they learned that some of their women had been captured on the road. Thruston and Wilson (who had been in charge of the Station) were immediately made prisoners and placed in chains; while, on the following day, Scott, an engineer, who had been sent from Entebbi with a launch carrying reinforcements (thirty Soudanese and a Maxim), imagining that Major Macdonald had reached Lubwa's, steered straight up to the fort. He was at once taken prisoner, and the launch destroyed. The situation therefore on October 18th was as follows: Fort Lubwa's was in the possession of about four hundred and fifty mutineers, the three Englishmen were in chains, Malony's party at Jinga, having shown signs of disaffection, had been marched back to Kampala and disarmed, and the pursuing force had arrived on a hill in front of Lubwa's. The mutineers appear now to have repented somewhat of what they had done, and endeavoured to come to terms with Major Macdonald, imagining, doubtless, that the possession of the Englishmen would strengthen their hand. The reply they received was that the terms remained the same as offered at Eldoma Ravine, namely, pardon to privates only. That afternoon Thruston sent to the Commissioner a letter (the contents of which stamp the character of the man) telling him not to fight unless the mutineers attacked his camp, but that in any case no consideration for his own personal safety should be allowed to interfere with the plans for the suppression of the mutiny.

On the following morning, October 19th, some three hundred of the mutinous garrison left the fort to confer with Major Macdonald, and, shouting out that they did not wish to fight, ascended the hill on which

the camp stood. In spite of being ordered to halt, they advanced to within fifty yards, when, without further warning, they opened fire on the camp. This treachery resulted in a severe engagement, in which the mutineers were defeated and driven back into the fort with the loss of their two principal native officers, Mabruk and Suliman, and about one hundred men. In the afternoon, a deputation of two came to sue for peace, but were sent back with the answer that, until the Englishmen were given up, no terms could be discussed. The rage of the garrison at their defeat and failure to obtain their own terms knew no bounds, and they at once determined to vent their wrath on their three English prisoners, who were forthwith brought from their hut amidst the howls and jeers of the frenzied Soudanese. The story is related by eye-witnesses who have since surrendered. Belal Effendi (the native officer) then told Thruston that he was to be shot, and gave orders to carry out the execution. There was a momentary hesitation; possibly the men were unwilling to take part in the murder of a man to whom for years they had been loyal, who had shared with them the hardships of many campaigns, and whom they had always regarded as their friend. At any rate, Thruston was given the opportunity to speak. The scene must have been an impressive one, even to the savage mutineers who witnessed it, and there can be little doubt that what took place will be handed down from generation to generation of the Soudanese as an instance of the bravery of Englishmen. The three prisoners and their guard stood facing the group of native officers; around them was a mob of armed soldiers. There was no sign of fear, no thought of begging for mercy, no question of temporising. Thruston, speaking so that all could

hear, told Belal that since he, an officer, had been condemned to death, Belal, as an officer, and none other, should do the foul deed. He had spoken as he had been accustomed to speak to his troops on parade; it was no request, but an order of the commandant, and Belal, accepting it as such, raised his rifle to his shoulder. With both hands Thruston seized the muzzle and pressed it against the centre of his forehead, and a moment later his skull was pierced by the bullet. The sight of this tragic event appears to have sobered the native officers, for Wilson and Scott were ordered away, and their guards were in the act of removing them to their hut, when the soldiers, now no longer hesitating, suddenly opened fire on them and shot them in the back.

Why Thruston, knowing that nothing but his death would satisfy the mutineers, should have troubled himself as to the manner of it will seem strange to any unacquainted with his nature. His sense of justice was, however, only equalled by his fearlessness, and though it is impossible to say what passed through his mind in those last moments, it is more than probable that he was unwilling that his murder should be laid to the door of the private soldiers, who, he knew, were mere children in the hands of the native officers. The native officers had condemned him; let the chief of them be alone responsible. Such is the opinion of all who knew Arthur Blyford Thruston, the murdered commandant of the Uganda Rifles, who though only in his thirty-third year, had fought and bled for his country both in Egypt and Uganda, and had nobly risked and lost his life in the endeavour to avert a national disaster.

The news of these murders was received with horror throughout the

country, even by the still loyal Soudanese garrisons of the outlying stations, and attempts on the part of the mutineers to persuade their comrades and the Mahommedans of Uganda to join them were unsuccessful. The loyalty of the garrisons could not however be depended upon, and the precaution was taken to disarm them where possible, or to remove them to stations within the neighbouring (East African) Protectorate, their place being taken by Swahilis, and later on by native troops from India.

While these things were going on in other parts of the country, Lubwa's was being blockaded, but the force was insufficient and the supply of ammunition inadequate to attempt to storm the fort. A supreme effort to take the place was made by the Waganda allies on October 28th; but the mutineers, making use of the Maxim captured from Scott's launch, proved themselves too strong, and the Waganda were repulsed with considerable loss. This somewhat damped the ardour of the native allies, who, though numerous, were short of ammunition, and the mutineers held the fort against Major Macdonald's force during November and December, skirmishes taking place almost daily. On January 9th, 1898, the mutineers successfully withdrew from Lubwa's in a large *dhow* across a bay of the lake, all efforts to prevent their escape being frustrated by the refusal of the blockading canoe-men to approach the *dhow*. A force under Captain Harrison was immediately despatched to endeavour to intercept them at the Nile crossings, but was evaded by the Soudanese, who effected their escape northwards towards Unyoro. They were overtaken, however, at Lake Kioga on February 24th, engaged, and dispersed in all directions, the majority of the

survivors, now without ammunition, betaking themselves to their original homes in the neighbourhood of the Albert Nyanza.

By studying the causes and effects of this mutiny many valuable lessons are to be learned, for with the Indian mutiny still fresh in our memories we are able to form some interesting comparisons and deductions. To contrast the mutiny of the Uganda Rifles with the Sepoy revolt may seem at first sight almost absurd, yet there are many little points in the two outbreaks which the reader will be able to compare for himself; and, considering that a large force of Soudanese is being employed at the present time in the advance on Khartoum, the causes of disaffection which eventually led to the Uganda mutiny are particularly interesting. These causes have already been briefly mentioned, but they shall be restated in full. The origin of the mutineers will be remembered; they formed part of a body of men who were strangers in a strange land, who, but for their being of the same religion as a small section of the natives of the country, had nothing in common with the bulk of the population of the Uganda Protectorate, a fact which strengthens the belief that an actual defiance of British authority was never in the first place intended. There was no general hatred of the white men; the Soudanese were fully aware that they had thrown in their lot with the British Government of their own free will, that they had been treated well, that, although their pay was small, all their wants were supplied, that they were fed, housed, and clothed, and that their native manners and customs were respected. Why, then, did they revolt? The answer is not difficult to find; on joining Major Macdonald's expedition they suddenly developed grievances, real or imaginary, the principal

of which was that they had been campaigning for several months without a rest. There seems little doubt that the three native officers Mabruk, Belal, and Suliman had made up their minds that they would not accompany the expedition, as the country it was to visit was reported to be an uninhabited desert. With the influence which the native officer possesses over his men, it was an easy matter to persuade them that they were being ill-treated, and by the time the Soudanese reached Major Macdonald's camp at Mau they fully believed themselves to be very hardly used.

Possibly, had their grievances been fully inquired into at this time, some arrangements might have been made and the men reassured; but unfortunately the men themselves were not allowed an opportunity of stating their case, except through their senior native officer, Mabruk Effendi, who, as it proved afterwards, was the original cause of all the uneasiness. Mabruk, therefore, although he received information from Major Macdonald which put an end to most of the men's grievances, concealed everything from them, and in fact represented matters in an altogether false light. They were nettled at not being allowed a hearing, and before the first column of the expedition started they made a final effort to speak to the commander, but without avail. Had any of the European officers been able to speak the language of their men, matters might have been represented to the commander and the grievances redressed; with Mabruk as intermediary, the case was hopeless. Then came the desertions and events already narrated, and since the desertions commenced with Mabruk and the men of his company, there is proof enough that Mabruk was the ringleader. It is evident also, from what occurred on

the return of the deserters towards the Ravine, that even then there was no bitterness felt towards their European officers and no thought of having recourse to force; for Captain Kirkpatrick, when riding in to warn Mr. Feilding, overtook and was allowed to pass through the body of deserters, who told him that they were merely going back to have an interview with Mr. Jackson, as they could not get one with Major Macdonald.

The grievances which the Soudanese imagined themselves to be suffering were stated to Mr. Jackson on September 24th to be as follows:—

1. That they were tired of being constantly marched about, while other companies remained comfortably in stations.
2. That they were not allowed to take their women with them.
3. That they were going to a foodless and waterless country, where they would all die.
4. That they were underpaid and insufficiently fed.
5. That young and inexperienced officers were sent out to command them, who did not know their language, and would not listen to their complaints.
6. That it was through them that we were masters of the country, and yet they were treated like donkeys.
7. That they had been fired upon when they had only returned to lay their grievances before me (Jackson); and finally they threatened to go over to the Germans, or build a fort of their own and raid the surrounding country.

Let us dispose of each of these grievances separately. For the first there is certainly something to be said; the particular companies told off for Major Macdonald's expedition (Nos. 4, 7, and 9) had been marching continuously for several months, while other companies had been employed on garrison-duty. This, however, was merely a matter of detailing reliefs, these companies being next for duty at the Ravine and neighbouring stations, and being sent with Major

Macdonald's expedition because they happened to be the nearest garrisons to the starting-point, according to the usual custom. The second grievance requires a little explanation, since the fact of women accompanying a force in the field is to the European mind extraordinary. Yet the Nubian soldier is followed wherever he goes not only by his wives, but also by his children, his slaves and household, the march of a detachment resembling that of the Israelites in the wilderness. With this knowledge we can understand the feelings of the men when informed that their followers were to be restricted to one woman apiece. It was usual for the men to take their families with them, to cook their food and carry their baggage, and also because it was not considered safe to leave them behind, the natives of the country being likely to raid and enslave them in their absence. Now, owing to the nature of the expedition, it was not deemed advisable to march with this mass of non-combatants, and accordingly elaborate arrangements had been made for feeding and taking care of the women and families in the absence of the troops. This had been carefully thought out, and instructions on the subject had been telegraphed by Lord Salisbury to Uganda some months previously. Of these arrangements, as well as of the fact that the men would be provided with a certain number of donkeys to carry their baggage, Mabruk Effendi was informed when he laid the men's grievances before Major Macdonald, but, probably to serve his own purpose, he said nothing about them, and the men remained in ignorance of any provision having been made for their families, or for lessening the labours of the march. The grievance as to being underpaid and badly fed was perhaps partly valid: the food was as good as could be provided, and a special issue

of free rations was (quite contrary to all precedent) to be made to the women who accompanied the expedition ; but the men's pay, although they had hitherto been perfectly contented with it, was certainly small. They received the old Egyptian rate of four rupees a month, while similar troops in the East African Protectorate, some of whom formed part of the expeditionary force, were receiving twenty-six rupees. The fifth grievance (relating to officers ignorant of their language) requires little comment. Doubtless the best officers available were provided, but unfortunately there is a limit to the number of British officers who are acquainted with Arabic. The third and sixth grievances are mere expressions of insubordination, which, from a military point, do not bear on the case ; while the seventh and last did not exist until the actual mutiny had taken place, and furthermore contained an insubordinate threat. So much for the men's grievances, which might, as I have suggested, all have been made to vanish by a short explanation, had such been vouchsafed on September 20th or 21st. On the other hand, it is impossible to regard soldiers who, when called on to take part in an expedition, suddenly question the arrangements of their superiors, as in any way possessed of the first attribute of a soldier, —obedience.

Once having committed themselves by returning the fire of the Ravine garrison, they had, as they knew well, become mutineers ; and though Mr. Jackson had promised, even after this, that the rank and file should be pardoned if they returned to duty, this condition implied that they must take part in the hated expedition, and the native officers would undoubtedly be punished for aiding and abetting the mutiny. Mabruk, who was with the mutineers, was well aware that

for him at any rate there could be no pardon ; he was, therefore, a desperate man, and was easily able to carry the soldiers with him. What plans he had formed on leaving the Ravine on September 26th is not known, though apparently he hoped to win over all the Soudanese garrisons, to throw in his lot with the Mahomedan party in Uganda and the neighbourhood, and to raise the country against British rule.

To any unacquainted with the country and the people, it must seem a matter of wonder that the progress of the mutiny did not receive some kind of check almost immediately. The mutineers, when in camp at the Ravine, numbered only one hundred and sixty-five men, while Major Macdonald and Mr. Jackson had a force of two hundred and fifty armed Swahilis and twenty Sikhs within shot ; moreover the Maxim was probably available had strong measures been decided on. Yet for three days, except by futile negotiations, no attempt was made to block their way to Uganda and the other garrisons. What reasons can be given for this inaction ? To have attacked the mutineers in their Ravine camp was considered too hazardous, for although Major Macdonald's force outnumbered them, the Swahilis were not trained soldiers, being in fact little better than an armed rabble ; and even had they ventured an engagement with the Soudanese and been successful, the latter would have merely retired the quicker on Uganda. Negotiations having unfortunately failed, and the mutineers having, on September 26th, marched towards Nandi, matters became serious, and now steps were taken to warn the European officers commanding garrisons. It was late in the day, but the hope had been entertained that the mutineers would have given in at the Ravine. The

next point to discuss is the apparent delay in pursuing the mutineers from Mumia's to Lubwa's, for as with Gordon in Khartoum so it was with Thruston in Lubwa's; a few hours in each case meant life or death. Thirty-six hours before the pursuing force reached the hill in front of Lubwa's, the garrison was loyal and Thruston and his companions were free men. Within those thirty-six hours we know what took place. Now, the distance between the two forts is, roughly speaking, seventy-five miles, and has been covered before now in less than four days; yet on this occasion eight days were taken. The question arises,—was there any reason for this delay? The answer is that the country was almost impassable on account of the rain, the rivers and streams were flooded, and, as an instance of the difficulties of the march, it is mentioned that the force took eight hours to cross one river, while the density of the bush necessitated constant precautions against attack from ambuscades.

Coming now to the actual events at Lubwa's, we are confronted by a problem, the solution of which would prove a difficulty to the most skilled and experienced general. The three white men were prisoners in the fort held by the enemy; to attack the fort would mean certain death to the prisoners, and nothing but diplomacy, therefore, could effect their release. Every effort was made on both sides to come to terms without fighting; but the terms offered to the mutineers were no better than had been already offered to them at the Ravine Station, which were then refused, and which naturally, now that their strength had considerably increased, they were not likely to accept. It is a question whether some ransom might not have

been offered for the prisoners, or whether, in order to save the lives of the three Englishmen, pardon might not have been held out to the native officers; but to have thus condoned the whole mutiny would, of course, have been most prejudicial to British prestige. Into all these matters the Government has promised a full inquiry, and until the result is made known, it would be unfair to assume that every possible effort was not made by the responsible officials to prevent the murder of their fellow-countrymen.

The cause of the mutiny has been fully entered into; it remains to discuss the effects, for from all misfortunes of this kind some ultimate benefit usually arises. From the Uganda mutiny we have learned that to attempt to hold this vast Protectorate with a handful of half-disciplined Soudanese is impracticable, and that, if the peace of the country is to be maintained, it is necessary to have a permanent garrison of trustworthy troops. When the outbreak occurred a native regiment was immediately despatched from India to the assistance of the Protectorate, half a regiment following later; and it seems probable that one Indian regiment at least will in future be kept in the country. This arrangement, with the maintenance of a mixed force of Soudanese (recruited direct from Egypt) and Swahilis, though costly, should be of the greatest advantage to Uganda; for there is little doubt that the hitherto disturbed state of the Protectorate has arisen from an inability to cope with simultaneous outbreaks of the native population in such an extensive tract of country.

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THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

By CECIL LOWIS.

CHAPTER XII.

"CONFOUND this mist, I wish it would clear away!" grumbled Smart. "We can do nothing until it is a bit brighter."

The Deputy-Commissioner, his sister, and Waring were threading their way through the high elephant-grass to the snipe-grounds which lay about half a mile from the village. The path along which they walked was narrow, so narrow that progress had to be made in single file, Smart in front, immediately behind the villager who was showing the way, Ethel in the centre, and Waring just ahead of the two Burman *peons* who brought up the rear laden with snipe-sticks and spare cartridges. All round them the earth was shrouded in vapour, so opaque that Waring was quite unable to see the wiry active frame of the old Burman who was guiding them through the grass; he had indeed no particular wish to see it, being quite content to feast his eyes on the view he had of Miss Smart's back and of a wealth of auburn hair tucked under that young lady's white sun-hat.

"Yes, it's a nuisance," he said. "The birds will be as shy as shy this morning, I expect."

"Are they very much more difficult to shoot when they are shy?" asked Ethel over her shoulder.

No. 467.—VOL. LXXVIII.

"Oh, of course, a great deal; they get up much further off. They always are more shy early than when the sun is high. You will have gone home, I expect, Miss Smart, long before they have begun to lie close to-day."

"But you'll have had some sport before then, I suppose."

"Oh dear me, yes, I hope so. We shall begin on the snipe immediately it is clear. Meanwhile we may possibly be able to get a duck or two; they are easier to see than snipe."

There was silence for a space, during which the party plodded on through the morning stillness. The thud of boots on the baked clay of the path sounded faintly through the monotonous drip of the dew from the grass and leaves on each hand. Presently the guide halted,—Waring had just begun catching glimpses of him over Smart's shoulder—and indicated by a gesture that they had arrived at their destination. Smart held up his hand as a signal for those behind.

The path opened out in front; the high grass came to an end, and before them they could distinguish the white shimmer of water beyond an expanse of hard mud. Through the morning air came the distant splash and the subdued conversational cackle of water-fowl in their element; but the mist was still too thick to allow of

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their making anything out on the surface of the *jheel*.

"Stop here, Waring, and do this one, will you?" said Smart in a low voice. "I will go on to the next *jheel* and shoot up it. We shall meet again at the further end in time, and can settle then how to manage the other *jheels*. You'd better stop with Waring, Ethel. Come along, Shwe Chit," and he was gone, leaving Ethel, Waring, and one of the *peons* standing on the dried mud at the edge of the white water.

For a minute or two they stood silent, gazing into the mist around them; then Waring exclaimed in a loud whisper, "By Jove, it's lifting fast! I can make out some teal on the water out there. Let's come up a little closer."

The two proceeded warily along the water's edge, while the morning vapours rose around them and the sun, taking advantage of the blue glimpses above, made a determined effort to struggle through. On a sudden a shot from Smart rang out at a little distance, and with a mighty scrambling flutter the denizens of the *jheel* rose out of the water into the air, and circled round and round far overhead, the hurried flap of their wings approaching and retreating through the mist.

"What a pity," exclaimed Ethel, "they are all gone! No, wait, I can still see some birds flying low down over the water. What are they? They look like snipe; can they be?"

"No, they're only snippets," Waring made answer; "no good at all. The snipe are there, all right, but they're sitting tight. Wait a bit, we shall have a duck or two settling here in a moment. Hark to those whistlers, what a noise they're making—ah, here you are!"

As he spoke the flapping of nearer pinions sounded above the confused

tumult which reverberated over their heads, and a couple of ducks wheeled swiftly into sight and swept across the line of vision, dark against the dim white vapour behind them. Waring's gun rose like a living thing to his shoulder; a sudden angry spurt of smoke leaped from the barrel into the willing embrace of the mist; a loud report cleft the morning air, and before Ethel had fully realised what had happened, a dark object slanted rapidly across the sky and hurtled into the high grass some twenty yards to the left.

"Not clear enough yet for a second barrel," muttered Waring, jerking open the breech of his gun. "Go fetch, Ko Myaing," he added in Burmese; "this side of the tree, over there."

The *peon* vanished into the grass and re-appeared after a short interval with a fine duck dangling loosely in his hand.

"A bronze-head, by Jove!" exclaimed Waring. "Not a bad beginning by any means."

"What a great fat lump!" cried Ethel. "How odd it is that that big clumsy thing can fly at such a rate through the air. It's very like an ordinary duck, isn't it? It's handsomer though, much handsomer."

"And better eating," said Waring the matter-of-fact; "that's even more important. Well, Miss Smart," he added after a space of a minute or two, during which he stood motionless, watching each quarter of the heaven intently, "nothing else seems to be coming our way just at present. If you're quite ready we'll push on down the *jheel* and meet your brother at the further end. It's quite light enough to see snipe now," and swinging his gun into the hollow of his arm he skirted along the edge of the water, striding slowly through the short reeds which fringed its margin, while

Ethel followed at a little distance on the drier ground that lay nearer the high grass. The mist was fast drifting away and the line of jungle on the opposite bank, a stone's throw off, was now clearly visible.

The first fifty yards or so were covered in silence, which Ethel at last broke by observing: "How very like snipe those birds are that are flying about, snippets, I think you called them. I saw one quite close just now; it had a long bill just like a snipe."

"Yes, it's hard to tell one from the other at first," replied Waring, his face still fixed stedfastly ahead; "but there's no mistaking the genuine article when once one has seen it. Do you mind, though, not talking just now, Miss Smart? Our voices might disturb—ah!"

There was a squawk and a whirr, and a brown object whizzed up from the sedge and zigzagged away across the water. Waring's gun rang out twice and the second shot drove a ragged bundle of feathers into the reeds ahead of them.

"Was that a snipe, Mr. Waring?"

"Yes, got him the second barrel, —one moment, please; we'll reload before we move on to pick that beggar up. We may put up half a dozen birds between here and where he lies. Ah, I thought so, there goes a second, and a third. They're sitting tighter than I thought they would. Hark! there goes your brother again; I wonder what sport he's having. Now I'm ready, if you are. Ko Myaing, keep your eye on that bird."

"Poor thing!" cried Ethel, as they came up to the snipe which had just been brought down. "I can see its beak sticking up into the air so pitifully. Why, I don't think it's dead!" she exclaimed, as Waring stooped to pick up the little crumpled mass.

"No, not quite, but I've put it out

of its misery by this time," said Waring. "Catch, Ko Myaing. The beauty of snipe, Miss Smart, is that they're like mosquitoes, tricky, but once touch them and down they come. They don't fly away with a charge of shot in them, like duck. Nice gentlemanly little chaps they are."

"Poor little dears!" mourned Ethel. "It does seem a shame to shoot them; they are so pretty. I don't mind seeing those great fat waddling ducks brought down, but I must say I'm sorry for these sweet little things. But there, I won't talk. Let's go on, and do try and kill the next one outright."

The next one was killed outright, fifteen seconds later; and so was the next, which was not secured until Waring had emptied three barrels in vain, and a minute or two after this last had been picked up, the couple met the Deputy-Commissioner at the further end of the *jheel*.

"What luck?" enquired Smart, taking off a huge sun-hat to wipe the perspiration from a heated brow.

"One duck and a brace and a half of snipe, so far," returned Waring. "What have you done?"

"Two teal and a snipe. The birds are very wary this morning. I've only had one chance at a snipe up till now. By the way, Ethel, I think it's time you were trotting home. You've seen what you wanted to see by this time, I expect. We've got rather a muddy bit to go through to get to the other *jheels*; I don't think you can manage it."

"Very well," replied the obedient sister. "I suppose the funny old man who brought us here will show me the way back to the village. I could almost find the way myself, but I suppose I had better have the old thing."

"Yes, take him; he's waiting at the end of the path for us. You can

make him understand you want to be shown the way back, can't you? Say *pyan thwa*; that will show him what you're up to. Then, when you've got to the rest-house, you can let him go. Say *thwa* then, without the *pyan*, and he'll understand. Give him an empty soda-water bottle if Ramaswamy has got one. Waring and I will find our way back somehow. See?"

"I do; *thwa*,—*pyan thwa*, I'll remember. Good-bye, then, for the present. Don't shoot more snipe than is actually necessary, Mr. Waring; I know it's no use asking Jack to hold his hand. Poor little things, I wish you would be satisfied with ducks and not kill the snipe. It's a pity they are so nice on toast. Good-bye,—*thwa*,—*pyan thwa*." And she turned and picked her way daintily back to the further end of the *jheel*.

It was an hour and a half later that Waring, after a vast deal of striding and wading, found himself back again at the point where the path from the village debouched upon the snipe-ground and rested for a while where Ethel had quitted him, warm and weary, to count his spoil. Nine brace of snipe and a brace of duck,—the second of the latter secured with a charge of number nine loosed at a venture—was a fairly good bag for a moderate shot like himself; in fact, as he looked at the birds and remembered Ethel's parting injunction, he feared it might seem far too good a bag to her. However that might be, he decided to leave off; he had slaughtered enough for that day, at any rate quite as many snipe as were actually necessary. Smart's gun was barking incessantly more than half a mile away; it would be long, he knew, before the enthusiast could be prevailed on to retrace his steps, and it was certainly not worth while waiting for him. Altogether it was small

wonder that, before he was aware of it, his mind had roved away from the muddy grass-encircled *jheel*, already blazing under the hot blue sky, to the cool shade of the rest-house, where some one sat who was reckoning on his not butchering to excess that day, and might deign to commend his moderation when she had seen the slain. As he looked again at the pendent bodies he felt almost sure that Ethel would think their number too great, and before he made a move from the *jheel*, he did what he had never done before and was half ashamed of doing now; that was to arrange his spoil on the snipe-stick so as to make the total appear smaller than it really was; he had not the heart to throw any away. Then he arose, and, following an irresistible impulse, turned down the path which led to the village. He hoped to find Ethel alone in the rest-house and to have half an hour or so with her before Heriot returned from the plantation. What could he not do in half an hour?

There was a muffled click in the high elephant-grass to his right, as he reached a point where the path forked, to meet again on the further side of a buffalo-wallow full of rich, grey slime. But on the eve of a meeting with the young woman of his choice the average young man is inclined to be introspective and not over susceptible to external sights and sounds unconnected with his tryst, and our friend was no exception to the rule, so the click, for all it had a nasty metallic ring in it, went unheeded. If Waring heard it, he put it down to the snapping of a twig caused by the passage of some bird through the grass, and gave it no second thought. His *peon* had lagged behind to light a cheroot, and arrived at that particular spot too late to hear the sound, otherwise his suspicions might have been aroused;

but as it was, he scurried past, the snipe bobbing at his side, to catch the Assistant-Commissioner up, and was aware of nothing. The patter of his bare feet had, however, scarcely died away in the hot air before two men pressed with cautious tread through the grass and stood, side by side, near the edge of the buffalo-wallow, glaring nervously, now up and down the path, now into each other's eyes. One was the *dacoit*, Shwe Myaing, loose-limbed and slovenly, the other a shorter man, broad-shouldered and bull-necked, with the white seam of an old sword-cut across his forehead.

"Are you mad, Shwe Myaing?" whispered the latter, turning on his companion when it was clear that their presence had not been detected, with a scowl that broke up the scar on his brow into separate white ripples. "Do you want us both to be killed that you try to fire in broad daylight? Suppose you had missed the *thakin*."¹

"I should not have missed the *thakin*," returned Shwe Myaing; "I could not have missed him. How was I to know that the cap had gone bad and that the powder would not catch?" The *dacoit's* big mouth was wreathed with its habitual shame-faced grin, but on his face the beads of cold perspiration told that his courage had needed a good deal of screwing to reach the sticking-point. His breath came and went in short quick pants. It was a bitter disappointment. He had come with his leader to Thonzè early that morning, before he had properly rested from his exertions of the previous day, hoping against hope that a lucky shot at the Deputy-Commissioner or some other official would enable him to put an end for evermore to his comrades' gibes. A couple of minutes earlier it had seemed as though his chance had really come. The Assistant-Commis-

sioner, whom he had good reason to know of old, had strolled, all unheeding, past the spot where he and Bo Chet lurked, waiting for the dusk; the pressure of a finger ought to have done all that was required. Heedless of Bo Chet's admonishing gesture, he had pulled the trigger only to find himself covered with shame and obloquy. His old musket had missed fire; his price was still a paltry hundred rupees.

"And even if you had hit him," snapped the *dacoit*-leader, "what good would that have done? The police would have been on us in a moment. There would have been no getting away into the forest. Fool! I should not have let you come if I had thought you were going to risk our lives like this. You let the woman pass a while back; why should you want to fire at this one?"

"A woman! what good is there in killing a woman?" muttered Shwe Myaing. Then, suddenly remembering that his behaviour at Thayetbin had been hardly consistent with this lofty sentiment, he went on in an explanatory undertone. "That was the *wundauk*,¹ *saya-gyi*, who imprisoned me for three months last year."

"That makes no difference," was the rejoinder. "If you don't take care, you will spoil everything. You are only fit to do coolies' work and fetch in rice."

"None of the others dared go into Minywa yesterday," retorted Shwe Myaing, extracting a fresh cap with trembling fingers from a knot at the corner of his waist-cloth and fitting it with deliberation on to the nipple of his musket.

This was an undoubted fact and the *dacoit*-leader was unable to contradict it. That did not, however, hinder him from saying again in a sulky undertone: "Fool! you are only fit for coolies' work."

¹ Lord or master; equivalent to *Sahib*.

¹ Magistrate.

"Besides," Shwe Myaing went on, "even if the gun had gone off, the police would have thought it was one of the officers firing at ducks and done nothing."

"How about the *peon* then?" said Bo Chet. "Do you think he would have done nothing?"

"I should have shot him too," said Shwe Myaing, with as much assurance as though his weapon had been a double-barrelled breech-loading rifle and not a decrepit Brown Bess that never would come up to the scratch.

Bo Chet gave a short sharp incredulous laugh. "Well, let there be no more firing now," he said, "not even if we see the Deputy-Commissioner coming up the path. Remember we have come to Thonzè to get drugs, not to shoot Government officers."

Shwe Myaing made no answer, though he took the liberty of discrediting his leader's last statement. If drugs had been the sole object of Bo Chet's visit to Thonzè, that astute individual would surely have selected some day for his expedition when the Deputy-Commissioner and his party were not in the village. Of that the *dacoit* was certain, but at the moment he was not in the mood for argument, and his grunt, as he followed the great man into the remoter depths of the elephant-grass meant that, so far as he was concerned, the discussion was closed.

But of all that was going on behind his back Waring knew nothing. By the time the two *dacoits* had resettled themselves comfortably in their ambush, he had reached the village and was opposite the rest-house. There was the shimmer of a white dress in the verandah and a fair face looked down upon him as he halted for a moment at the bottom of the steps. Heriot's pony was not in the stable out by the servants' quarters. Heriot had evidently not yet returned

from his plantation, and Waring perceived that he and Ethel were likely to have some little time together undisturbed. The opportunity seemed to be the very one he wanted for saying something that he had long wished to say, something very important that he had very nearly said the evening before as he walked alone with Ethel in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XIII.

ETHEL had resumed her seat by the time Waring arrived at the top of the steps, and was fanning herself energetically with a palm-leaf fan at her brother's table.

"So you have come back alone," she exclaimed. "Are you tired?"

"No, not a bit."

"You ought to be, I'm sure. You look as though you had been wading in mud up to your waist. I'm so glad I didn't go any further with you; I should have been drowned."

"Yes, we had one or two dirty bits to cross, but of course you could have gone round them. We got some very good places."

"Won't you sit down?" she said.

"I will when I'm fit to," he made reply; "but I must get some of this stuff off." He had been scraping his boots against the side of one of the posts of the stair-rail. She watched him in silence while the flakes of dried mud fell on to the boards, and sat immersed in her own thoughts, hardly, so it seemed, aware of his presence till the boots were partially cleaned and, with a final stamp of both feet, he said, "Some of the best I've seen this year," when she appeared to collect herself and murmured: "Ah, so you got some good places, did you? How many birds did you shoot?"

"Nine brace of snipe, one of duck. I don't know what your brother's bag

is. I came home without him; he's still hard at it."

His eye, as he spoke, stole round guiltily towards the game, the greater part of which his *peon* had brought up and placed conspicuously in a corner of the verandah, but he need have had no alarm lest Ethel should take exception to the number of the slain, for she had clearly forgotten the piteous appeal she had made on behalf of the snipe earlier that morning. Her preoccupation was a little disconcerting, for the very important *something* had still to be said, and gave no promise of falling readily into words; and now that the time had come, he began to feel that without some little encouragement from her he might be forced to let this exceptional chance slip through his fingers. However, he sat down when he had finished scraping his boots and waited, patiently enough, for her to break the silence, offering up an inward prayer that she would give him some kind of help.

"Jack will be here in time for breakfast, you may be sure," said Ethel. "By the bye," she continued, "Mr. Heriot has not come back yet."

"Apparently not."

"He has been a long time, hasn't he?"

"Not very; I don't think he expected to be back till eleven."

"Didn't he say ten?"

"If you were going with him, he was going to make it ten, I believe; not otherwise."

"Oh, I thought he was coming back at ten in any case," and she wielded her fan assiduously, while her eyes wandered away to that point on the village road where a rider coming from the plantation would first be visible.

There was another pause, during which Waring, watching the direction of her glance with a vague sense of

irritation, came to the conclusion that his time had perhaps not come yet, and that, if Ethel was going to brood over Heriot's absence, he himself would be a good deal more profitably employed in changing his wet things than in sitting, speechless and impotent, in a draughty verandah; but as, suiting his action to his thought, he was stretching his stiff limbs to rise, Ethel transfixed him with,—“Mr. Waring, you know the girl Mr. Heriot used to be engaged to, don't you?”

Used to be! This was a bolt from the blue with a vengeance! In a moment Waring saw the worst of those awkward fears that he had been thrusting sedulously into the background realised in a manner all too ominous. The question left him for a moment bereft of the power of speech, but regaining command over himself, he said: “You mean Miss Dudley Devant.”

“Dudley Devant, yes, that was the name. Then it is true?”

“What?”

“That he has been engaged,—you know the girl?”

“Yes,—I mean no,—no, I don't know her myself, but my sister does, I believe, slightly. I thought he was still engaged; are you sure he is not?”

“Sure?” echoed Ethel, with a helpless little laugh. “How should I know? I know nothing but what Mr. Heriot told me yesterday. He mentioned, quite casually, that he had been engaged to this girl, and that the engagement had been broken off. It's of no consequence to any one, of course, but——”

“Broken off, is it? Really! When? Did he say when?”

“No; I was rather curious to know, but he did not say. It seems somehow so odd to think of Mr. Heriot engaged to anybody. I thought that,

as you knew the girl (he said you knew her and all about it) you might be able to enlighten me. I suppose it has been really broken off, though I'm never quite sure when Mr. Heriot is joking and when he is not. He cannot have been serious when he said you knew all about it, can he?"

"I know nothing about the breaking off. I only knew, or rather believed, that he was engaged."

"And that the engagement was still,—had not been broken off?"

"Exactly."

"Ah, I begin to see. So you did know that then; have you known it long?"

"Yes, some time, more than a month now."

"How funny! I should never have guessed. I wonder you didn't mention it to me."

"Well, it was no business of mine, you know."

"No more it was of mine, either, I suppose," laughed the girl, a trifle abashed; "but of course one likes to know things like these about one's friends, and, after all, an engagement is not an everyday occurrence. I wonder now whether he is really still engaged? Does anybody else in the Station know?"

"Not that I know of. I certainly haven't mentioned it to anybody; no more, I think, has Mr. Heriot."

"Well, there's no doubt you can keep a secret, Mr. Waring. You would have told me if you had been a girl, now wouldn't you?"

It was Waring's turn to smile. Ethel seemed to be facing the possibility of Heriot's being still engaged with such calmness that he began by degrees to recover his own equanimity and to wonder, guileless simpleton, whether the state of the Forest-Officer's affections was as immaterial to his companion as she was striving to make it out to be. "You

should know that best," he made reply. "Besides, how was I to tell that you didn't know yourself?"

"Who could have told me, pray?"

"Mr. Heriot."

"Why should he have told me?"

"Didn't he tell you himself yesterday?"

"He did, that's true; but I think he was a little surprised that you had not told me. It would have come more naturally from you. Don't laugh, Mr. Waring; if you were a girl, you would understand." And then she added, half to herself, "I'm sure I don't know what reason he could have had for being so confidential. I cannot think why it should be specially interesting to me of all people to know that he is, or, at any rate, has been, engaged?"

Ethel's last words made her hearer's heart pulsate with a new hope, and sent a sudden determination flashing through his brain. A sane man would, after what had gone before, have deferred saying what he wanted to say to a more favourable opportunity, but for the moment Waring had succumbed to the most imbecile of impulses. He ignored the inconsistency manifest in the girl's last words; he did not notice the slight suspicion of pique that underlay them; he was blind to the troubled look that a keen observer would have noticed stealing across her face. He could only think how sweet that face looked as it stood out from the dark background of teak wall behind, and resolve with idiotic perversity that now, if ever, the hour for speaking out his mind had come. Now that it was evident that Heriot was free, the necessity for prompt action was all the more urgent. Time and place, it seemed to him, were both auspicious, and in Heriot's engagement a subject had been touched upon which bordered closely on the one he was waiting for an occasion to

raise. The transition from one to the other would, he knew, be easy enough for anyone with a little tact, and as he sat and rubbed aimlessly at the dry mud with which his stockings were coated, he cursed himself for the ineptitude that hindered him from making this golden opportunity his own. But mental self-castigation, though of the fiercest, has never yet of itself produced either a happy flow of ideas or a felicitous capacity of expression. Nothing came to him, as he rubbed, in the way of an inspiration, and in the end he was driven to making by a sadly circuitous route for the point he desired to reach.

"It is very jolly here, isn't it?" he began, after several false starts and much preliminary clearing of the throat.

"Very," she made answer.

"I've liked this little trip very much indeed," he continued, casting about desperately for an idea that would draw the thread of talk in the right direction. "I think it has been most successful."

"I am glad; I hoped that you would," said Ethel impassively, gazing straight in front of her. Nothing could have shown more plainly that she was paying but little heed to what her companion said, than her failure to find anything remarkable in the abrupt change in the conversation.

He plunged blindly on, speaking as though in a dream and barely listening to her replies. "I've enjoyed the last two days more than any I've spent since I came down from Minmyo, and I must say I have had a first-rate time at Tatkin."

She looked at him for a moment and then away again, while he went on, feeling that each fresh remark of his was more insane than the one that had preceded it. "You may not believe it, Miss Smart, but I shall be

really almost sorry to go on leave next month."

He stopped, with a glance at Ethel, and a faint hope that he might be spurred to speech by some echo of the sentiments she had graciously vouchsafed the day before when the subject of his departure had been discussed; but there was no look or word of encouragement from his companion to help him now. Ethel barely moved her eyes away from the distant prospect, and murmured mechanically: "Yes, we shall all miss you, I'm sure." Obviously there was no chance of her coming to his assistance.

"I should not mind so much," he pursued doggedly, "if I could be sure of being sent back to Tatkin when my leave is up, but I don't suppose I shall have any such luck. I expect I shall go back to Lower Burmah. It's enough to make one feel inclined to chuck one's leave."

"Well, I suppose you can cancel it, can't you?" she said, turning her head towards him.

He sat silent for a space. "Yes, I can, of course," he answered at last; "and what's more, I would, if I could only——"

But here she interrupted him hurriedly: "Oh, but it would be a great pity to do that." There was a dawn of prescience on her face by this time. The listless look had vanished from it as though by magic; in a moment she had become keen-eyed and alert.

"I shouldn't mind a bit," he repeated, "if I could be sure of getting back to Tatkin and of——"

"Of what?" she asked after a pause, reluctantly, as though she only spoke because he was waiting for her to do so.

"Of seeing you again." The words came out with an effort.

"Oh, don't say that, Mr. Waring," exclaimed Ethel now thoroughly roused

to herself and inspired with a sudden hope of being able to combat sentiment with flippancy. "Don't say that! The world is small, and Burmah, whatever the Burmans may say to the contrary, is even smaller. We shall be cleverer than most people if we can avoid running up against each other in the future."

"In the future, yes, but it may not be the same then," he persisted.

"Why not?" she laughed, with a renewed attempt at sprightliness that to a listener would have seemed very strained. "We shall both be a little more decrepit perhaps, but——"

"It may be very different,—more than that I mean,—things may have changed utterly for both of us. I'm afraid it will never be quite,—quite——"

"I don't see why it shouldn't be quite the same," she exclaimed.

"Ah, but you don't understand me," he exclaimed. "Who knows what but what by that time——"

"Good morning, Miss Smart."

Heaven only knows what tender admissions the emotion of the moment might have wrung from Waring, if these words, uttered in a sportive bellow, had not sounded behind his shoulder, almost in his ear. He turned with an angry start (for even the mildest of men resents being rudely burst in upon when he is wrought to the highest pitch of tremulous anticipation) and became aware of a crimson countenance, rising into sight like an aldermanic harvest-moon, over the topmost ridge of the verandah-steps.

"Good morning, Mr. Mullintosh," cried Ethel, with sudden and unfeigned alacrity. "Whoever would have thought of seeing you here!"

"Ah, I thought you would be surprised," replied the Policeman, leering genially at the couple in the verandah. "Morning, Waring, how

are you? Fact is, Miss Smart, I spent last night at Minywa, close by, and hearing you were all here, I thought I'd run over and see how you were getting along."

"Well, we're very glad to see you," said Ethel. "Come and sit down, do. You'll stop to breakfast, I hope."

"Whatever took you to Minywa?" asked Waring, not, it must be confessed, very graciously.

"Guess," said Mullintosh.

"Not Bo Chet again?"

"The very same, my son. A man came in yesterday, soon after you'd left, to say that one of our friend's gang had been seen that morning in Minywa making himself jolly comfortable, in one of the monastery *zayats* if you please, so I nipped over yesterday evening with half-a-dozen mounted men."

"Any luck?" asked Waring. He was doing his best to suppress his indignation at the unceremonious interruption of a conversation which had promised to be so interesting, but he found the task a difficult one.

"Luck? No fear!" replied Mullintosh, seating himself astride of a chair and resting his elbows on its back. "Not a sign of the beggar anywhere, and nothing to be got out of the *pongyi*¹ or the villagers. Made one of them as an example over to Maung Kyi to be interrogated out of my sight, but it was no good; no information would the sinner give, though he squealed like a good 'un every time old Blunderbuss jogged his memory. I wasn't supposed to be within earshot, of course, but I heard a good deal. I expect the informer must have been dreaming, for the old buster in charge of the *kyauing* is a decent quiet sort of chap, who will have nothing to say to bad characters."

"Are they *dacoits* that you're

¹ Priest or monk.

talking about?" asked Ethel, to whom most of what the Policeman said was Greek.

"Ay, surely, as bad as they make 'em, Miss Smart."

"Some of the headman's people here are suspected of being in with Bo Chet," observed Waring. "The late chap's brother is a friend of his, Smart says."

"By Jove," exclaimed Mullintosh, "I should like to put Maung Kyi on to the late chap's brother for half an hour or so to see what he could extract from him with his divining-rod! Can't though here, I suppose," he added, with a wink at Waring. "'Twouldn't do, eh? Well, I'll see what I can do after breakfast; I must see Smart first. Been out after the wily snipe, eh? Thought I heard popping as I came along. What do you think of the *jheels*? Not so bad, are they? What have you got?"

"Twenty head of game altogether, —nine brace of snipe. I don't know what Smart's got."

"Smart's not back yet, I suppose. Where's the great Heriot? He's with you, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's gone off to inspect a plantation."

"All by his little self? Fancy now! Why didn't you go too, Miss Smart, to look after him?"

"I went out with Mr. Waring and my brother to see the snipe-shooting," replied Ethel composedly. She did not, much to Waring's amazement, seem to resent Mullintosh's tone of easy familiarity.

"Oh, did you? Awfully sporting of you," continued the latter. "Will I have anything? Thanks, I shouldn't say *no* to a peg. I've had an uncommon thirsty ride. By Jove, you're comfortable here, Miss Smart,—all the luxuries of the season. I see I've fallen on my legs."

"I think I'll go and change," said

Waring a few minutes later as he perceived Smart's thick-set figure in the distance swinging along towards the rest-house, and realised that there was no immediate prospect of renewing his conversation with Ethel. Mullintosh was in a chair beside the girl with a long tumbler of whiskey and soda-water in his hand, holding forth at the top of his voice on the superlative qualities of the ground that had been shot over that morning, and Ethel was listening, smiling and animated, to his blatant utterances. Waring gazed at her half reproachfully as he drew the curtain of the bed-room behind him. He could not make out what it was that was moving her to act so waywardly; her alternate fits of moodiness and mirth mystified him. Early that morning she had been as cheery and benignant as she well could be; two hours later he had found her, on his return from the snipe-grounds, apathetic and dull, with hardly a word to say for herself. Again, when the sentimental references to his departure had marked the tenor of his thoughts, there had been renewed attention and (it seemed to him) a sudden glad light in her eye. Yet, when encouraged by her words and looks, he had begun to speak out his mind, she had been unable to disguise her relief at Mullintosh's boisterous interruption. This succession of ups and downs was something his slow-moving male mind was quite unable to keep pace with.

Puzzled as Waring was to know how to account for Miss Smart's vicissitudes of feeling, his conception of its causes was scarcely less vague than Ethel's. She felt worried and vexed, but tried hard to persuade herself that she knew not exactly why. The reason was not, however, really very difficult to discover. Although she had so pointedly disclaimed all interest in the affairs of Heriot's heart, she

could not honestly disguise from herself the fact that what he had told her the evening before about his engagement to Miss Dudley Devant had left behind it an impression that was not to be erased at a moment's notice. Up till then she had steadily avoided trying to analyse her feelings towards the impenetrable Forest-Officer, and even now would have met the suggestion that her liking for him was anything out of the common with an unqualified denial. Still, shut her eyes as she would, matters had reached a stage with her at which the new knowledge that Heriot's affections had been bestowed elsewhere had had the effect almost of a personal slight. Despite the doubts she had expressed she fully believed that he was now free; none the less she would not have been sorry to solace herself that morning with the visible assurance that there was someone beside Heriot who really prized her friendship,—if only she could be certain that that someone would not go too far, would be reasonable. It was more than anything the sudden fear that Waring might fail in moderation that made her so ready to welcome Mullintosh's interposition. It would have been horrid, she assured herself, to have to be nasty to one whom she so thoroughly liked as Waring; but even while Heriot's treatment of her rankled in her mind she felt certain that she could not give the right reply to the question she had half feared Waring was going to put to her. She would not, however, have admitted all this, even to herself. All she was certain of was that she was troubled that morning and unsettled. All things seemed to her for the moment to be tangled and awry. She wanted time to look about her, and re-adjust her ideas, and not knowing what to expect from Waring, she clung to the big voluble Policeman as to some

rough storm-battered rock in a troublous sea.

CHAPTER XIV.

"DINNER is ready, Jack," said Ethel. "We must make haste over it, for the poor servants will have a lot to do washing up and packing the things before they can get away, and those carts are so slow."

She was sitting in the verandah of the rest-house in the fast-gathering twilight, with Waring on one side and Heriot on the other. The table was laid for the evening meal; the cloth gleamed white through the dusk; they had been waiting for Smart and Mullintosh to begin. After dinner they were all going to ride home to Tatkin by the light of the moon which had just begun to send up a golden glow behind the black tree-tops. The day had been spent by the three in the verandah for the most part in idleness. Waring had made a faint-hearted effort to finish his report on the pagoda, but had thrown up the work in disgust before he had written ten lines of fresh matter. All settled occupation filled him with loathing. He was restless and ill at ease, always feverishly watching for an opportunity of renewing his interrupted conversation with Ethel, and always watching in vain. Heriot, his morning inspection over, made no pretence of anything approaching industry, but sat and smoked through the heat of the day near Ethel, and when, in the cool of the afternoon, the latter went out, bore her and Waring company, talking but little, calmly complacent, but as careful as Waring was never to let the girl out of his sight. To an impartial spectator the vigilance of the pair, the impatient disquietude of the one, the serene tenacity of purpose of the other, would have afforded a divert-

ing spectacle ; and the humour of the situation was not entirely lost upon Ethel as she wandered up to the pagoda with her two companions that still sunny afternoon. But she was the only one who profited by the little exhibition ; the other two men of the party were far too busy to give a thought to the comedy that was progressing under their eyes. The importance of the news which Mullintosh had brought had led Smart to detain him in Thonzè for the day, and after the two had overhauled the books in the police-station together they subjected the villagers to a minute and searching cross-examination regarding the redoubtable Bo Chet, whose pestilential presence in the neighbourhood they had every reason to suspect. They had just returned, when Ethel spoke, from a visit to Maung Waik, the unsuccessful candidate for the headmanship, whose relations with the *dacoit*-leader were unquestionably of a very doubtful character, and they were full of their recent interview as they mounted the steps of the rest-house.

"All right, Ethel," exclaimed Smart in answer to his sister. "You can tell them to bring dinner whenever you like ; Mullintosh and I are quite ready. You noticed his face while I was speaking, didn't you, Mullintosh ?"

"You bet,—shifty beast ! I'll lay ten gold *mohurs* he knows as well as anything where the beggar is."

"Who's that, Maung Waik ?" asked Waring.

"Yes," said Smart ; "I've been questioning him about Bo Chet. The brute was as sulky as a bear with a sore head, and wouldn't say a word. I'm certain that, if he hasn't actually been harbouring him, he knows where he's in hiding. Apparently his wife is some relation of Bo Chet's ; she's one of the lot that has been deported to Sagaing. I wish I'd known it earlier ;

I can't imagine why the *myo-ök*¹ didn't tell me."

"He'd never dare to harbour him with the police-station so close," exclaimed Waring.

"I don't know so much about that," said Mullintosh. "In fact, I don't mind betting that ten minutes after we've all cleared out of the village, Bo Chet will be hobnobbing with Maung Waik in his back verandah."

"You think so ?" said Smart. "Well, look here, tell the head-constable to pay a surprise-visit there an hour or so after the last of us have gone. Or stay, we'll organise the little surprise ourselves. I can't help thinking some of the police have an inkling of what goes on in the village. We'll start, as we intended, after dinner, and in an hour or so's time, when the servants have got well away, we'll ride back and look in on Maung Waik and see at the same time whether proper guard is kept at the police-station."

"And what's to become of poor me while you're *dacoit*-hunting ?" enquired Ethel in plaintive protest.

"Oh the deuce, I forgot you," ejaculated Smart curtly, in a tone that brought a glow to his sister's face. "Here, Heriot, you wouldn't mind seeing my sister home, would you, while I come back to the village with Mullintosh and Waring to reconnoitre ?"

"I think you're very rude, Jack," exclaimed Ethel emphatically. "I'm sure I don't want to be a nuisance ; I can easily ride home by myself."

"Oh bless you, Heriot will like it," returned the unabashed Smart. "Won't you, Heriot ?"

"Is it necessary to ask ?" replied the Forest-Officer, with a gracious inclination towards Ethel. There was a ring of such genuine satisfac-

¹ The native officer in charge of a district under the Assistant-Commissioner.

tion in his voice that the look of mortification almost died away from the girl's face, and she was able to acknowledge his speech with a grateful smile. The exchange of glances was not lost upon Waring, who, at the thought of the long ride which Heriot would thus be enabled to have alone in Ethel's company, silently relegated Bo Chet and all his followers and supporters, together with his own ill-bred superior officer, to the bottomless pit. His reflections would certainly not have been sweetened could he at that moment have read Heriot's thoughts, and been made aware of the resolve which the latter forthwith took to make the utmost of the magnificent opportunities that had been placed thus unexpectedly within his grasp. His rival had had his turn that morning at the snipe-grounds, and had apparently failed to further his suit. To himself it had now been given to plead his cause in the romantic moonlit watches of the night; and he had by this time really made up his mind.

"Come along, let's get to dinner," continued Smart, as the panting servants mounted the steps, laden with plates of soup. "Sit down, you chaps, will you? Where's the lamp, Ramaswamy?"

"Yes, sir, bringing, sir," replied Smart's Madras boy breathlessly; and when the five were seated and had started eating their tinned soup he descended again to the lower regions and re-appeared, carrying a white-globed paraffin lamp, which he placed on the table in front of his master, darting off immediately afterwards for the whiskey.

"Very poor light, that," said the host as he gazed critically at the dim flame. "Can you fellows see to eat at the other end of the table? I thought not; you're quite in the dark, Mullintosh. Turn the lamp up,

Ramaswamy. Where's he gone to? Below again? Bringing up the drinks, I suppose. Come, we must see the way to our mouths."

He rose from his seat as he spoke and turned up the wick, till the flame of the lamp shone out clear and white and illumined his broad forehead and deeply furrowed cheeks with a startling refulgence. Waring watched him with listless eyes, only half aware of how under the heightened glare the Deputy-Commissioner's clean-shaven face stood out ever more and more distinct against the dark sky-line behind. He was turning his gaze away to his plate when the sharp crack of a rifle from outside roused him rudely to a full and sudden perception of his surroundings. Simultaneously the globe of the lamp clicked angrily, and a sharp scalding pain near his right shoulder brought him to his feet with a start. As he rose, something swayed slowly forward at his side, and he turned, to see Smart lying in the bright glare, face downwards on the white table cloth, quite still, with a ruddy stain spreading out round him. Before the startled diners had fully realised what had happened, a second rifle-shot, which pealed up through the wooden floor at their feet, told that the sentry below had been prompt to respond to the challenge from the jungle. Then followed a scurrying of bare feet, a barking of dogs, and a confused babel of voices outside, and while Ethel sprang towards Smart, Heriot and Mullintosh, leaping to their feet, clattered noisily down the verandah steps. Waring who was still dazed with the shock of his wound, was slower in quitting the table, and as he staggered unsteadily after the other two he became aware of Ethel's face gazing up at him, piteous and white in the lamp-light. She was kneeling by her brother's side.

"Don't go too, Mr. Waring," she wailed, catching hold of his sleeve. "Stop with me, stop, please! Help me to look after him,—lift up his head,—he doesn't move! Oh poor Jack, poor Jack!"

They lifted up the sunken head from where it lay pillowed on the cloth, and Waring tried as best he could with his uninjured arm to staunch the flow of blood and to force a spoonful of whiskey between the white lips, but it was of no avail. The Deputy-Commissioner's body lay like a log in their arms; his jaws were firmly clenched, and the ragged puncture in the breast of his *khaki* jacket told a tale there was no misconstruing. There could be no hope with a bullet-hole there, and Waring felt that Ethel had realised this almost at the first glance, for when he at length desisted from his fruitless efforts she looked up with a gaze of blank despair into his face.

"Do you think there is any chance of——" she began in a hoarse whisper, and when he slowly shook his head she went on: "I thought not. Poor old boy! Poor old boy!" A moment later she winced as though in pain and exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Waring, I was so cross with him a moment ago,—before this, you know—because he was rude to me. He was rude, wasn't he? It seems so wrong of me now."

Waring was silent. He reflected that his own last sentiments towards the dead man he now held in his arms were not of a nature calculated to soothe his conscience. Nothing was said for a short space during which Ethel, still kneeling, stroked the still head that lay on her breast. Then she looked up and said:

"I can't believe it. Who could have done it? Who could have dared?"

"It must have been Bo Chet, or

one of his lot," replied Waring; "no one else would have dared. We shall know directly," he went on, "for it sounds as though they had got the man who fired the shot. I'll go and see, shall I?" And he attempted to rise, but in doing so he rested for a moment on his wounded arm, and the acute pain which the pressure occasioned made him drop back with a groan of anguish.

"What is the matter?" asked Ethel, and then, for the first time, observing the condition of his left arm which was saturated with blood, she cried, "It's,—it's your own then! Are you hurt too?"

"I was hit at the same time," he replied; "they must have used slugs. I'm afraid the bone is broken, but I'm not sure. That's better," and he struggled laboriously to his feet. "I must go down to see what is being done."

"Oh please don't leave me," entreated the girl. "Can't you wait till the others come back?"

"I'm afraid not. They may not come back for a long time; they may go straight off after the *dacoits*; they may want me. I won't be a minute, not a second longer than I can help. I'll send Ramaswamy up, if you like."

"No, don't," she cried after him. "Come back yourself quick."

The wavering flicker of a couple of hurricane-lanterns guided the Treasury-Officer across the dusk to where Mullintosh and Heriot with some Burman police and a few scared villagers stood, talking eagerly, round an object that rested motionless on the grass. It was a Burman in a dirty white jacket and scanty waist-cloth, a long-limbed, ill-favoured creature who lay gazing wide-eyed and mute at the little group that encircled him. He had been shot through the body by the sentry on guard five seconds after emptying into the mess-house verandah the contents of the

muzzle-loader now lying harmless by his side.

"It was a great piece of luck the beggar wore a white jacket, otherwise there would have been nothing to tell the sentry where he was," Mullintosh was saying as Waring came up. "As it was, it was a bit of a fluke bringing him down in the dark like this. Who is the sentry, Maung Kyi? He's not a Thonzè man, is he? I seem to have seen him lately in Tatkin."

"He is a Thonzè man, sir," replied the sergeant, "but he has been at head-quarters for training. His name is Shwe Zin, a third-class constable."

"I thought I knew his face. A Thonzè man, is he, and third-class? Well, my lad, you're in luck; if you're not a first-class constable before the month is out it won't be my fault."

"Do they know who it is?" asked Waring, joining the group.

"It's Bo Chet himself, at least, so these chaps swear," said Mullintosh.

Waring glanced down at the recumbent *dacoit*, who uttered no sound, but turned a pair of pleading eyes up to him like a beast in pain. "Not a bit of it," he said, after a short scrutiny, "it's no more Bo Chet than I am. It's a man I gave three months to at Minmyo last year. Shwe Myaing, I think his name is."

"Ah, our Thayetbin friend!" exclaimed Mullintosh. "Well, even that's not so bad; at any rate he's one of Bo Chet's lot."

"Whoever he is," observed Waring grimly, "he has done for poor old Smart."

"Good God!" ejaculated Mullintosh, "I'd almost forgotten about Smart! You don't mean to say he's—he's killed him! Are you sure?"

"Certain,—right through the heart. He hasn't moved a finger since. Come back with me to the rest-house, will you, and see?"

"I will; but look here, we must

lose no time in going after the gang, whether he's dead or not. The sentry says he only saw one man; but if that's one of Bo Chet's happy family the rest ought to be somewhere near. The dirty scoundrels! We'll rout the whole village out and scour the jungle,—but I must have a look at Smart first. He may not really be done for after all. Come along! Hullo! were you hit too, old man?" he exclaimed on a sudden, as the light from one of the lanterns played on Waring's blood-stained arm.

"Yes; I've got something just below my left shoulder, a slug, I think. It feels as though the arm were broken."

"The deuce it does," growled Mullintosh, as they hurried hot-foot towards the rest-house; "that's awkward."

The dying *dacoit* lay perfectly still on the grass in the centre of a gathering crowd. His life-blood was ebbing fast; nothing moved but his eyes, which wandered ceaselessly round the ring of pitiless scared faces. For a while no one spoke or touched him. The throng seemed to look upon the wounded man as a ghastly curiosity, as something to be inspected from a distance but not to be approached inadvisedly. Then some one, a friend of Shwe Zin, exclaimed in an audible congratulatory undertone, "It will be a hundred rupees, Shwe Zin," and a man on the fringe of the crowd laughed. Shwe Myaing's eyes sought and rested on the speaker and he opened his lips, as though to say something, but no sound issued. Then his head fell back and he closed his eyes. He was not dead yet, but the bystanders could see that his hours were numbered even before they set about lifting him up to carry him to the police-station. Poor Shwe Myaing! He had achieved his ambition of the moment, but at what cost?

The Deputy-Commissioner lay dead in the rest-house verandah, but he was never to know it; the mouths of the scoffers had been stopped, but so, alas, had his own. It was not to be his to witness the casting down of the scornful.

Prominent among those who helped to bear him to the station was Shwe Zin, third-class constable, late from head-quarters and the Municipal market, whose breast was swelling with an elation that threatened to burst his tight *khaki* jacket. Happy third-class constable! He too, like the man whose ankles he so lovingly hugged, had secured the great wish of his heart, but, unlike his victim, he was destined to live to enjoy his good fortune. He plodded onward through the dusk, walking on air, oblivious of the weight on his arms, blind to all things external. Before his eyes danced ravishing visions of the entertainment he was going to give at Thonzè; he could hear the banging of the band and see the *prima donna's* contortions. A hundred rupees! What a show he was going to have for that! Dancers from Mandalay, food unlimited, an entertainment such as had never yet been seen in Thonzè! One hundred rupees! Perhaps now they might make it two! What was that they were saying about the Deputy-Commissioner's being hit? They ought to make it two if the Deputy-Commissioner died. Surely if he did die, it would be two. Perhaps in any case! At any rate the hundred rupees were certain; and a first-class constableness to boot. Had not the District-Superintendent said so? There was one light-hearted man in the village that night; but not many more, it is to be feared.

"That's awkward," said Mullintosh a second time as he and Waring neared the rest-house. "In that case you had better not come with us after

the beggars. I tell you what you had better do, if you're up to it, that is, get Miss Smart home as soon as you can; she can do no good here. If Smart is really finished off, you might take him in too. There's no knowing how long we may be out after the gang. Besides you'll have to have your arm looked to. You send us out baggage and stores from Tatkin, couldn't you?"

The last words were uttered as they reached the foot of the rest-house steps. Here they halted for Mullintosh to issue a few brief orders to the sergeant who had followed them. Then all three mounted the steps softly and entered the verandah in awed silence.

Ethel had not moved from her brother's head since Waring had left her. She rose to her feet, however, as the three men approached and watched while first Mullintosh and then Heriot stooped over the body to try and detect some sign of life. As each of them raised his head she looked earnestly into his eyes in the hope that she might trace in them some sign of comfort, but there was no spark of encouragement in their gloomy faces. Then she sat down dumb and dry-eyed while Mullintosh addressed her quietly. Waring marvelled to see how a few minutes had sufficed to transform the noisy tactless lout into a clear-headed resolute man of action.

"Miss Smart," he said, "we think it is best that you should get back to Tatkin as soon as possible. I am afraid we can do nothing for your brother, but of course we are not medical men, and if anything can be done for him it will be better done at Tatkin than here, and therefore we want to get him there without delay. Of course you will go with him. There is a cart all ready below which could take him in to Tatkin in a

reasonably short time. Mr. Waring will see you safely home. Will you get ready for the ride? I am sorry we cannot stop with you, but we have to try to get to the bottom of this matter. You understand, don't you?"

She uttered not a word, but rose obediently and turned away to the inner bedroom. When she had drawn the curtain behind her, however, the three men in the verandah heard her pent-up emotion burst out in a muffled choking torrent of sobs.

"This is a damned bad business, you chaps; I wish to God it had been one of us," said Mullintosh in a husky voice walking to the edge of the verandah and gazing out into the moonlight. "Are those men ready?" he shouted in Burmese a moment later to some one below, and on receiving a reply he turned again to his companions. "Come along, Heriot," he said. "The police are all ready. They will have torches at the station and we shall see then whether we can find any tracks, though I doubt whether it won't be a wild-goose chase. I've told them to bring our ponies after us, for we may have to ride. Waring, you'll see her safely home, won't you,—and him? There's a cart all ready. I've told two constables off to accompany you; it's just as well to have them. Good-bye, old man; don't forget to send us out some stores to-morrow."

He disappeared down the steps, with Heriot, who had not uttered a word, following him mechanically. Waring watched their attendant lights waver and glance towards the further end of the village and vanish into the jungle. Then he turned round with a sigh. He was alone with Ethel in the rest-house.

His first care was for the proper disposal of Smart's body. The servants were clustered below the back

verandah chattering in a hushed undertone to the two policemen who were to accompany him to Tatkin. These latter he called up to him and between them they conveyed the corpse down the steps and laid it gently on a bed of straw in one of the carts which were to have conveyed the party's effects that evening from Thonzè. This kindly office completed, he gave a few rapid instructions to the servants and returned to the verandah. The table was there as it had stood when Smart was shot. The lamp still shone brightly on the glasses and plates, and on the dark stain that defiled the whiteness of the cloth at one end of the table. He hurriedly hid this ghastly relic from view with a couple of table-napkins, but the sight of it so unnerved him that he was fain to pour himself out a wineglassful of neat spirit and gulp it down. His arm had been paining him and he had been feeling sick and giddy, but the fiery draught revived him almost instantaneously. Then for a while he stood silent and listened waiting for a sound from Ethel.

"Are you ready to go, Miss Smart?" he asked at length, stepping up to the door of the inner room.

No reply came from within, but presently the curtain was drawn back and Ethel came out into the lamp-light. She looked haggard and careworn, her face was tear-stained, but her eyes were now dry and her mouth firm. The first paroxysm of grief was over, and she was perfectly calm and collected. "I'm ready," she said; "shall we start? Have you taken him downstairs?" for she saw that her brother's body was no longer there.

"Yes," he replied; "we have laid him in the cart below. But wait one moment; won't you take something to eat and drink before you go? You

will be quite faint before you get home if you don't."

"Yes, you are right. I will take a bit of this bread and a little soup. I think there is some port in that bottle over there; I should like a little, please. You are taking something yourself, aren't you? Why, your arm is bad! Let me see if I can do anything for you."

And before she would touch the wine which he brought her, she insisted on binding up his wound and seeing that his arm was made as comfortable as possible. He suffered her to busy herself about him, seeing that she welcomed eagerly any occupation that would take her out of herself, and keep her mind from what was lying downstairs in the cart.

"I suppose you would like to go in the cart at your brother's side," he said when all was ready, and they stood together at the head of the steps. "You are not up to riding home, I expect."

"No," she said softly; "but don't ride far from me, Mr. Waring. Pro-

mise to keep close to me all the way home, won't you?"

Waring gave the required promise and they were on the point of descending the steps together when she shrank closer to him and murmured: "Have they got the man who did it?"

"Yes, the sentry shot him,—the second shot we heard, you know. I don't suppose he will live till the morning."

"How horrible!" she whispered, half to herself, and then turning her haggard face up to his she added: "He is not below, is he,—that man? I sha'n't see him if I go downstairs?"

"No, no, that will be all right," Waring made answer. "They will have taken him to the police-station by this time."

"You are quite certain? I couldn't bear it."

"Quite."

"Come along then, let us go."

Thus it came to pass that after all Waring rode home that evening alone with Ethel through the moonlight.

(To be continued.)

TWO CHAPTERS OF IRISH HISTORY.

(1598 AND 1798.)

I.

IF the Martians wished to punish our planet, they would first endeavour to detach the moon from its present enforced alliance. Ireland, as satellite to England, had a similar fascination for the Spain of Philip the Second and for the French of the Directory; while the interest of 1598 as of 1798, depends upon the historic setting. The fascination for Philip was inevitable. The extirpation of heretics had been his father's final and paramount command; and a generation before the Armada the concurrent future of Papal Supremacy in Ireland and in Rome had formed the subject of prophecy. The Pope had excommunicated Elizabeth and formulated a holy war against England; while, as in the earlier days of the Knight Templars and in the later days of Father John, a short cut to Heaven was assured to the Catholic crusader. The Vatican had also a peculiar and personal interest in Ireland, whose conquest by Henry the Second had been affected under its special sanction, and John of Salisbury had brought the English King an emerald ring as token of investiture. If, in 1898 our Queen were really Defender of the Faith, Great Britain and Ireland, like Cuba, would still be in the gift of the Feudal Lord of all Islands.

To Spain Ireland was a kind of Transvaal with Galway for its Delagoa Bay, and Waterford and Cork for a maritime Johannesburg and Pretoria. In this parallel, Philip

takes by right of descent the part of Emperor of Germany; while, even in the glowing sunset of Gloriana, England can find a Laing's Nek at Glenmalur and a Majuba Hill at Blackwater. The cause of our discomfiture in each case was the same. In the unwritten code of Brehon and Boer clemency is the diplomatic name for cowardice; and, yet worse than misguided clemency, we had despised our enemies and trusted too much to what in our own time has been called the standing luck of the British Army. In the earlier days of Queen Elizabeth Shan O'Neill and the Desmonds led their men with skean and pike against the firearms of the English soldiery, with the same results, on a small scale, as befell the Mexicans and Incas at the hands of Cortes and Pizarro.

Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, changed all that, and equipped his men with the best firearms then in use. Like President Kruger he had learnt the power of England under English rule; but unlike the Dutchman he was broad-minded and a gentleman. He made an honourable love-match with the sister of Sir Henry Bagenall, but the English knight had vowed vengeance. Forced into revolt by this vindictive brother-in-law, who slowly undermined the good-will of Elizabeth (formed from personal recollection at her own court), Tyrone met his hated relative at the Yellow Ford of the Blackwater in August, 1598. Sir Henry Bagenall was killed; the English were panic-stricken; fifteen hundred soldiers and

thirteen officers were shot down, and thirty-four flags captured with all the ammunition and baggage. With a force scarcely equal to the English the O'Neill had inflicted a loss on them five times as great as the Boers inflicted with far superior numbers in 1881.

The lesson of 1598 lies in its historic environment. Why was the victory of O'Neill abortive, with all Ireland leagued loyally to him? Why was the rebellion of 1798 abortive? The key to both is the same,—the key which will close or unclosed to all nations the heaven of success or the hell of failure—the command of the sea.

The battle of Blackwater should have been fought ten years earlier to have wrought any real service for Ireland. Had Santa Cruz lived a few months longer, had the Armada in consequence sailed in January, when Parma was ready and we were not, the fortunes of mankind, which in Ranke's phrase lay then in the balance, might have dipped finally in favour of Catholicism. But the south-west wind completed the work of Gravelines with grim irony, and the noble fleet, which in 1598 would have secured Ireland for O'Neill, served as spoil for the wreckers of Kerry or the crags of Connemara. Misfortunes followed thick and fast, and the murder of the Guises, the slow uprisal of the Netherlands, and the death of Philip completed the ruin of what was grandiloquently styled the Enterprise of England.

All through 1588 Tyrone had trimmed with the chances of the hour; and ten years later, when he had slain his revengeful kinsman, he was still ready to make a permanent peace. Essex had been sent against him with the largest English army that Ireland had ever seen. O'Neill owed his earldom to Essex, with whom

therefore he had no difficulty in arriving at an equitable truce, which was highly necessary to the English forces; as a matter of fact Devereux, brave and capable elsewhere, had for the second time failed completely in Ireland. This truce, however, found no favour with Elizabeth, who sent the merciless Montjoy to ravage the land with fire and famine,—a debt which, it may be mentioned in passing, was amply repaid to his descendant in 1798. From a chain of forts he sent out movable columns which seamed the land with scars; women, maddened with hunger, ate children whom they had enticed and murdered, and men were found with their mouths green with the docks and nettles on which they had subsisted. After eight years even he made fair terms with Tyrone, and it was not till 1607 that intrigues at court effected the ruin which had been defied in the field. O'Neill fled to Rome, and died a blind and broken-hearted old man. After the battle of the Yellow Ford, all Ireland was willing to follow him; but the command of the sea had passed to England ten years earlier, and with it all real hope for Irish freedom.

II.

AN old proverb warns us that

He who would England win
In Ireland must begin.

In February, 1796, the French Directory gladdened Wolfe Tone with the declaration that, unless Ireland could be separated from England, the latter was invulnerable. The narrow seas, which had baffled the champion of Papal Rome, were now to stem the Republican lava-stream which was to submerge Europe and the Vatican, to leave Spain a name and Italy a geographical expression. The Irish rebellion of

1798, organised with all the mechanical ability of Wolfe Tone and his graduated brotherhood of United Irishmen, was for want of adhesion less dangerous in itself than the rising of Tyrone. The sympathies of the Scotch for the original Scoti was ever a mote in the eye of Elizabeth, magnified to a beam by the judicial murder of Mary Stuart. Pitt had Scotland heart and soul with England, and with him in particular; while the antipathies of North and South, of Ulster and Munster, of Orangeman and Catholic made Ireland as divided in 1798 as the United States were in 1861. The amalgam of Great Britain offered also a less abrasive surface to the wear and tear of rebel and republican than either Celt or Saxon in his elemental simplicity. This was what Pitt rightly relied on; and yet it was indeed the freak of fate that the great economist and peace-lover should be, for the last dozen years of his life, the most lavish War-Minister that the world has ever seen. However he got his money's worth in a United Kingdom. The Bank of England might suspend payment, the sailors at the Nore might mutiny, but "the pilot who weathered the storm" stood ready with three hundred thousand soldiers, one hundred and fifty thousand sailors, and eight hundred ships of war. He had been as niggardly with soldiers for Ireland as Elizabeth with ammunition for Drake, but at the last moment the Guards and Militia were poured across to save Camden and Clare from the victorious advance of Father John. This priest is undoubtedly the most outrageous blackguard of the Rebellion, as Lord Edward Fitzgerald was the most picturesque, and Wolfe Tone the most dangerous.

There is a schoolboy legend of this rendering of a well-known line,

The virgin tribute paid by howling Tory.

Such might well be the title of Mr. Stead's *Topic of the Month* in THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS for last July. His facts must have been made in Ireland, the place where the Tories come from and even the Castlereaghs. General Lake, the brave and generous descendant of Launcelot (whose Anglicisation of Asiatic cavalry is one of the lasting glories of the British army) is described as a "truculent ruffian," while "free quarters" is described as a diabolical plan of Castlereagh to rouse the Irish to an impotent struggle by the ruin of their women. Mr. Stead seems to forget that rebellions are neither made nor quenched with rose-water. Pitt was fully informed that the storm was about to break. Lake had a month only to prevent it, and he did so; hence the lasting hatred of the Irish atrocity-mongers. To quell five million Irish he had less than six English regiments; the rest of his forty thousand men scattered over the country were two-thirds Irish yeomanry and one-third Irish militia, who would neither have committed nor allowed the alleged ill-treatment of their countrywomen. The inventions of Mr. Stead are therefore as impossible as they are improbable. The rebels were roughly handled, and it was the only way of safety. As it was, Father John was at one time nearer winning Dublin than Prince Charlie was to winning London when he had reached Derby, while two months later Lake was actually defeated by General Humbert with the small French army that had at last arrived; and it was only the new troops and Cornwallis that caused the final overthrow at Ballinamuck. Henceforth Cornwallis was supplied with ever-increasing troops until he found himself able to loosen the reins of martial law which had been necessary to Lake.

The Irish were utterly cowed. Two

years earlier all might have been different, but since 1796 much had happened. The alliance against us of the three most powerful fleets,—French, Dutch, and Spanish—had been rudely broken by Jervis at St. Vincent and by Duncan at Camperdown. Moreover informers in ever-increasing numbers had kept Pitt and Camden in touch with every move of the United Irishmen, so that, as the time drew near, a few blows skilfully directed at the nervous centres of that unwieldy organism caused paralysis through its entire bulk. Not only was Hoche dead, but Napoleon, with the best fleet of France, was in the Levant. The Directory itself was tottering to its fall: Carnot (organiser of victories and purest of patriots), was an exile; and with the exception of Humbert, the apt pupil of Hoche, the French leaders cared nothing for Ireland. It was the opinion of Napoleon, and afterwards of Alison, that had Hoche with his twenty-five thousand men landed in December, 1796, in Bantry Bay, Ireland would have been, for some time at any rate, lost to England. Hoche had already beaten the English before Dunkirk, and in the second place his handsome person, and the splendid energy which found a fit expression in his motto, (*des choses et non des mots*), would have supplied the deficiencies of the Irish. Tone had promised five hundred thousand recruits (including the Militia), out of the three million Catholics and nine hundred thousand Dissenters then in Ireland. As a matter of fact the Militia proved loyal to King George, and the first Catholic victory in 1798 stifled, like a wet blanket, the kindling flames of Ulster. Thirdly, Pitt had absolutely no one to cope with Hoche, and might well say of his list of generals as Lord North had said twenty years earlier, "I know not what effect these

names may have on the enemy, but I confess they make me tremble." Lastly, Hoche had been chosen by Wolfe Tone. Fresh from the laurels of Brittany and the Loire, where tact and courage had succeeded over all difficulties, the French General decided to risk a descent on Ireland. His Armada left Brest on December 15th, 1796, consisting of forty-three sail (nineteen ships of the line, thirteen frigates, seven corvettes, and six transports), and twenty-five thousand men. From the first the winds blew their best for England. The frigate *Fraternité*, with the commanding admiral and Hoche, was separated from the fleet, and after rough weather and remarkable escapes from the British cruisers, arrived at Bantry Bay on January 1st, the very day that the bulk of the French squadron re-entered Brest.¹ Hoche and the Admiral determined to bring them back, but three weeks' incessant storms held them fast, and all was then too late.

The Count de Grouchy, second in command to Hoche, is here, as at Waterloo, one of the unanswered riddles of history. Napoleon considered him the culprit on both occasions, and Tone's son calls him "that honest but wavering man, who twice held the fate of Europe in his hands, and twice let it slip through them for want of resolution." Wolfe Tone makes the best of a bad job, but he noted in his diary for December 21st that, "If Hoche were in Grouchy's place he would not hesitate a moment." On December 24th Grouchy ordered the immediate disembarkment of his six thousand five hundred men; but it was too late. A vehement east wind had been gathering strength for days, and broke Bouvery's ships in spite of the cutting of the cables and

¹ De Bonnechose. Froude, relying upon Wolfe Tone's Memoirs, states that the *Fraternité* never reached Ireland at all.

a precipitate return to Brest. About a dozen transports were lost, beside the *Séduisant* (74) which had gone down with thirteen hundred men off Brest in the outward passage of the Raz on December 17th. Pitt had been astounded at the temerity of the design, declaring that Hoche must have put himself under the protection of the tempests. A writer in the *BIOGRAPHIE UNIVERSELLE* thinks that England, and not Hoche, was thus protected; and De Bonnechose speaks of the happy destiny which, since the Norman Conquest, had turned away peril from England altogether independent of the will or genius of man: "Perhaps," he gracefully adds, "one may ask if it was not part of the mysterious designs of the Providence which governs the destinies of mankind that liberty, founded on law and order, should maintain its ground in one corner at least of Europe."

"I had sent my fleet to fight the English," said Philip, "and not tempests; let the will of God be done." But Hoche, unlike the Spaniard, never gave up his scheme, and had he lived might indeed have proved a Hannibal for England. Here, perhaps, one may note that want of sea-power ruined also the conqueror of Cannæ. The command of the sea had passed to Rome fifty years before, first at Mylæ and Ecnomos, and finally at Ægusa. The fall of Carthage and Capua, as also the battle of Metaurus,—the three important epochs in the decline and fall of Hannibal—were the direct results of Roman Empire in the Mediterranean.

Admiral Duncan, together with England's faithful ally, the blustering south-wester, spoilt the plans of Hoche and De Winter in July, 1797, as it had done those of Sidonia and

Parma some two centuries earlier. This time was even more provoking to Wolfe Tone than 1796, when the east wind was the worst of the sixty-two points of the compass for his designs. The Dutch fleet, superior to Duncan's and much superior in quality to the French in 1796, was ready to sail on July 8th, and England had her right arm almost useless with the still smouldering Mutiny of the Nore. General Daendels, with fifteen thousand Dutchmen burning to re-establish their country's fame, was on board; and now for thirty-six days the south-wester blew unceasingly, until the provisions of the Dutch Admiral were consumed, the English fleet was reinforced, and Hoche was recalled to command the Army of the Rhine and to die (probably poisoned) within the month. At one period all Duncan's blockading squadron mutinied except two vessels, and he was reduced to the time-honoured stratagem of signalling to an imaginary fleet in the offing. In 1798 Ireland had lost her leaders, and the French no longer contemplated a serious invasion; but some consider that England never in her life was in greater peril than when General Humbert was in Ireland and Napoleon in Egypt.

It is in the events of 1588 and of 1796-7, of which the final acts began ten and two years later respectively, that we shall find the best centenary texts for unceasing vigilance in the maintenance of our command of the sea. Such a consummation will even reconcile us to another invader, from whom we are never likely to be wholly freed, and whose first centenary in memory of Pitt we now keep,—our sweet friend the Income-Tax.

H. F. HALL.

THE BASTILLE.¹

OF the many hypocrisies which dishonoured the French Revolution none was more flagrant and ingenious than the legend of the Bastille. When the famous castle of the Faubourg St. Antoine surrendered to a pack of brigands, a thousand husky throats sang the praise of liberty, and a thousand shallow minds were ready to believe that the battering of the royal prison was the last triumph of justice and benevolence. The monsters who killed M. de Launey, the humanest of gaolers, and mangled M. de Losme, "the good angel of the prisoners," were not likely to shrink at falsehood. Phantom captives, whose unkempt locks reached to their knees, were dragged up from dark caverns, which had no existence, and publicly advertised for the proper excitement of the mob. Shivering wretches, whose sin had been no greater than to offend a King's mistress, were driven mad (said the heroes of this aimless massacre) by the mere contact of the outer air. And as the ruffians, who carried on pikes the hearts of murdered men, and paraded through the streets of Paris the severed hand of their deliverer, Bequard, flung the archives to the four winds, doubtless they thought that they had abolished the proof of their unreasoning folly. But paper is indestructible. Not one stone of the fortress was left standing upon another; the fateful drawbridge was torn from its creaking chains; the moat, across which many a well-fed, wistful captive had gazed

despairingly was filled with rubble; the famous place was so transformed that to-day it seems but a widening of the boulevard. Only the records remained, in part; and they, being stolen by curious hands, were page after page regathered, so that it is still possible to write the history of the King's prison, and to refute some of the lies upon which the French Revolution was industriously established.

At the very moment when the fortress was destroyed, the archives were classified and set in order. No single paper had been neglected, and all such materials as might serve for a history of prison and prisoners were collected for the use of the scholar already charged to publish the record. The priceless documents thus carelessly dispersed fell into the hands of amateurs. Beaumarchais laid hold of whatever he could find; the son of a notorious magistrate carried off a carriage-full; while an *attaché* of the Russian Embassy served his country so well, that he was able to present the Emperor Alexander with a vast mass of papers, now piously preserved in the National Library at St. Petersburg. Thus it is that piece by piece the records of the Bastille have been put together, until they fill sixteen portly volumes, and the labours of M. Ravaisson, together with the intelligent research of M. Funck-Brentano, have enabled us to discover how pleasant a sojourn in the royal prison might be, and to prove that the jangling chains and ingenious tortures concerning which the tongues of

¹ *LEGENDES ET ARCHIVES DE LA BASTILLE*; by M. Frantz Funck-Brentano. Paris, 1898.

Humanity once waxed infinitely eloquent, were but the fairy tales of malice.

An enforced stay in the most splendid palace would prove an infliction to any free-born, ambitious child of man; compulsory well-being jars as acutely upon our senses as helpless misery. To be here to-day and gone to-morrow is for the adventurous the true secret of happiness, and a genuine suffering is inflicted by the assurance that you could not if you would leave a comfortable library for the doubtful pleasures of the town. There was, then, a definite hardship imposed upon those who sojourned in the Bastille,—a restricted movement, an ominous certainty of inaction, for which not even the best society and the oldest wine could wholly atone. But, apart from the necessary restriction, a stay in the famous prison of Paris was little more than an agreeable diversion. It seemed indeed, as though the King were on his mettle. His greatest anxiety was for the comfort of "my prisoners," as he curiously styles them. Again and again you will find notes, signed by the royal hand, insisting that the tastes of the gentlemen, whose liberty was for awhile curtailed, should be gratified without stint or complaint. In the first place, not everyone was free of the Bastille. The crimes punished by imprisonment in this august dungeon were not, in the golden age at least, the common crimes of robbery and murder. No man was deserving a *lettre de cachet* who had not proved a danger to the State, or who had not superfluously insulted the Monarch or his court. It was indeed a form of ostracism, this removal for a while from the dangers and anxieties of common life; and honour dictated that the victims of a courtly system should be well-fed and kindly treated. Richelieu, to whom France owes

among other dignities her famous Academy, first devoted the Bastille to the reception of inconvenient opponents, and from the reign of Louis the Thirteenth the celebrated fortress became the luxurious prison of a powerful aristocracy. When Bassompierre passed across the drawbridge in 1631 he complains that he was permitted no other attendants than two valets and a cook, and henceforth no rich noble need depend for his comfort either upon his own exertion or the faulty attention of unwilling gaolers. Money could buy within all the luxury that it brought without, and should a poor man stray within the impenetrable walls, the King was so eager to prove his hospitality that he instantly allowed him a reasonable pension. Not a few prisoners were able to feed and clothe themselves like gentlemen, and then to save a comfortable sum out of the money allowed them by their sovereign. The rooms in which they were confined were lofty and well-aired; the furniture was arranged according to the taste of the occupant; Mme. de Staal, for instance, hung her walls with rich tapestries, and many a distinguished culprit carried with him to the Faubourg St. Antoine his family portraits or a sumptuous library. Nor is it least significant that the prison barber visited his clients every morning with a silver basin, perfumed soap, and embroidered towels.

But it was the kitchen that was the peculiar glory of the place. The best restaurant in Paris could hardly supply such dinners as were lavished upon the captives, whom the popular imagination loaded with irons and surrendered to ravening rats in dank cells. One instance, out of many, is enough. Soon after Marmontel arrived in the dungeon, accompanied by his servant, he was disturbed by the drawing of bolts and the turning

of keys. Two gaolers, silent and discreet, entered to serve the dinner. The plates were but of common crockery, and the linen, though white, was coarse and rough; nor was the cutlery such as became an eminent man of letters. The food, however, was excellent, though it was Friday and meat was piously withheld. A soup of white beans, with the freshest butter, was followed by a dish of the same beans perfectly cooked. Then came a codfish exquisitely seasoned with garlic, so fine in taste and odour, says the captive, that it would have flattered the palate of the greediest Gascon. The wine was not of the best, but it was passable, and the absence of dessert seemed the one and only fault; at any rate Marmontel ate in good spirits, and reflected that after all prison-fare was not despicable. But no sooner was the repast finished, than again the bolts were drawn, and the two gaolers entered again, this time carrying a pyramid of plates. At the sight of the fine porcelain, the delicate linen, the silver knives and forks, Marmontel recognised his mistake. He had eaten his lackey's dinner, and there was nothing to be done but for the lackey to take his revenge upon what was prepared for his master. And it was a feast that might be served at a London club or at the high table of a learned foundation. This time there was no thought of Friday. An excellent soup, a succulent slice of beef, the thigh of a boiled capon, fried artichokes and spinach, a fine pear, fresh grapes, a bottle of old Burgundy, and the finest Mocha! And to cap all, the governor called within an hour to ask the prisoner if he had dined well, and to assure him that every dish was served from his own table and carved with his own hand.

Their dinner finished, the prisoners did not lack distraction. They ex-

changed visits, and received their friends; they played cards or devoted themselves to the translation of the classics. One captive desired a violin; it was given him instantly. Another was an amateur of the flute, and he was permitted at reasonable hours to gratify his taste. The library was large and well chosen; no gentleman who professed an interest in science was disappointed, and the collection of novels was celebrated. Moreover an amiable censorship was exercised by the lieutenant of police, and we hear that a poem upon the Greatness of God was struck out of the catalogue, on the ground that it might prove too melancholy for the prisoners. Nor was the governor more careless of his captives' wardrobes. Fine linen for the summer and furs for the winter were generously supplied, and no trouble was spared to suit the fancy of the wearer. There was one lady, for example, who demanded a dress of white silk sprinkled with green flowers; and the wife of a *commis-saire* spent several days in ransacking the shops of Paris. The stuff unfortunately was not to be found; the nearest approach was a white silk with green stripes, and if that suited the lady her measure should instantly be taken. The infamous Latude was still more fastidious. Though it suited his purpose in later years to picture himself the martyr of a system, none knew better than he how to take advantage of his privileges. In the matter of dressing-gowns he was difficult to please, and the King's officers scoured Paris to discover the white and red material of his fancy, while he never ceased to demand fine shirts and embroidered handkerchiefs. Briefly, in small things and great the prisoners were treated as the King's guests. The most of them were allowed to walk abroad in the gardens, or upon the towers; from

their windows they might gaze upon the busy world without ; and did they feel the pang of loneliness, a companion was instantly given them. Nor did the advantage cease with the captive's enlargement. He frequently returned to the world richer and more famous than he left it. The Abbé Morellet confesses that a sojourn in the Bastille was the beginning of his celebrity. At the moment of his arrest he was unknown and obscure ; no sooner was he free than all the *salons* of Paris were open to him. Six weeks agreeably spent were the beginning of his fortune, and he, for one, never regretted his enforced stay in the King's Castle. Moreover, even if the prisoner did not carry back to his friends a pocketful of money saved from his too generous allowance, he stood an excellent chance of pension or gratuity. One minister there was who rewarded all his prisoners, but though this example was not followed, the Treasury was never parsimonious. Voltaire received a comfortable annuity after a brief incarceration : Latude and La Rochefoucauld had each his little income ; and if a prisoner could prove that he was unjustly accused, compensation was handsome and immediate. Finally, detention in the Bastille carried with it no disgrace. A gentleman might be shut up for a month or a year without besmirching his honour ; he resumed, when free, his ancient dignities, and so close was the bond which bound him to his recent host that more than once the prison was but a stepping-stone to promotion.

However, in truth's despite, the Bastille became a symbol for cruelty and despair, and this symbol it has remained until this day. The tongue of Revolution waxed eloquent concerning the *cachots* and *oubliettes* which disfigured the dungeon. Now

the Bastille being built for a fortress had not a single *oubliette* within its walls, and the rooms which were known as *cachots* were a disgrace to the name. They were nothing else than spacious cells, placed upon the ground floor, which, being dark and apt to be flooded at a rising tide, were seldom occupied, except by prisoners of the lowest class or miscreants condemned to death. During the reign of Louis the Fifteenth they were reserved for the violent ruffians who disobeyed the rules of the gaol, or assaulted the gaolers ; and many years before the Revolution broke out, their doors were closed even against the most rebellious captive. Nevertheless, they, too, grew into a legend, whose falsehood is completely proved by the evidence of documents. But the Bastille encouraged mystery : the King, like a courtly host, did not advertise to the world the names of the guests whom it was his pleasure to entertain ; and out of this mystery grew a thousand fictions, so that it is impossible to consider a single incident in the prison's history without overturning the popular judgment. Nor is this whitewashing of a smoke-grimed building a mere exercise in irony, or a facile pose of originality. The historians, who have undertaken it, have invented nothing ; they have but swept away the cobwebs of earlier inventions, and now at last we may contemplate the Bastille as it was, in all respects more glorious than it has seemed, even though certain episodes are robbed of their romance.

The royal mystery, as we have said, begat fictions, and the fiction that has outlived all others and dwarfed their interest is the fiction of the Iron Mask. To this, indeed, no element of vague excitement was lacking. A prisoner, so august that no gaoler might be seated in his presence, and so secret that none on pain of death

might look upon his face, was sufficient to puzzle the historian and to abash the vulgar. A long series of learned treatises has been devoted to its elucidation, and the very simplicity of the riddle seems to have made the answer all the more difficult. Besides, it so happened that Voltaire interested himself in the legend, which was perfectly suited to the exercise of his ironical wit. With a profound cunning the philosopher determined to draw what profit he might from a purely fanciful interpretation. Nor was he reckless enough to surprise the world too hastily. He laid his plans slowly but certainly, and did not offer a solution until he had aroused an uncommon interest in the falsehood that he had already prepared. In the first edition of his *CENTURY OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH*, he already mentions a noble prisoner kept secretly in the Isle Ste. Marguerite, in whose presence even the Marquis de Louvois stood with considerate humility. But he does not as yet proclaim his invention. He preserves a like reticence in the first edition of the *QUESTIONS UPON THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA*, only adding that the prisoner was covered with a mask for fear that a dangerously striking likeness should be recognised. Having thus opened the way, he comes forth in the second edition of the *QUESTIONS* with the most ingenious lie that ever befogged the historian; the man in the mask, he boldly declares, was a uterine brother of Louis the Fourteenth, the son of Anne and Mazarin, and older than the King. For this amazing fairy tale he brings forward no proof; he cites in its defence no documents, he merely states the falsehood with a satiric dogmatism, and laughed consumedly at the credulity of his dupes. The story once born grew into the strangest shape. Before long it was definitely proved that the masked prisoner became on the Isle Ste. Marguerite

the father of a son, who escaped to Corsica, and presently established the family of the Buonapartes. Thus the descent of Napoleon from the Royal House of France seemed evident, and the legend was publicly quoted in the year IX to pacify the Chouans. But better than all, this version of Voltaire captured the imagination of Dumas, and inspired him to write, in the *VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE*, what is perhaps the most vivid chapter in the whole range of historical fiction. The novelist indeed made the princes twin-brothers, or otherwise changed the legend of Voltaire. But never was the terrific majesty of Louis the Fourteenth portrayed with more spirit than in the scene of the confrontation; and despite its falsehood the legend has received for the people at least a genuine immortality.

But, alas, the masked prisoner was no prince, and a month's research might have long since pierced the mystery; nor did he ever endure the misery of an iron vizor; a slip of black velvet was enough to veil his features. Other guesses have been no less wild and even more interested than Voltaire's. A Jesuit father proved to his own satisfaction so late as 1885 that the unknown captive was Molière, the infamous author of *Tartufe*. Oldendorf, Dauger, and the Comte de Kérourlze are other candidates for the Mask, yet none is successful, and the real solution is so simple that one wonders at the gallons of spilt ink and at the despair of Michelet. The Man in the Mask was, in fact, none other than Count Mattioli, a Mantuan spy, who, employed in a delicate affair, sold his master, Charles the Fourth of Mantua, to Louis the Fourteenth, and received as the price of his betrayal a valuable diamond and a hundred double louis. But the habit of treachery was so strong upon him, that no sooner had

he deceived his own master, than he turned traitor to the King of France; whereupon Louis, not wishing to be involved in a public scandal, had him kidnapped with the aid of the Abbé d'Estrades, and straightway carried silent and masked to the fortress of Pignerol. That the law had been broken is certain, but there was then no Chamber of Deputies to ask unpleasant questions, and no journals to interrupt the course of wild justice. Mattioli vanished from the world as mysteriously as if he had never been born, and since he was a double-faced traitor nobody seems to have made an anxious search for him. His capture was made in 1679; fifteen years later he is known to have been in the Isle Ste. Marguerite, and it was not until 1698 that he was transferred to the Bastille, where he died in 1703. Strangest accident of all, the certificate of his death was inscribed in the register of the church of St. Paul, and though the original was burnt some years since, a facsimile had been made which still remains to confute the ancient romance.

The proofs are few but sufficient. In the King's letter to the Abbé d'Estrades he insists that the capture should be made without noise, and that the identity of the prisoner should be most zealously concealed. A pamphlet published in 1682 declares that Mattioli was kidnapped by a dozen horsemen, who masked him and carried him to Pignerol. Moreover the names of the prisoners shut up at Pignerol in 1681 are perfectly well known. They were but five in number; of these three died years before the Man in the Mask, who must therefore be either Dauger or Mattioli. He was not Dauger; therefore, even without the convincing certificate of death, he is mathematically proved to have been the Mantuan courtier. The secret, in

fact, was no better than a Dreyfus case of the seventeenth century, and but for the autocracy of the time, it might have been no secret at all, but a scandal.

The mystery of Latude has been almost as profound as the mystery of the Mask, and infinitely less reasonable. For here, indeed, nothing was veiled and the story, at once squalid and amusing, was plain for all the world to read. But Latude was so persistent and ingenious a ruffian that he persuaded all Paris to believe him a martyr; he told lies with so wanton an effrontery that his famous *Memoirs* became, so to say, the bible of the Revolution, and men spoke as though no blood had been so precious but "it might justly have been shed to liberate this clever, eloquent, intriguing rascal." Yet no man from so small a beginning ever enjoyed a more glorious career, and the true story of his life, as told in letters and documents which cannot lie, is far more amusing than the vaunted sentimentality of his own *Memoirs*. That he suffered a certain hardship may be readily conceded. He passed thirty-five years in elegant imprisonment for a crime which seems light enough to-day. But during those many years he was treated with a generosity and consideration to which neither his birth nor his character entitled him; and he was moreover the most unruly prisoner who ever tried the astounding patience of an amiable gaoler. In those days to break prison was a capital offence, and Latude three times escaped from durance; but he was each time received back into the only home that would have suited his peculiar talents, and he does not seem to have been treated any the worse for his infraction. In truth he was the most accomplished prisoner that ever lived; but he was nothing more than a

prisoner, and it is doubtful whether he would have achieved an equal success in any other walk of life. He understood to a marvel the tricks and habits of his class; he was a perfect adept in the art of writing begging-letters, and he could invent a new project every week to interest the King and the King's ministers. Did he desire to communicate with the world outside, the laws of the Bastille presented no difficulty. He flashed signals to a pair of laundresses opposite, or threw copies of his famous letters into the street beneath. Moreover he took advantage of the leisure afforded him to complete a faulty education, so that, when at last freedom came, he could face his superiors with a far better bearing than would have been possible to the wastrel who strayed by great good fortune into the Bastille. But when liberty might have been purchased by silence, he preferred to reiterate his insults against Madame de Pompadour, and when at last the door was thrown open, he refused to go unless his monstrous claims for compensation were satisfied.

He was a native of Languedoc born in 1725. His mother was a servant, his father unknown; but his obscure origin did not prevent him claiming a noble descent. The taste for masquerade asserted itself early, and he was but a boy when he gave himself the name of Jean Danry, under which he performed his first exploits. At twenty he was with the army in Flanders, attached to the ambulance, and it was only after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle that he came to Paris. Intelligent, reckless, unscrupulous, he soon fell into difficulties, and it was not long before he devised the pitiful trick which earned him free lodgings and an abundant table for thirty-five years. At that time a popular toy was sold in the Palais Royal; it was

a pear-shaped bulb of blown glass, which burst with a noise when the end was broken. The ingenious Latude (or Danry, as he was then called,) purchased half a dozen of these Prince Rupert's drops, four of which he put in a box, filling up the spaces with dust of vitriol and powdered alum. When the packet was made he addressed it to Madame de Pompadour, with a request that the lady would open the box in secret; and no sooner had he posted it than he set out hot-foot for Versailles, where he hoped to appear as the saviour of the King's favourite. His story was admirably prepared; he had overheard a plot to destroy the Pompadour; he had seen the assassins throw the box into the post and had lost no time in bringing the news to Versailles. Unfortunately the truth was immediately discovered; the box was recognised to be harmless; no attempt was made to discover the supposed authors of the plot, and Latude was thrown into the Bastille. That he should have been sent to so noble a prison was a compliment which he in no way deserved, and had he not been charged with a plot against the life of the King's mistress, doubtless a humbler dwelling-place would have been assigned him. But thus he began the career of prisoner, and though the occasion of his punishment was poor indeed, he soon proved that he possessed all the qualities necessary for a sojourn in the Bastille.

His first escape was made from Vincennes, and it was designed with a pastoral simplicity which may not be put down to the credit of Latude. He was walking in the garden, enjoying the freedom which assorted ill with his later professions of martyrdom, when a black spaniel leapt at the door. To the prisoner's surprise the door flew open, and with-

out let or hindrance Latude walked forth, to wander up and down not knowing where in the world of Paris to hide his head. Even thus early he proved himself incapable of enjoying liberty. He had escaped, yet could not avoid detection; and though a charming Annette came to his aid, he was speedily recaptured, and lodged this time in a *cachot* of the Bastille. Death might have been his reward for this escapade, but good fortune seems to have marked Latude for her own, and he suffered no other discomfort than an ignominious cell. His diet was unchanged; his books, his ornaments were left him, and the lieutenant of police gave orders that not even his daily promenade should be curtailed. To explain the leniency is impossible; no more may be said save that it seems to have been acknowledged on all hands that Latude was born for imprisonment, and that therefore every indulgence should be offered to this natural gaol-bird. But he was not behind in generosity, and in return for these handsome privileges he gave the governor a cure for the gout. However, solitude harassed him, and at first he asked for the companionship of singing-birds, which was instantly granted him. Yet he was not content, and he further imposed upon the governor's good nature by demanding a companion. A companion appeared, one Allègre, a madman of genius, to whose instruction Latude owed everything. Now Allègre was an erudite mathematician, an ingenious writer, and so monstrously vain that he died a lunatic, believing himself God. But he easily gained an ascendancy over Latude, who was afterwards described by an official as the Second Volume of Allègre. To such a partnership nothing was impossible. They found a means to wander from end to end of the Bastille, and to win the con-

fidence of all their colleagues. When writing materials were forbidden, Latude made letters with blood upon his handkerchief; and when that was declared a crime, he wrote with bread-crumbs and slipped the improvised message between two plates.

But suddenly the two companions improved their conduct; they became docile as children. They had no other wish than for shirts and handkerchiefs. Latude was already well supplied, but he received in addition two dozen shirts, at twenty *livres* apiece, and handkerchiefs of the finest cambric. Nor was this taste dictated by the vanity of a peasant. Allègre had already begun to make his famous rope-ladder, for which Latude claimed all the credit, and which to-day lies huddled and worm-eaten in a glass case at the Musée Carnavalet. The shirts were not to be put upon the back of the bastard from Languedoc; they were all unravelled, and made up again into the rope whose fame has spread to the four quarters of the globe. Meanwhile Allègre had procured saws, hammers, and all those other tools which form the property of every respectable prison. The apparatus was kept between the boards of the cell inhabited by the two mechanics, and the ceiling of the room below. So they worked and schemed until all was ready, and then one night they dropped their ladder and showed the Bastille a clean pair of heels. But being entirely helpless without the walls of a prison they were easily recaptured, and Latude ere long was lodged again in the Bastille, while Allègre found his way, mad and mazed, to Charenton.

So Latude continued his life of luxury, adding to his wardrobe fur gloves and caps and breeches of the stoutest leather. When he desired a blue dressing-gown striped with red, a patient officer visited twelve shops to

find the stuff. After this extravagance, silk garters, coloured handkerchiefs and muslin cravats are mere trifles. But unhappily this peerless gentleman suffered from his eyes. The King's oculist instantly waited upon him, and only discontinued his visits when he found that his patient merely wished to employ him to deliver letters outside the gaol. The story seems incredible, and it is no wonder that Latude's insolence increased. He wrote almost daily letters of insult to Madame de Pompadour and her family; he compared himself to Tamerlane, and in this guise he demanded two doves that he might send them as a peace-offering to the lady who had compassed his ruin. But his complacency lasted no more than an hour; the next day the insults were resumed, and he was still kept prisoner.

Luck, however, fought persistently on his side, and in 1764 he made another extraordinary escape from Vincennes. It was a foggy day, and he was walking with a sentinel without the walls. Suddenly he turned to his guard and said: "What do you think of the weather?" "Very bad," replied the gaoler. "No it isn't," retorted Latude; "it is an excellent day to escape." With that he ran off, and in two seconds was invisible. Of course, he was easily recaptured, for freedom always deprived him of his wits. But at last it was his fate to leave his prison a triumphant martyr. It had long been his habit to address memorials to the King, his ministers, and the citizens of France. One of these documents, compiled and transcribed with consummate industry, fell into the hands of a Madame Legros, the wife of a mercer, a strange heroine, who had no sooner read Latude's rhodomontade than she determined to devote what remained of her life to his enlargement. Her husband

nobly aided her project, and so great was her persistence that, despite her humble estate, she not only obtained Latude's freedom, but she made him rich and famous. History does not hold a more astounding romance. The poor woman left no stone unturned; she visited the great families of the Faubourg St. Germain; she even obtained the ear of the Queen; and to do Latude justice he was honourable enough to refuse every other occasion of escape after his benefactress had undertaken her pious task. The result was that Latude, who had entered the Bastille a poor peasant, came out of it noble, rich, and distinguished. Madame Legros brought him to live beneath her own roof. He visited in great houses; he received a pension; he brought an action against the family of Madame de Pompadour and gained a great part of her wealth; finally, he became the hero of his time, and his supposed martyrdom was one of the factors in the great and glorious Revolution. Unhappily he could not remain decent or honourable. Insatiable for money, he made fresh demands every day. His vanity was so vast, that he was presently excluded from the houses which once had welcomed him. Worse than this, he did not shrink from rascality, and when the Duchess of Kingston died (herself a patroness, who had not forgotten him in her will), he attended her sale, bought a trinket, and attempted to pay for it with bad money. Yet after the Revolution his fame still further increased. The Assembly voted him unanimously a pension of two thousand *livres*, and Latude proclaimed grandiloquently, "The whole nation has adopted me." So, he died, at the age of eighty, full of honours and not disdained even by Napoleon himself.

The elevation of Latude into a

martyr is farcical enough; but the taking of the Bastille was the worst piece of hypocrisy which the frowning walls of the fortress had yet witnessed. The fourteenth of July, indeed, should be marked with a black stone. Had the crowd, which set forth to destroy the King's prison, proclaimed a war upon the luxury of the great, their folly had been seasoned with a spice of reason. But no; in taking the Bastille, they were vindicating the liberty of the people, and with Michel's aid France has for a hundred years believed in this obvious falsehood. Moreover, the Bastille was not taken at all; it gave itself up, chiefly because the tradition of kindness was too strong. The governor, who might have slaughtered the opposing mob, was loth to shed blood, and in return for his pity, his blood and the blood of his officers was shamefully poured forth. The people found within the hated walls no signs of cruelty or disgrace. Only seven prisoners were shut up in the prison. Of these two were mad, since of old madness was punished by captivity. Four were forgers, and the seventh was a captive at his family's desire and a rival of the Marquis de Sade, who by the way had only just left. But the popular imagination, thus baffled, invented a white-haired and starving man, a Marquis de Lorges, who never existed save in the im-

agination of the people. It likewise invented the apparatus of torture, which was no more than a piece of armour belonging to the sixteenth century, and an illicit printing-press. With these poor evidences the popular imagination was content. Every butcher and shoemaker who shared in the riot was pensioned and glorious, and so late as 1874 one citizen was found infamous enough still to ask a pension for an imagined share in this dastardly massacre. However, the Bastille was destroyed and the Reign of Terror was ready to begin, and even to-day the French Republic celebrates the impious memory with fireworks, dances, and Russian flags. But there are some to whom the Bastille may still seem an institution to regret. The pamphleteer is ever anxious to explain that the great philosophers, Voltaire, Diderot and the rest who gave to the Revolution such ideas as it professed, sojourned within the bleak walls of the fortress. By their own confession they passed the time with dignity and comfort. Had they lived a few years longer, they would one and all have climbed the equalising scaffold; and surely it is not paradoxical to declare that a gentlemanly prison, from which there may be an escape, is more highly to be esteemed than the democrat's guillotine whose steps no man might descend.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

COUNTRY NOTES.

V.—THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

It is six o'clock on an October evening. Without, the wind is rising gustily, a tree shivering in its scanty autumn dress, a young harvest-moon looking timidly between hurrying clouds on a few cottages, a neatly-swept pathway, cheerful lighted windows, and a red blind drawn over the one belonging to the room where the little School-Mistress (not herself so very old nor yet quite used to her solitary life,) has pushed aside her lesson-books and is writing a letter with a little flushing of her cheek and a little tenderness of her lips to some one who can't come here nor, even here, be put out of mind.

In the schoolroom itself all the lamps (numbering three and smelling bravely) have been lighted; there is a fire burning cheerily in the grate, a premature *Merry Christmas* in cotton-wool letters over the mantel-piece, long, white-clad tables, bright nosegays of dahlias in glass jars, benches, urns, and crockery; while some enthusiastic person, feeling the Harvest Tea to be an occasion to which no signs of rejoicing can be inappropriate, has suspended on the walls a variety of perfectly miscellaneous Scriptural texts, with all the most important letters missing. The firelight is throwing pleasant gleams upon them, upon a map of Africa, the Ten Commandments on a saffron scroll, and a picture of Moses dressed in pale blue, when the door is slowly opened and Joe from the Shop, (who is the master of the ceremonies because he has been the master upon

like occasions for five and forty years, and his ability to resist the insidious temptations of a premature meat-pie or a private piece of bread and jam has been tested and proved,) comes in rubbing his old hands together cheerfully and murmuring with great satisfaction to himself as he looks slowly round the place, "This be summut like a Harvest, be this." He is warming his old feet at the fire (for the October night without is chilly) and thinking perhaps, cheerfully still, of the people who used to come to these gatherings and will come to them no more, when he is interrupted by Mine Hostess from the Inn, who has always disapproved of people enjoying themselves and contributed to that enjoyment by boiling water on such occasions (in an adjoining cupboard and a temperature of 80°) with perfect capability and scorn. She is heard to observe almost immediately from her kitchen, as she pokes up her fire viciously for the benefit of an enormous kettle, that she dessays as there ain't one o' these fools o' men as'll be here to-night as won't wish he was a fuddlin' himself with sperrits instead; to which calumny on his sex Joe (having always been the most sober of men and knowing from a sharp marital experience how to treat petticoats) assents quite affably and with a thoughtful shake of his old head at such iniquity. The school-clock striking half-past six at the moment, and half-past six being the hour fixed for the tea, a large contingent of guests, who may be fairly

supposed to have been waiting outside for the stroke of the hour, comes in in a kind of crowd.

Here at least is Nancy, looking over a coquettish shoulder at two swains, rather sheepish and in their best clothes, and both so tormented by her inconstant charms that they have become friends in mutual misery. Here, too, is a mother, worn and girlish, with one baby under her shawl and another clinging to her skirt, babies not being allowed under any pretence and being only admitted because Joe is such a ridiculous and soft-hearted old fool that he can't resist the appeal in Bessie's thin cheeks and brightening eyes, or deny to a life which has so few, this little pleasure. After Bessie there is a Granny, very neat in a best shawl and with a clean pocket-handkerchief; a couple of old men who haven't been allowed any dinner by their thrifty wives; Moggins, fifteen years old and fresh from the plough, who sits down heavily without addressing anybody, with a hand on each fustian knee, and eyes fixed steadily on a distant pile of pale sausage-rolls; two little girls who occupy only one chair; and a superior bridal person in a wedding-bonnet, who is heard to observe with great gentility that you could put on a threepenny as much as *she'll* eat; youths in hair-oil, Sunday clothes, and silence; Dick, the old Clerk, rheumatic, yet cheerful; Polly, recently married, with the shine of vigorous yellow soapings on her alert face, and the sheepish bridegroom well in tow; and a Mother of Many, managing them all with her eye, and preparing herself for enjoyment by throwing back her respectable bonnet-strings from a moist countenance, settling her hands on an outspread handkerchief on her lap, and saying "Ere we are then" with finality.

Joe says, "Shunt up Miss," to a coy girl sitting at some distance from a stolid rustic, moves Moggins (who is on quite a grand chair and in front of the tea-urn) by saying, "Now then, Moggins, *air* you Quality?" to which Moggins, being only quantity, and quite incapable of perceiving an unintentional sarcasm or, for that matter a sarcasm at all, moves up on to a bench,—so to say, unmoved. Mine Hostess looks out of her infernal regions with a kind of sniff and then up at the clock. There is a little, a very little desultory conversation among some old gaffers, sitting together at the far end of a table. Most people are looking quite stolidly and straight in front of them, waiting. Bessie is hushing the forbidden babies. The little School-Mistress is peering critically into the urn she is going to manage and which is hissing and bubbling gaily. One pessimistic gentleman of ripe years, (who has been understood to observe that he ain't had more nor a bite sin' yesterday), fixes Moses on the wall with a stolid and despairing gaze. A sound of carriage-wheels is heard in the distance: a faint air of hope stirs as it were among the company; and then the door opens to admit Sir John and My Lady, with Miss Mary from the White House and Miss Mary's bright-eyed niece, and after them, unbrushed and absent and with no idea that he is a quarter of an hour late as usual, the Parson. The Parson at once says grace, at the respectful instigation of Joe, and in a vague old voice; Dick, producing a clasp-knife, responds "A-mon, a-mon," with reminiscences of Sunday and in a tone which means, "Now we've done with palavering and can get to work." The little School-Mistress begins on her urn, and the Niece pours tea on to the table-cloth instead of into a cup which amuses

her immensely. My Lady, relieved to hear that there isn't anything she need do, takes a chair by the fire and looks into it with her uneasy eyes, a delicate restless hand playing with the glove on her lap, and shrewd old Granny at the corner of a table watching her curiously. Sir John begins handing about dishes and making jokes, which are not at all good but which sound good in his jolly voice, and to which everyone is at present much too stolid and shy to respond. Miss Mary, who has put an apron over a very prim old dainty black dress, recommends the little girls on one chair to commence the evening on bread and butter; and the company in general, having waited in obedience to some immovable law of rustic etiquette until every man has something on his plate, all fall to together as at some secret signal and at once.

The Parson (having abandoned a sugar-basin which he has been carrying about absently, to no purpose at all and at the instigation of the volatile Niece,) leans against the wall with his old hands clasped behind his back and his old eyes fixed on an embarrassed matron without seeing her. Moggins consumes three sausage-rolls in five minutes and then sits heavily hoping to be offered a fourth, and heavily wishing perhaps that a vague chimera called *Manners* did not prevent him helping himself. The gentleman who has fasted since yesterday takes off a cup of hot tea at one gulp, sets his cup upside down on his saucer and says "There!" with some just satisfaction as if he had performed a conjuring trick. The Mother of Many in a corner, moved to conviviality by the meal, and the moistness of her countenance slowly changing into threatened apoplexy, begins a disparaging story (emphasised with her spoon) about her sister-in-law to

a comfortable neighbour, who goes on with her tea without listening, and saying "You don't say so!" every now and then with a view of appearing sympathetic. The Niece (who has on a very pretty frock, and who has too a very pretty face under a dainty hat) abandons her urn after a very short time to have a little conversation with Nancy, Nancy taking in every detail of the frock and dreadfully and mentally resolving to imitate it herself for her own wearing, "with the alyminum locket what one of them boys give me" to smarten it up. On either side of her the boys in question eat on in stolid silence, greatly embarrassed by the Niece, by their own large, red, honest, horny hands, the subduing presence of the Quality as a whole, and still thinking they are enjoying themselves. Much further down the table the Bridal Person (whose tea would go on a threepenny bit) is observed to do justice, in of course a fragile and ethereal manner, to a very plain fat cake immediately in front of her, and to fan herself genteelly between the slices with a black-bordered pocket-handkerchief.

The room is indeed very warm by this time. Moses and the texts on the wall are becoming quite hazy in the heat. The atmosphere is an agreeable mixture of tea, hair-oil, stuffy clothes, and meat-patties; the very sight of the pork-pies, piled up high on large dishes and reserved as a *bonne bouche* for the end of the meal, causes My Lady to shudder, and indolently ask Sir John what in the world people can be made of who like such things as this? That they are made of a sturdier flesh and blood than My Lady is pretty evident. When she turns to talk to Granny quite close to her, Granny sitting with her old hands folded on the white handkerchief on her lap, resting as it were after a course, replies to My Lady's

perfunctory questions by saying that she has lived in this place since she was born, and has never had time to find it dull, has enjoyed of these teas and the Jubilee dinner (thankee, My Lady,) and thinks 'as ivry one has their blessings if they'll look for 'em. And My Lady turning back to her fire (and to the castles there perhaps), says "Of course," and wonders if she too would have thought so if she had been born a milkmaid.

The first shyness and hunger of the company has begun to wear off now. The female part of it begins to exchange select confidences in rather muffled tones, one with the other, about their husbands' shortcomings and complaints. Some old gaffers converse, principally in grunts. Polly, sitting opposite to Nancy with whom she talks with much natural vivacity when the Quality are out of ear-shot, kicks her husband's leg with great sprightliness when he declines Sir John's offer of a pie, the thrifty Polly thinking that the more he eats now the less he will want to-morrow morning at home, and not at all taking into consideration that he has been munching perfectly steadily and conscientiously and without uttering a single word ever since the meal began. The Parson, who has been standing in the same attitude for half-an-hour perhaps with his back to the wall and his old eyes fixed absently upon nothing, recalls himself from God knows where to a sense of his duties, and asks the Niece (who has always laughed at him dreadfully and who reminds him ever so little perhaps of some one he knew once) if there isn't anything he ought to be doing? And the Niece gets up to say in the Parson's ear, in a wicked whisper and with the volatile roses in her hat touching his poor old head, that she is sure he needn't bother because everyone has had

much too much already. Far down the table Bessie, who indeed does not justify this description at all, puts one child back with her lean hand and looks over the small one at her breast, and the long table and the tight nosegays of dahlias, at the girl who belongs to that other world where women have time to be gay and pretty and are not married at sixteen to a bitter knowledge of life and the poverty that scars the soul. She leans back wearily again in a minute, and hushes the frail baby mechanically. She is herself scarcely older than this girl, and has with her, or so one might fancy, equal rights to happiness; and as the Niece's pretty laugh comes down the table, Bessie has to bend and shake the baby into decorum to hide the tears in her eyes.

The meal, which every one has been much too hungry to loiter over, is now considerably past its zenith. Mine Hostess comes out of her oven to enjoy a well-earned cup of tea. Old Joe and Dick, sitting together, are the first to turn their plates and tea-cups upside down as a sign of completion (or repletion perhaps) and begin a political conversation (which consists entirely in abusing the rival party) with Sir John, and the richest enjoyment to themselves. Miss Mary, still very neat in the white apron, has forbidden a fifteenth course to the two little girls on one chair. The Mother of Mary is tying up the bonnet-strings under a hot chin. The Pessimist, who has cheered up sufficiently to eat much more than any one else, relapses into his pessimism and a dismal stare at Moses. My Lady is talking to the little School-Mistress and wondering how the girl can look so gentle and contented, until the little School-Mistress, with her own happiness deep in her simple heart, looks back timidly in My Lady's beautiful hard eyes, and wonders too.

Moggins, in a dreadful state of repletion, is looking dismally into his empty cup; the Niece says he will certainly die if he has another mouthful and the Parson doesn't say grace. So the Parson says grace hurriedly, and Moggins, bereft of hope, reverses his crockery. The Squire thumps on the table with a large fist, till the cups jump and clatter, and begins a little speech to the effect that times have been bad but, after all, there's never been a year without a harvest of some kind (a proposition which nobody is prepared to deny), that seasons are likely to get very much better, and that if you're all good Church people (eh, Parson?) and vote the right way when the election comes, why on the word of Sir John you'll all live to see the English farming-millennium (though Sir John does not use this abstruse word) come at last. The male part of his audience listen to him with great stolidity and eyes fixed steadily on one spot, while the females, with a polite air of attention and one or two still fanning themselves gently with pocket-handkerchiefs, think absently of something else. No one particularly understands Sir John, who is, in fact, one of those sturdy Englishmen who believe doggedly that everything is as it ought to be, and who act so that everything shall one day be quite different and very much better. A few rustics stamp on the floor when he has finished, with expressions quite stupid and minds perhaps not very much more enlightened. Old Joe says "'Ear, 'ear!" very solemnly, and the practical Polly, who has not heard a word, having been calculating carefully all the time how long a fourpenny mutton-bone will last with an appetite like her husband's, whispers to a neighbour with great condescension, "Squire always speaks sensible to *my* mind." The Parson proposes

a vote of thanks to some person, or persons, whose name nobody catches. The Niece, who is standing by the fire, laughs delightfully and everybody else applauds solemnly. Miss Mary, who has been sitting ready at the harmonium for some time, plays *God save the Queen*, at which naïve hint that the evening's festivities are over the absurd Niece laughs more than ever. No one takes the hint, however, though some people move from the tables, and Joe brings Bessie and the babies (Bessie shrinking back a little from the presence of the Quality) to the fire to warm themselves before they go out into the night. My Lady, looking up languidly, asks if Bessie's shawl isn't a great deal too thin for this horrible weather, and Bessie lies a patient negation, while Bessie's child stretches out a little grubby fearless hand to My Lady's lap and strokes her silks pleasantly. The Niece thinks, you know, that Bessie would be very nearly pretty if her face were not so thin, and talks to her with a kindness which is only not sympathy because the Niece has herself been always quite fortunate and happy, while Bessie, answering timidly, looks at her with some such yearning eyes as one might look from earth into Heaven. And then Sir John, instigated by Miss Mary who is perfectly proper and serious, thumps again on the table and says, "Now as we've all enjoyed a very pleasant evening and it's very nearly nine o'clock, let us all say good-night"; and this final and broadest of hints penetrating even to the understanding of the rustic visitor (while it does not offend him in the least) and causing the Niece to go once more into dreadful convulsions of suppressed laughter and even My Lady to smile a little, the company begin to collect hats and cloaks, to exchange farewells, and, in the case of Moggins, who is not

strong upon leave-taking or any other amenity of social life, to burst heavily out of the door with one thick bang like an agricultural torpedo. Granny folds up her handkerchief, perceiving with a simple pleasure that it is quite clean enough to do duty again on Sunday, and curtsies with a fine old dignity to My Lady. The rustic swains go out with Nancy, quarrelling under their breath over the privilege of escorting her home, and infinitely gratifying her coquettish vanity. Some honest old gaffer gets up and says quite simply, with no embarrassment and in the name of the company generally, that they've all enjoyed themselves uncommon; and the company, who remain, endorse the sentiment with well-satisfied murmurs. The Mother of Many collects her brood with her eye. Mine Hostess resumes her decent bonnet in her pandemonium, and pins her intensely respectable black shawl with stern fingers. Polly tucks out the husband, having first curtsied cheerfully and generally and with that brisk, sensible all-men-are-equal kind of air which is essentially an East Country woman's. The Pessimist pulls his old forelock at the door and says, "And thankee, Mum," to nobody in particular and with a dismal gratitude. The Parson shakes hands vaguely with the little School-Mistress and various other persons, with an unmistakable air of not in the least knowing who they are and trying, with a poor old sense of duty, to do what is expected of him. Miss Mary puts a bun into each of the little girl's little pockets with strict injunctions not to eat these delicacies before to-morrow. Bessie and the children go off together with a fine cake imperfectly done up in a newspaper, and Bessie looking round

only once to the group by the fire where the Niece is putting something bright and soft round her throat and warming a pretty foot and talking gaily (the Niece is always talking it would appear) and saying *she's* dreadfully hungry and how everybody did *stuff*. Sir John goes off cheerfully to call the carriage. Miss Mary removes the apron and resumes a neat cape. The Parson unexpectedly helps My Lady into the rich cloak which has fallen on to the back of her chair,—and remembers perhaps how on some such occasion, a life-time ago, some one turned round to say to him, with a wicked face glowing and laughing, that Peter was certainly the clumsiest and the dearest old dear in the world. Joe bows out the Quality,—My Lady bored and indifferent, and the Niece hoping vivaciously that he has laid in a stock of Parisian costumes in his shop for her to choose from to-morrow. The carriage drives off. Joe turns out the lights and locks up the place (the tidying and the washing-up being left till to-morrow in consideration of the present dissipated lateness of the hour) and hobbles contentedly home. The School-Mistress extinguishes the light in her window. The scattered cottages are dark and quiet. Bessie even has forgotten her harsh life in that good gift of the gods which is no respecter of persons. A few rustics dream of the past festivity perhaps. The majority dream of nothing at all, and wake up the next morning to go on with their life of much hard work and not much play, with its cares of many children and little money, its ignorance, its virtue, its sin, and its very slowly dawning light and knowledge,—until the Harvest-Tea comes round again.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

THE STORY OF RAM SINGH.¹

THE night was intensely still. The dawn-wind had not yet come to rustle and whisper in the trees; the crickets had not yet awakened to scream their greeting to the morning sun; the night-birds had gone to their rest, and their fellows of the day had not yet begun to stir on branch or twig. Nature, animate and inanimate alike, was hushed in the deep sleep which comes in this torrid land during the cool hour before the dawn, and the stillness was only emphasised by the sound of furtive, stealthy steps and cautious words whispered softly under the breath. The speakers were a band of some fifty or sixty ruffians; Malays from the Tembeling Valley of Pahang, clothed in ragged, dirty garments; long-haired, rough-looking disreputables from the wilder districts of Trengganu and Kelantan and Besut, across the mountain range; and a dozen truculent, swaggering Pahang chiefs, rebels against the Government, outlaws in their own land, beautifully and curiously armed, clothed in faded silks of many colours, whose splendour had long been dimmed and stained by the dirt and dampness of the dank jungles in which their owners had found a comfortless and insecure hiding-place.

A score of small dug-outs were moored to the bank at a spot where the cocoanut trees, fringing the water's edge, marked an inhabited village. The gang of rebels was broken up

into little knots and groups, some in the boats, some on the shore, the men chewing betel-nut, smoking palm-leaf cigarettes, and talking in grumbling whispers. They had had a very long day of it. The mountain range which divides Kelantan from Pahang had been crossed on the previous afternoon; and save for a brief night's rest, the marauders had been afoot ever since. Ever since the dawn broke they had been making their way down the Tembeling River, forcing any natives whom they met to join their party; taking every precaution to prevent word of their coming from reaching the lower country for which they were bound; paying off an old score or two with ready knife and blazing fire-brand; and loudly preaching a *Sabil Allah* (Holy War) against the Infidel in the name of Ungku Saiyid. The latter is the last of the Saints of the Peninsula, a man weak and wizened of body, but powerful and great of reputation, who sends forth others to do doughty deeds for the Faith, while he lives in the utter peace and seclusion of the little shady village of Palah near Kuala Trengganu.

An hour or two before midnight the raiders reached a spot about three-quarters of a mile above the point where the Tembeling River falls into the Pahang, and here a halt was called. The big native house surrounded by groves of fruit and cocoanut trees was the property of one Che' Bujang, and no other dwellings were in the immediate vicinity. Che' Bujang was a weak-kneed individual, who never had enough heart to be

¹ The facts narrated in this story occurred, exactly as they are here set down, in June, 1894, upon the occasion of the last futile attempt of the Pahang rebels to disturb the peace of this State.

able to make up his mind whether he was a rebel himself or not; but he claimed kinship with half the chiefs of the raiding party, and he was filled to the throat with a shuddering fear of them all. The principal leaders among the rebels landed when Che' Bujang's *kampong* was reached, leaving the bulk of their followers squatting in the boats and on the water's brink, and made their way up to their relative's house. Che' Bujang received them with stuttering effusion, his words tripping off his frightened tongue and through his chattering teeth in trembling phrases of welcome. The visitors treated him with scant courtesy, pushing him and his people back into the interior of the house. Then they seated themselves gravely and composedly round the big ill-lighted room, and began to disclose their plans.

They were a curious group of people these raiders who, with their little knot of followers, had dared to cross the mountain range to batter the face of the great Asiatic god Pax Britannica. The oldest, the most infirm, the most wily, and the least courageous, was the ex-Imaum Prang Indera Gajah Pahang, commonly called To' Gajah, a huge-boned, big-fisted, coarse-featured Malay of Sumatran extraction, as the scrubby fringe of sparse, wiry beard encircling his ugly face bore witness. Before the coming of the White Men this man had been a terror in the land of Pahang. The peasants had been his prey; the high-born chiefs had been forced to bow down before him; the King had leaned upon him as upon a staff of strength; and his will, cruel, wanton, and unscrupulous, had been his only law. The White Men had robbed him of all the things which made life valuable to him, and though he had held up his hand to the last, doing all in his power to make others run the

risks that in the end he might reap the benefit, his fears had proved too strong for him, and he had turned rebel eventually because he could not believe that Englishmen would be likely to act in good faith where he knew that he would, in similar circumstances, have had recourse to treachery. He had suffered acutely in the jungles whither he had fled, for his body was swelled with dropsy and rotten with disease; and who shall say what floods of hatred and longings for revenge surged up in his heart as he sat there in the semi-darkness of Che' Bujang's house, and gloated over the prospects of coming slaughter?

To' Gajah's three sons, the three who, out of his odd score of children, had remained faithful to their father in his fallen fortunes, were also of the party. They were Mat Kilau, Awang Nong, and Teh Ibrahim, typical young Malay roisterers, truculent, swaggering, boastful, noisy, and gaily-clad. They had no very fine record of bravery to point to in the past, but what they lacked in this respect they made up in lavish vaunts of the great deeds which it was their intention to perform in the future.

The foremost fighting chief of the band was the Orang Kaya Pahlawan of Semantan, who was also present. A thick-set, round-faced, keen-eyed man of about fifty years of age, he was known to all the people of Pahang as a warrior of real prowess, a scout without equal in the Peninsula, and as a jungle-man who ran the wild tribes of the woods close in his knowledge of forest-lore. When the devil entered into him he was accustomed to boast with an unfettered disregard for accuracy which might have caused the shade of Ananias to writhe with envy, but the deeds which he had really done were so many and so well-known that he could afford for the most part to hold his peace when

others bragged of their valour. His son Wan Lela, a chip of the old block who had already given proofs of his courage, sat silently by his father's side.

The last of the Pahang chiefs to enter the house was Mamat Kelubi, a Semantan man who, from being a boatman in the employ of a European mining company, had risen during the disturbances to high rank among the rebels, and now bore the title of Panglima Kiri, which has something of the same meaning as Brigadier-General. He was a clean-limbed, active fellow of about thirty years of age, and he stated that he had just returned from Kayangan (fairyland), where he had been spending three months in fasting and prayer, a process which had had the happy result of rendering him invulnerable to blade and bullet. Three weeks later he was shot and stabbed in many places by a band of loyal Malays, which can only be accounted for by the supposition that the fairy magic had gone wrong in one way or another.

To' Gajah spoke when all were seated, and Che' Bujang then learned that an attack was to be made just before dawn upon the small detachment of Sikhs stationed in the big stockade at Kuala Tembeling. Che' Bujang had been in daily communication with these men, and something like friendship had sprung up between them, but no idea of setting them upon their guard occurred to him. To do so would entail some personal risk to himself, and rather than that he would have suffered the whole Sikh race to be exterminated.

At about three o'clock in the morning the chiefs joined their sleepy followers at the boats. The word was passed for absolute silence, and the dug-outs with their loads of armed men were then pushed out into mid-stream. The stockade, which was to

be the object of the attack, was situated upon a piece of rising ground overlooking the junction of the Tembeling and Pahang rivers, and at its feet was stretched the broad sand-bank of Pasir Tambang, which has been the scene of so many thrilling events in the history of this Malayan State. The Tembeling runs almost at right angles to the Pahang, and the current of the former sets strongly towards the sand-bank. The chiefs knew this well, and they therefore ordered their people to allow the boats to drift, feeling sure that without the stroke of a paddle the whole flotilla would run aground of its own accord at Pasir Tambang.

The busy eddies of chill wind, which come up before the dawn to wake the sleeping world by whispering in its ear, were beginning to stir gently among the green things with which the banks of the river were clothed. A cicada, scenting the day-break, set up a discordant whirr; a sleepy bird among the branches piped feebly, and then settled itself again with a rustle of tiny feathers; behind Che' Bujang's *kampong* a cock crowed shrilly, and far away in the jungle the challenge was answered by one of the wild bantams; the waters of the river, fretting and washing against the banks, murmured complainingly. But the men in the boats, floating down the stream borne slowly along by the current, were absolutely noiseless. The nerves of one and all were strung to a pitch of intensity. Horny hands clutched weapons in an iron grip; breaths were held, ears strained to catch the slightest sound from the stockade which, as they drew nearer, was plainly visible on the prominent point, outlined blackly against the dark sky. The river, black also, save where here and there the dim starlight touched it with a leaden gleam, rolled along inexorably, carrying them

nearer and nearer to the fight which lay ahead, bearing sudden and awful death to the dozen Sikhs in the stockade.

At last, after a lapse of time that seemed an age to the raiders, the boats grounded one by one upon the sand bank of Pasir Tambang, so gently and so silently that they might have been ghostly crafts blown thither from the Land of Shadows.

The Orang Kaya Pahlawan landed with Wan Lela, Mat Kilau, Awang Nong, Teh Ibrahim, Panglima Kiri, and a score of picked men at his heels, leaving old To' Gajah and the rest of the party in the boats. Very cautiously they made their way to the foot of the eminence upon which the stockade stood, flitting across the sand in single file as noiselessly as shadows. Then, with the like precautions, they crept up the steep bank till the summit was reached, when the Orang Kaya drew hastily back, and lay flat on his stomach under the cover of some sparse bushes. He and his people had ascended at the extreme corner of the stockade, and he had caught sight of the glint of a rifle-barrel as the Sikh passed down his beat away from him. The raiders could hear the regular fall of the heavy ammunition-boots as the sentry marched along. Then they heard him halt, pause for a moment, and presently the sound of his foot-falls began to draw near to them once more. Each man among the raiders held his breath, and listened in an agony of suspense. Would he see them and give the alarm before he could be stricken dead? Would he never reach the near end of his beat? Ah, he was there, within a yard of the Orang Kaya! Why was the blow not struck? Hark, he halted, paused, and looked about him, and still the Orang Kaya held his hand! Had

his nerve failed him at this supreme moment? Now the sentry had turned about and was beginning to pace away from them upon his beat. Would the Orang Kaya never strike? Suddenly a figure started up against the sky-line behind the sentry's back, moving quickly, but with such complete absence of noise that it seemed more ghost-like than human. A long black arm grasping a sword leaped up sharply against the sky; the weapon poised itself for a moment, reeled backwards, and then with a thick swish and a thud descended upon the head of the Sikh. The sentry's knees quivered for a moment: his body shook like a steam-launch brought suddenly to a standstill upon a submerged rock; and then he fell over in a limp heap against the wall of the stockade, with a dull bump and a slight clash of jingling arms and accoutrements. In a second all the raiders were upon their feet, and led by the Orang Kaya waving his reeking blade above his head, they rushed into the now unguarded stockade. Their bare feet pattered across the little bit of open which served the Sikhs for a parade-ground, and then, sounding their war-cry for the first time that night, they plunged into the hut in which the Sikhs were sleeping.

There were nine men, out of the eleven survivors, inside the hut. The jangle caused by the fall of the sentry by the gate had awakened two of them, and these threw themselves upon the rebels and fought desperately with their clubbed rifles. They had no other weapons. Their companions came to their aid, and a good oak Snider-butt was broken into two pieces over Teh Ibrahim's head in the fight which ensued, though no injury was done to him by the blow. The rush of the Sikhs was so effectual that they all won clear of the hut, and six of their number escaped into

the jungle and so saved themselves. The remaining three were killed outside the hut, and Kuala Tembeling stockade had fallen into the hands of the raiders. Their greatest enemy, the loyal Imaum Prang Indera Stia Raja, had his village some thirty odd miles lower down the Pahang river, at Pulau Tawar, and if this place could also be surprised, the best part of Pahang would be in the possession of the rebels, and a general rising in their favour might be confidently looked for. The Orang Kaya and his people knew this, and their hearts were uplifted with triumph, for they saw now that the Saint who had foretold victory to their arms had been no lying prophet.

Unfortunately for the rebels, however, all the Sikhs had not been within the walls of the stockade when the well-planned attack was delivered. Sikhs keep very curious hours, and one of their habits is to rise before the dawn breaks, and to go shuddering down in the black darkness of that chilly hour to the river's brink, there to perform the elaborate ablutions which, to the keen regret of our olfactory organs, seem ever to be attended with such lamentably inadequate results. On the morning of the attack two of the little garrison, Ram Singh and Kishen Singh, had bestirred themselves before their fellows, and were already shivering on the water's edge when the raiders arrived. It says a good deal for the admirable tactics of the latter that it was not until the attack had been delivered that the two Sikhs became aware of the approach of their enemies. Suddenly, as they stood, naked save for their loin-cloths, the great stillness of the night was broken by a tempest of shrill yells. Then came half a dozen shots, ringing out crisply and fiercely, and awakening a hundred clanging echoes in the forest on either bank of the river.

An answering cheer was raised by the Malays in the boats, the tumult of angry sound seeming to spring from out of the darkness in front, behind, on every side of the bewildered Sikhs. The thick mist beginning to rise from the surface of the water served to plunge the sand-bank upon which they stood into fathomless gloom. The ears of the two men rang again with the clamour of the fight going on in the stockade, with the shouts and yells of those who shrieked encouragement to their friends from the moored boats, with the clash of weapons, and with the sudden outbreak of the unexpected hubbub. But they could see nothing,—nothing but the great inky shadows all about them into which everything seemed to be merged, and from which issued such discordant and fearful sounds.

"Where art thou, Ram-siar, my brother?" cried Kishen Singh despairingly; and a heavy silence fell around them for a moment as his voice was heard by the Malays in the boats. Then the cries of the enemies nearest to the two Sikhs broke out more loudly than before. "'Tis the voice of an infidel!" cried some—"Stab, stab!"—"Kill and spare not, in the name of Allah!"—"Where, where?"—and then came the crisp pattering of many bare feet over the dry hard sand in the direction from which the Sikh had shouted to his fellow.

"Brother, I am here," cried Ram Singh more quietly, close to Kishen Singh's elbow. "Alas, but we have no arms, and these jungle-pigs be many. We must tear the life from them with our hands. Oh, Guru Nanuk, have a care for thy children in this their hour of need!"

In the dead darkness both men could hear the swish of naked blades on all sides of them, for the Malays were as much baffled by the gloom as

were their victims, and men struck right and left on the bare chance of smiting something. Presently the swish of a sword very near to Ram Singh ended suddenly in a sickening thud, the sound of steel telling loudly upon yielding flesh, and Kishen Singh gave a short, hard cough. The unseen owner of the weapon which had gone home raised a cry of "*Basah ! Basah !* I have wetted him ! I have drawn blood !" and a yell of exultation went up from a score of fierce voices. Guided by the noise, Ram Singh threw himself upon the struggling mass which was Kishen Singh rolling over and over in his death-agony with the Malays tossing and tumbling, hacking and smiting above him. Ram Singh's left hand grasped a sword-blade, and though the fingers were nearly severed he managed to wrench the weapon from the grip of the Malay. Then, with a roar as of some angry forest-monster, he charged the spot where the tumult was loudest.

Putting all his weight into each blow, and striking blindly and ceaselessly, he fought his way through the throng in the direction from which the sound of the river purring between its banks was borne to him. The Malays fell back before his desperate onslaught, but they closed in behind him, wounding him cruelly with their swords and daggers and wood-knives, while he in his blindness did them but little injury. None the less, as the dawn began to break, Ram Singh, bleeding from more than a score of wounds, and with his left arm nearly severed, succeeded at last in leaping into one of the moored boats, and cutting the rope, pushed out into mid-stream. There were three Malays on board the little dug-out, but they quickly slipped over the side, and swam for the shore, deeming this blood-stained, fighting, roaring Sikh no pleasant foe with whom to do battle ; and as they went,

Ram Singh, utterly spent by his exertions and by loss of blood, slipped down into the bottom of the boat in a limp heap. To' Gajah, furious at the sight of an enemy's escape, danced a kind of palsied quick-step on the sand-bank, cursing his people and the mothers that bore them to the fifth and sixth generation, and administering various kicks and blows to such among his followers as he knew would not dare to retaliate in kind. But all this exhibition of bad temper was to no purpose. The excitement of the assault and of the unequal fight in the darkness was over, and the raiders were worn out by the long journey of the preceding day and night. They were very sleepy, and their stomachs cried aloud for rice. The rank and file absolutely declined to give chase until they had eaten and slept their fill ; and thus, as the daylight began to draw the colour out of the jungle on the river-banks, out of the yellow stretch of sand and the gleaming reach of running water, the dug-out in which the wounded Sikh lay was suffered to drift rocking down the stream until at last it disappeared round the bend a quarter of a mile below the rebel camp.

Ram Singh lay so very still that the raiders may perhaps have persuaded themselves that he was dead ; but they should have made sure, for their next move must be down stream, and the success or failure of their enterprise depended almost entirely upon the village of Pulau Tawar, in which the loyal Imaum Prang Stia Raja lived, being surprised as Kuala Tembeling had been. The rebel chiefs know this, but it is characteristic of the race to which they belonged that they suffered the whole of their plan of action to be jeopardised rather than take the prompt measures that must have ensured success because they necessitated

a certain amount of immediate trouble and exertion. Ram Singh was also aware of the enormous importance of a warning being carried to Imaum Prang, and weighed against this, the mere question of saving or losing his own life seemed to him a matter of little moment.

Although he was too weak to stand or to manage the boat, he determined to remain where he was until the current bore him to Pulau Tawar, and then, and not till then, to spread the news of the fall of Kuala Tembeling. He knew enough of Malay peasants to feel sure that no man among them would dare to help him if they learned that the rebels were in the immediate vicinity, and that he had received his wounds at their hands. Therefore he decided to keep his own counsel until such time as he found himself in the presence of the Imaum Prang. He knew also that he could not rely upon any Malay to pass the word of warning which alone could save Imaum Prang from death, and the whole of Pahang from a devastating little war. Therefore he determined that, dying though he believed himself to be, he must take that warning word himself. He swore to himself that he would not even halt to bind his wounds, nor to seek food or drink. Nothing must delay him, and the race was to be a close one between his own failing strength and inexorable time.

It was a typical Malayan morning. A cool fresh breeze was rippling the face of the water, and stirring the branches of the trees. The sunlight was intense, gilding the green of the jungle, deepening the black tints of the shadows, burnishing the river till it shone like a steel shield, and intensifying the dull bronze of the deep pools where they eddied beneath the overhanging masses of clustering vegetation. The shrill thrushes were sending their voices

pealing with an infectious gladness through the sweet morning-air; the chirp of many birds came from out the heavy foliage of the banks to the ears of the wounded man, and seemed to speak to him of the cruel indifference with which Nature beheld his sufferings. Presently his boat neared a village, and the people crowding to the bathing-huts moored to the shore cried to him with listless curiosity asking him what ailed him.

"'Tis nought, oh my brothers," Ram Singh returned, in a voice as firm and cheerful as his ebbing strength admitted.

But a woman, pointing with a trembling finger, screamed, "See, there is blood, much blood!" and a child, catching her alarm, lifted up its tiny voice and wept dismally.

"Let be, let be!" whispered an old man cautiously to his fellows. "In truth there is much blood, even as Minah yonder hath said; but let us be wise and have nought to do with such things. Perchance, if we but speak to the wounded man, hereafter men will say that we had a hand in the wounding. Therefore suffer him to drift; and for us, let us live in peace."

So Ram Singh was suffered to continue his journey down the stream undisturbed by prying eye or helping hand. The sun rose higher and higher, each moment adding somewhat to the intensity of the heat. By nine o'clock, when but half the weary pilgrimage was done, the waters of the river, struck by the fierce slanting rays, shone with all the pitiless brilliancy of a burning-glass. The colour of all things seemed suddenly to have become merged in one blazing white tint, an aching, dazzling glare, blinding the eye and scorching the skin. The river caught the heat and hurled it back to the cloudless sky; the sound of bird and insect died down cowed

by the terrors of the approaching noon-tide; the winds sank to rest; the heat-haze, lean and hungry as a demon of ancient myth, leaped up and danced horribly, with restless noiseless feet, above yellow sand-spits and heavy banks of greenery; and all the tortured land seemed to be simmering audibly. An open dug-out, even when propelled by strong men at the paddles so that the pace of the rush through the still, hot air makes some little coolness, is under a Malayan sun more like St. Lawrence's gridiron than a means of locomotion; but when it is suffered to drift down the stream at such a rate of motion only as the lazy current may elect to travel, it quickly becomes one of the worst instruments of torture known to man. In the Malay Peninsula men have frequently died in a few hours from exposure to the sun, and this form of lingering death, which is ever ready to a Raja's hand, is perhaps more dreaded than any other. Ram Singh bore all this, and in comparison the pain of his seven and twenty wounds seemed to sink almost into insignificance. The blood with which he was covered caked in hard black clots; his stiffening wounds ached maddeningly; the clouds of flies swarmed about him, adding yet one more horror to all that he had to endure; but never for a moment did this brave man forego his purpose of keeping his secret for Imaum Prang himself, and though the fever surged through his blood and almost obscured his brain he held steadfastly to the plan which he had formed.

Shortly after noon a sudden collision with some unseen object jarred the Sikh cruelly, and wrung a moan from his lips. A brown hand seized the gunwale of the dug-out, and a moment later a beardless brown face, seamed with many wrinkles, looked down into the boat. The dull, unfeeling eyes

wore that bovine expression which is ever to be seen in the countenances of those Malay peasants who can remember the evil days when they and their fellows were as harried beasts of burden beneath the cruel yoke of their chiefs.

"What ails thee, brother?" asked the face, still without any signs of curiosity.

"I have been set upon by Chinese gang-robbers," whispered Ram Singh, lying bravely in spite of his ebbing strength. "Help me to reach the Imaum Prang at Pulau Tawar that I make to him *rapport*."

The instinct of the Malay villager of the old school is always to obey an order, no matter from whose lips it may come. In many places in the Peninsula you may nowadays see some youngster, who has gotten some book-learning and what he represents as a thorough insight into the incomprehensible ways of the White Men, ruling the elders of his village with a despotism that is almost Russian; and the sad-eyed old men run to do his bidding with feet that step unsteadily through the weight of the years they carry, nor dream of questioning his right to command. It is the instinct of the peasantry of this race, as it was wont to be, dying hard in the face of modern innovations.

The man who had hailed Ram Singh did not even think of disputing the Sikh's order, and in a little while the dug-out was racing down stream with the cool rush of air fanning the fevered cheeks of the wounded man most deliciously. An hour or two later Pulau Tawar was reached, and Imaum Prang, hearing that a Sikh in trouble wished to have speech with him, came down to the water's edge, and squatted by the side of the dug-out.

"What thing hath befallen thee, brother?" he asked, aghast at the fearful sight before him. The dug-out

was a veritable pool of blood, and the great fevered eyes of the stricken man stared out at him from a face blanched to an ashen white, more awful to look upon by contrast with the straggling fringe of black beard. The pale lips opened and shut, like the mouth of a newly-landed fish, but no sound came from them; the great weary eyes seemed to be speaking volubly, but, alas, it was in a language to which the Chief could find no key. Was the supreme effort which the stricken Sikh had so nobly made to be wasted? For a moment it seemed as though the irony of Fate would have it so; and Ram Singh, deep down in his heart, prayed to Guru Nanuk to give him the strength he lacked that his deed might be suffered to bear fruit. Mightily, with the last remnants of his failing forces, the Sikh fought for speech. He gasped and struggled in a manner fearful to see, till at last the words came, and who shall say at what a cost of bitter agony.

"Dato' . . . the . . . rebels . . . " came the faltering whisper. "The rebels . . . Kuala . . . Tembeling . . . fallen . . . taken . . . many killed . . . make ready . . . against their . . . coming . . . and behold . . . I have brought the word . . . and I die . . . I die . . . " His utterance was choked by a great flow of blood from his mouth, and without a struggle Ram Singh fainted away and lay as one dead.

Imaum Prang was a man of action; he had his people collected and his stockades in a thorough state of defence long before the afternoon began to wane. He was a very old soldier, and he knew as much about Malayan methods of warfare as is good for any man; therefore he fully appreciated the fact that a post prepared for attack is to all intents and purposes an insuperable obstacle to the advance of

a Malay army. The warriors of these people love an ambush and a stolen fight; but they have little stomach for an assault upon a stockade with men armed and ready for them behind it.

While Imaum Prang was busily engaged in profiting by the warning thus timely brought to him, Ram Singh was tended with gentle hands and soothed with kind words of pity by the women-folk of the Chief's household. He was a swine-eating infidel, it was true, but he had saved them, and all that they held dear, from death, or from the capture which is worse than death.

So the rebels were repulsed, and were chased back to the land from whence they had come, and up and down that land, and across and across it, till many had been slain and the rest made prisoners, and at last Pahang might once more sleep in peace. And Ram Singh, who had saved the situation, was sent to hospital in Singapore, where he was visited by the Governor of the Colony, who came thither in his great carriage to do honour to the simple Sikh private; and when at last he was discharged from the native ward healed of his wounds, a light post in the Pahang Police Office was found for him, where he will serve until such time as death may come to him in very truth. If you chance to meet him, he will be much flattered should you ask him to divest himself of his tunic; and you will then see a network of scars on his brown skin, which will remind you of a raised map designed to display the mountain-system of Switzerland. He is inordinately proud of them, and rightly so, say I, for which man among us can show such undoubted proofs of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice as this obscure hero?

HUGH CLIFFORD.

OXFORD IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WERE anyone to advance the old saying

When Oxford draws knife,
England's soon at strife

as a plain account of fact, any student of history could refute him in a moment. Wars and rumours of wars have not, generally speaking, originated on the banks of the Isis. But there is a truth in the words which is quite independent of mere historical detail: they mean, that Oxford has always, in spite of everything which has been alleged to the contrary, shown an extraordinary readiness to take the stamp of every phase of national life; and that when fighting was in the air, Oxford was a natural theatre for the exhibition or imitation of animosities which were dividing the rest of the kingdom. All Universities worthy of the name display in little the battles of great questions and great causes. As in the twelfth century Northerners fought with Southerners and Englishmen with Welshmen in the High Street, so does the Union now discuss political questions of the day. The learned contentions of academic philosophical societies are the successors of the battles which were waged with carnal weapons between Realist and Nominalist.

This sensitiveness to external impression is particularly well illustrated by the history of the part played by Oxford in the period of the Civil Wars. No epoch left a deeper mark on the University; never was she more closely in touch with the course of great events. For a time,

the residence of the court among other reasons localised the war round her walls; Oxford became a camp, and learning slumbered. Then, the revenues of venerable foundations being naturally regarded as part of the spoils of victory, conquering Puritans took possession of colleges, not unresisted, so far as weakness could resist strength. Presidents, Wardens, and Fellows were expelled at an hour's notice, and could only revenge themselves by bitter satire on their conquerors. Drastic Commissions, with no modern respect for vested interests, were charged to sweep the Augean stable of a Royalist University. It was no time of cloistered calm and peaceful academic repose: as in the rest of England, so at Oxford life was serious and strenuous during the period of the Commonwealth; and indeed the Puritans, as their enemies could not but acknowledge, did their utmost to infuse vigour into the intellectual existence of Alma Mater. But their reign was short; the Restoration brought back Royalist holders of college endowments, and the accompanying disturbances of learning. For about half a century there was a constant see-saw of expulsion and restoration: Magdalen College had still to achieve martyrdom in the reign of James; and till England was rid of that unfortunate monarch, Oxford could never be said to be free from fighting, or at least from fear.

There is perhaps at all times a natural and laudable somnolence in Oxford and Cambridge (yes, even in Cambridge,) which harmonised extremely well with the prevailing

temper of the eighteenth century, and caused Oxford at least to take the stamp of her environment with remarkable readiness. Peace and quiet and cessation from revolutions was nowhere more welcome than in colleges, where Fellows and scholars could sleep secure from expulsion and even divert themselves with playing at high-treason round a coffee-house fire. The day of social and religious upheavals and interference with comfortable sinecures was over for the present; novelties were dangerous; unusual enthusiasms were carefully suppressed or guided politely into formal and conventional channels,—a kind of guidance which Universities have always been ready to undertake. Material prosperity filled the colleges with young men who came up to enjoy themselves, and who were not likely to be stimulated to any unnatural activity by the spectacle of their generally easy-going and somnolent pastors and masters. Never was the impress of the time more readily taken; it was that polite torpor which prevailed at least during the first half of the eighteenth century which made the life of the Universities what it continued to be, with but slight change, for the next hundred years.

A time of leisure it undoubtedly was. Allegorical prints of the first two decades after 1700 represent the student in the act of being rescued from the allurements of Pleasure by Minerva and Hercules,—who, be it observed by moderns, is not the patron of athletics, but the ideal Hercules of Stoicism, the type of virtue and moral fortitude. To judge from contemporary satire, some particularly energetic intervention was sorely needed as a supplement to the activity of the Proctors; but only an optimist could suppose an Oxford curriculum to be specially protected and guided by the Goddess of Learning. Candi-

dates for degrees were still under the dominion of Laud's statutes, which remained theoretically in force till the development of the modern examination-system. The virtue of these laws lay in their application; and while the seventeenth century alternated between enforcement and neglect and perfunctory obedience (Antony Wood, no Roundhead himself, is fain to confess that Puritan rule did much to improve scholastic disputations and exercises,) in the eighteenth, two-thirds of the Trivium (*Lingua, Tropus, Ratio*) suffered practical extinction, while Logic only survived Grammar and Rhetoric to degenerate into the vain repetition of arid and obsolete *formule*. No doubt logical studies, even the studies of that day, appealed, as they will always appeal, to a minority; it is on record that an enthusiast went so far as to assert the best book ever written, except the Bible, to be Smiglecius. This was undying prejudice with a vengeance. But no one else has a good word to say for the *Quodlibets* and *Austins*, the system of Opponent and Respondent, or for any part of the rigmarole dignified with the title of public disputations and exercises. A disputation *pro forma* for the Bachelor's degree (says a lively writer in *TERRÆ FILIUS*) is no more than a formal repetition of a set of syllogisms upon some ridiculous question in logic, which students get by rote, or, perhaps only read out of their caps which lie before them with their notes in them. These commodious sets of syllogisms are called *strings*, and descend from undergraduate to undergraduate in a regular succession." Or, to quote the authoress of *ACADEMIA, OR THE HUMOURS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD*,

For here the misery of it lies,
When they're obliged to exercise,
Which is, ere they take a Degree,

Some *Fellow*, or what e'er he be,
 Asks him if things be *so or so*,
 To which he answers ay or no :
 And if he happens to say right,
 He gets ye his degree, in spight
 Of *Lousie learning*, to which end
 Some better Scholar, and his friend
 He intreats, because he would not miss,
 To hold his finger up at *Yes*.

Opponent and Respondent are provided with a plentiful stock of logical phrases which neither they nor their hearers, if any, even pretend to understand; *quiditatives* and *quoad illuds* and *entitatives* are bandied about the schools, and learning is not increased. Such is the state of things at the beginning of the century; even then the requisite qualifications for a degree are a laughing-stock and a scandal. The strictures of Vicesimus Knox on the examinations of a later day are well known. Everything is mere tedious and meaningless formality. The candidate for a Bachelor's degree is examined by three masters of his own choice, and so searching is their scrutiny that the greatest dunce comes off quite as well as the finest genius; which is only to be expected when the examiners are pot-companions of the candidate.

Such being the methods of testing knowledge, it is perhaps not surprising that the University should have taken no great trouble to impart it. Even in our own virtuous age the natural modesty of truly learned men has been known to shrink from exhibiting their stores to the world, and to require the stimulus of a compelling Visitatorial Board. But the Professor of one hundred and fifty years ago feared neither academic authority nor, as it would appear, public opinion. As early as 1720 the undergraduate author of *TERRÆ FILIUS* complains that there have been no lectures in the schools for three years past, except in poetry and music. A Professor of Divinity, coming to the Schools only

for form's sake, and with no intention of lecturing, finds to his surprise that there is actually an expectant audience of three persons. This is embarrassing; however, he extricates himself from the difficulty by the simple formula, "Three do not make a *quorum*,—good morning!" and so departs. Gibbon's testimony is to much the same effect.

Nor do matters improve in this respect with the progress of the century. Towards its close, says Christopher Wordsworth in *SCHOLÆ ACADEMICÆ*, a large number of Professors at either University did not even pretend to lecture. Even the *Vindicator of Magdalen College* against the injurious aspersions of Mr. Gibbon, holding as he does a brief for the professorial system, cannot make out a very good case for his clients. They *did* lecture: they *will* lecture; but there are very few of whom it is possible to use the present tense. About 1790 professorial teaching would seem to have touched its nadir. This is the period when Oxford takes so sternly practical a view of the duties incumbent on a Professor of Moral Philosophy, that his chair is held *ex officio* by one of the Proctors, the very nature of whose office, it is maintained, must lead them to a most satisfactory discharge of the real duties of a Professor of Moral Philosophy. This remarkable identification of the contemplative and practical lives is quoted not by an assailant, but by a champion of Oxonian manners. Things in fact were much worse in 1790 than they had been half a century earlier. But in that same year the Professor of Modern History salves his conscience by employing (time-honoured resource) a deputy, who is not puffed up with pride like modern deputies. On the contrary, he will "wait on gentlemen in their own apartments,"—like a barber.

Professorial teaching did not of course represent the whole of the actual instruction offered to Oxonians, any more than it does now. Then, as now, an undergraduate relied for his intellectual advancement not so much on the University as on his own college, within which he would generally be under the dominion of one of the Fellows. Zachary Uffenbach, who visited the Universities in 1710, says that "some scholars have an old *Socium Collegii* as tutor," perhaps the richer scholars, who could afford the luxury; this seems to hint at private coaching. College declamations and exercises there were in abundance; yet these can have been but broken reeds for the student who really wished to learn; if they were conducted on the lines of the *generals* and *quodlibets* required by the University, their educational value cannot have been great. These substitutes for the modern morning lecture were at any rate statutorily established; and with every allowance made for the tendency among undergraduates and others to carp at collegiate requirements, their character appears to have been such as one would expect. John James of Queen's College, a serious student if ever there was one, and more than a bit of a prig (but nevertheless a candid and apparently trustworthy authority) relied very little on his college, where nevertheless the Hastings scholars had to spend four years in studying the arts and sciences. He "has had the honour of proving to the Doctor's great satisfaction that it must be either night or day." Later in his career, he was "summoned to Hall at twelve o'clock, to hear for half an hour or more bad Latin, bad arguments, and bad philosophy." The statutes of Hertford College, made in 1747, required weekly declamations. No doubt the colleges, or some of them, did offer tuition or exact exercises in

subjects unconnected with the schools. Erasmus Phillips of Pembroke, for instance, took essays to the Master: Gibbon alludes to lectures in Terence at Magdalen (which, with the licentiousness of genius, he habitually shirked), and individual tutors seem to have been prepared to read the classics with their pupils, either because the college prescribed it, or for the pure love of the thing. But a scheme of education which relies either on college custom or individual enthusiasm for learning can hardly be expected to preserve its vitality. Colleges are excellent guardians of the letter, but the spirit is apt to decay. While an exceptional teacher and an exceptional class may have prosecuted non-academic studies (and the classics were non-academic) with energy, and the minority, really anxious to improve its mind, may have found a sufficient stimulus in the satisfaction of a divine thirst for knowledge, yet human nature is weak; the average University man will not exert himself without the substantial prospect of paving the way to his degree, any more than the average tutor can be expected to do his very best when he cannot hope to be rewarded by the public success of his pupils. Nevertheless, lest the modern lecturer should be tempted to self-righteousness, he should remember that before the days of inter-collegiate competition and advertisements of academic success in the evening papers, there were good and faithful tutors, whose merit was the greater because their reward was less. Dr. Johnson speaks highly of a Christchurch tutor, Bateman; and Wordsworth's *SOCIAL LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITIES* describes the Christchurch tutors of 1733 as intelligent. Johnson's own pastor and master, Jordan of Pembroke, was "like a father to his pupils;" it is true that he was intellectually incompetent, but that was not his fault. Perhaps,

when the absence of obvious incentive is taken into account, the character of the collegiate tuition in the eighteenth century appears to be rather better than one would expect. The public is always chary of praise to its instructors; even Oriel in its palmy days suffers severely at the hands of the Reverend Mark Pattison. Yet, when all is said, we can hardly suppose that Oxford at the end of the century could quite rival the sister University, where "the *Belles Lettres* or *Classics* [such is the roseate view taken by the Cambridge University Calendar for 1802] are cultivated in most colleges with great diligence and success."

The beginning of the eighteenth century is generally of course held to mark the transition from ancient to modern English social life, that curious result of a compromise between Puritanism and post-Restoration licence; and among the various types that emerge none perhaps is more native to this era than the University Don. For the *genus* Fellow, half monk, half sportsman, with all the attributes with which a hundred and fifty succeeding years endowed him, cannot really be said to have existed before the reign of Queen Anne. Before that time, Fellows and undergraduates are not yet sharply distinguished, do not at least live separate lives and form independent habits; early academic history is apt to class all alike as *scholares*, and it is difficult, at least to the superficial student, to draw a dividing line between seniors and juniors. They are all scholars, always theoretically and often practically associated by the common pursuit of learning, these as pupils and those as teachers. Even so late as in the seventeenth century they live a common life, still united by the common enjoyment of their Founder's muni-

ficence; and politically they sink or swim together. But in the years succeeding the Restoration a change becomes perceptible; and the Man as we know him in all his various phases of Buck, Blood, or Lounger, and the Don, with the characteristics which for a long time made him a special mark for the satirist, begin to emerge. This must have been largely due to the increase of gentlemen-commoners, whose age and habits made them less likely to consort with College Fellows. Many undergraduates of the latter part of the seventeenth century must have been mere schoolboys in their early teens. One has but to look at the list of their amusements; men would hardly content themselves with such pastoral occupations as "making trimtrams of flowers and rushes," or even "watching frogs swimming," or "telling stories under a hay-mow." Boys like these need a schoolmaster, and it cannot be said of the masters and boys at a public school that they are separate societies each living its own life. But when the undergraduate came up at seventeen or eighteen, with the intention not of making Oxford a stepping-stone to the professions but merely of enjoying himself, it was inevitable that he and the Dons should drift apart. Gentlemen-commoners would not naturally associate with seniors who did not seriously instruct them, and who in most cases belonged originally to a different and lower social stratum. The result is that each class followed its own bent and went its own way independently of the other; and it cannot be said that either profited by the differentiation.

Perhaps it is impossible quite to whitewash the much-besmirched character of the Don of the last century. It is true indeed that public opinion on the subject has been mainly formed by the sweeping condemnation of

Gibbon. Every schoolboy knows how the conversation of the Magdalen Common-Room stagnated in a dreary round of college business and Tory politics, and how their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth (which, by the way, sadly needed the excuse); criticisms which, based as they are on the hastily formed impressions of a boy of sixteen, are in themselves negligible as serious testimony. One is only rather surprised that the historian should have taken the trouble to assert at his leisure what he thought in his haste, ignoring, what he must have known perfectly well, and the *Vindicator* of Magdalen College very properly points out, the fact that Apollo does not always bend the bow, nor does the founder of a system of philosophy deserve to be stigmatised as a drone because he occasionally talks scandal in Common-Room. Learned men have done so, and will do so again.

But unfortunately there appears to be a consensus of opinion. There is scarcely a reference to the general run of Fellows which does not represent them as devotees of anything but plain living and high thinking. Serious students like James of Queen's College, a youth who certainly began with no prejudice against his seniors, glance contemptuously at the Fellows of a college that spend half their lives in poring over newspapers and smoking tobacco. A Fellow of twenty years' standing is generally "overrun with the spleen, and gets sottish." To the genial humourist of *THE OXFORD SAUSAGE* the Fellow is primarily an eating animal.

How jocund are their looks when dinner calls:

How smoked the cutlets on their crowded plates!

In the same vein the notorious

TERRÆ FILIUS of 1733 describes senior members of colleges as generally votaries of pleasure in one form or another. All Souls' men are "smarts and gallant gentlemen." If a man in a play wishes to personate a Fellow of Brasenose he must "wear a pillow for a stomach." Masters of Arts at New College have a very bad character; that learned foundation is composed of "golden scholars, silver bachelors, leaden masters." After all allowance has been made for the general tendency to cavil at positions of greater emolument than responsibility, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that Gibbon's judgment of Magdalen College was true enough, accidentally no doubt, but still true, and applicable to other seats of learning as well. For it cannot be urged that charges of sloth and gluttony are the permanent stock in trade at all times of the satirist. Persons who lash the modern Fellow select quite different foibles for castigation. They allow that he works, although it is for frivolous objects, such as University Extension.

It would not have been consistent with the character of the Fellow of the last century that he should insist unduly on minute details of college discipline; and from all the indications it may fairly be concluded that an easy-going policy prevailed which would have shocked the comparative austerity of Waynflete or Fox, as it is out of harmony with the paternal legislation of our own times. Rules there were in abundance; but nowhere more truly than in a college can it be said that the virtue of a rule lies in its enforcement; and the average Fellow, whether he aimed at being a smart and gallant gentleman, or a mere scholar ("a creature that can put on a pair of lined slippers, sit reasoning till dinner, and then go to his meat when the bell rings"),

was at any rate no martinet. Regulations as to attendance at college lectures and disputations were but slackly enforced. Leave of absence from Oxford was granted without demur, or taken. Writing in the last years of the seventeenth century Mrs. Alicia D'Anvers enumerates in *ACADEMIA* some of the various excuses proffered by undergraduates who wish to escape from their duties: sometimes it is a friend or relation, "or another," who has come up to see Oxford, and the scholar must needs go with him and show him the town.

And ever when one Stranger's gone,
Be sure they'll have another come,

And then sometimes their father sends,
Or else some other of their friends,
(They say) a letter of Attorney,
Praying them to take a little journey.

One's first reflection is that the state of things revealed is remarkably modern, and that evidently the pleas of "people up," and "important family business," are not of an age but for all time. But of course it must be remembered that a visit to the metropolis, or a distant county, would then involve an absence of days rather than hours. Such visits were freely permitted to Gibbon, a boy of sixteen; during his short residence at Oxford he made six excursions to London and elsewhere, and apparently no objection was raised. At about the same period Conybeare, the Dean of Christchurch, is rather severely handled by Hearne (being presumably a Whig and therefore unable to do right) for introducing into the House some disciplinary reforms, which certainly do not seem excessively harsh. The rules of Queen's College insist on a variety of observances, most of which could be evaded by the payment of a small fine. These fines are evidently survivals from the penal laws made for

the Halls in the early days of the University, under which any breach of discipline, short of downright murder, could be atoned for by money-payments. Sconces and impositions were not unknown. Sometimes the crime which called for these desperate remedies may surprise a modern; as for instance, when a Balliol man was sconced by the Master for cutting, not his lectures but—his throat! Perhaps this incident may have been the archetype of a remarkable legend appropriated to the use of contemporaries by the Balliol of some twenty years ago.

The social life of a modern undergraduate tends to centralise itself within the walls of his college, his pastors and masters, very wisely on the whole, preferring a little sacrifice of their own academic calm to the risk of his finding questionable amusements outside. If he wishes to be convivial, his college gives him every opportunity. He has his own common-room, with many of the comforts of a club. When he has dined well, and feels cheerful, there is a recognised part of the quadrangle where he may make an authorised bonfire. But the original scheme of the colleges did not contemplate them as places of miscellaneous entertainment; and when the undergraduate began to make his own amusement the great end of a University career, the convivial centres which attracted him lay outside the walls of his own college. The earlier part of the eighteenth century being especially the era of clubs and coffee-houses, Oxford followed the prevailing fashion. Taverns and pot-houses abounded, some of them associated with particular colleges or particular political opinions; and the numbers of these places of resort must have seriously increased the Proctorial duties, as they do not seem to have been altogether coun-

tenanced by authority. Thus sings the panegyrist of OXFORD ALE :

Nor Proctor thrice with vocal heel
alarms
Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly
roof
Of pot-house snug to visit : wiser he
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-
house
Of JAMES or JUGGINS. . . .
Where the lewd spendthrift, falsely
deem'd polite,
While steams around the fragrant
Indian Bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler
Ale.

There was a great deal of tippling, —boys in their teens must have been of different material from the present generation to survive it at all—but the Proctors do not seem to have been frequently called upon to deal with serious outbreaks of violence. The Oxonian of the eighteenth century, even in the days when bloody brawls were common enough in London streets, was not remarkably turbulent. Wine, woman, and song were more in his line than street-fighting. Votaries of pleasure preferred to revel in the halls of James or Juggins, or to flaunt their fine clothes before the fair ones of Merton Walks. Young Oxford of that day was keenly alive (when is it not?) to the charms of beauty. It toasted the fair at social gatherings; it attended them in public; it extolled their beauties in effusive verse, with a sentimental abandon which modern youth, surrendering to the charm with more reticence and only during the summer term and Christmas vacation, would consider undignified and even disgusting. Other times, other manners; the Eternal Feminine played a larger part in Oxford social life in the earlier part of the eighteenth century than she has since done, till the last two decades have seen her assert a nobler and more elevating

sovereignty. Then, as now, woman had her assailants and her apologists; but there is really no comparison between the two states of society. Modern misogynists fear that Oxford may be ruined by too much domestic virtue. This was not the danger in antiquity.

For the undergraduate, at any rate, quiet gentlemanly dissipation rather than unseemly violence was the fashion. Of course Town fought Gown occasionally; but the old days of battle, when Nation rose against Nation or Nominalist against Realist, had been forgotten for centuries. It was no longer necessary for the Senior Proctor to carry a poleaxe, as he did in the Reformation period. Now and then indeed the old spirit of North and South would for a moment animate Whigs and Tories; though Oxford was Jacobite at heart as long as there was a Jacobite cause, yet naturally there was a Whig minority, which intruded itself, as honest Hearne's diary continually informs us, even into the sacred atmosphere of Common-Rooms where toasts "were not expressive of the most lively loyalty to the House of Hanover." If we are to believe the very acrimonious account given in *TERRÆ FILIUS*, Whig undergraduates received but a short shrift from Tory Proctors. Mr. Meadowcourt of Merton got into very serious trouble for his loyalty to the new dynasty. A meeting of the Constitution Club at the King's Head in High Street was invaded by the Senior Proctor, when the luckless Meadowcourt was so rash as to avow that the object of the meeting was "to commemorate the restoration of Charles the Second, and to drink King George's health," in which horrid act he invited the Proctor to participate. For this offence his name was put in the Black Book and he himself kept back for some terms from

his degree,—a grave scandal, according to *TERRÆ FILIUS*. Probably there were complications; undergraduate accounts of Proctorial misdoings are rarely serious history.

It was not often, however, that the undergraduate, provided he was not a “vile Whig,” had to complain of excessive disciplinary supervision. He was much let alone. Whether gentlemen-commoner, or scholar, or servitor, —in which latter case the odious fashion of the time compelled him to perform menial tasks for his social superior, and in fact to be a kind of scout—the early Georgian undergraduate was a creature of few duties and few responsibilities; he was left to follow his own devices, and lived a kind of Quartier Latin existence. His college provided him theoretically with moral and intellectual guidance; practically with very little besides board and lodging at a moderately cheap rate. A student of Hart Hall (the modern Hertford College) could live, so far as college charges for board and tuition went, for about £30 a year, a sum which, even allowing for the difference in the value of money, is hardly exorbitant. The expensive items of academic life came as usual from outside. Oxford tradesmen had not begun to ask for cash payments; but they enjoyed the right of free ingress into colleges, and could press their claims more forcibly than their modern successors. The dun (not the mere dun epistolary, but his actual carnal presence outside a gentleman’s oak,) is one of the common topics of early University satire. In *ACADEMIA* the staircase in the morning is beset by tradesmen, whom the hero evades by the simple artifice of pretending to be someone else and telling them that he himself is out. Not till the afternoon can insolvent scholars

Looking well about
With caution venture to go out.

Excessive supervision may perhaps be distasteful to the modern undergraduate, but at least it protects him from his tailor.

The student in *ACADEMIA* does much what he pleases with his mornings; and sixty years later his grand-children appear to have enjoyed a similar liberty. The Lounger of about 1760 is still “toping all night and trifling all day;” compulsory chapels and compulsory lectures are far from him. He breakfasts at ten, and after that meal feels strong enough to blow a tune on the flute,—an offence for which Apollo flayed Marsyas, and a modern musician would probably be severely reprimanded by his Dean. After this he chats with a friend or reads a play (evidently the equivalent for glancing at *THE SPORTING TIMES*) till dinner. Even the most renowned athlete of our days would not be allowed to lounge so thoroughly. Perhaps as a type selected for satire, he is not a fair specimen of manners; but it does not appear that the average man of the early Hanoverian period was more strictly cabined and confined. He *might* rise early; he *might* go to lectures,—if his college provided any; but the categorical imperative did not press heavily upon him. If we may believe Hearne, there was no reason why men should get up until dinner-time; at least in 1721 several colleges altered their hours of dining from eleven to twelve owing to people lying in bed longer than they used to do.

Dinner being over, the average man is his own master again, except for the fear of creditors, during the rest of the day; but an early Georgian afternoon would be a very uninteresting affair to the modern undergraduate. There were then no crews practising on the river, no organised games to take part in or to watch; fives is casually mentioned, and the Lounger plays tennis; but if the attitude of Oxford authorities to

the game of kings resembled that of their Cambridge brethren, who compelled certain undergraduates to make a public recantation for having indulged in this vicious pastime, athletics can hardly be said to have been encouraged. These Cantabrigian Dons seem to have been the proper predecessors of the Oxford dignitaries of the earlier part of this century, who looked askance even on the virtuous oarsman, a person who is now regarded as strengthening the moral stamina of his University.

The storm and stress of modern athletic competition was quite foreign to young gentlemen who wore laced coats and periwigs; and Oxford had by this time outgrown such simple sports as those wherein the preceding age appears to have taken delight. It was no longer satisfying to watch frogs swimming and to make trimtrams of rushes and flowers. Hence the variety of outdoor amusements was not great. Sportsmen might hunt, if they could afford a horse, or do a little poaching in the wide forests which still covered the hills about Cumnor, Horspath, and Beckley. But others had few outlets for energy. Many would dangle after the much be-rhymed beauties of Merton Walks; some would fit themselves for the *beau-monde* by spending their afternoons at Weaver's dancing-school. The hero of *ACADEMIA* does so; but it should be remembered that Mrs. D'Anvers is describing a Rake's Progress. One can hardly, however, expect the student of the eighteenth century to play violent games. He would have been as horrified at the suggestion of football as James Crawley would have been at the idea of posturing in a dancing-school, or the virtuous athlete of our days if expected to patronise the Tutbury Pet. As the century progresses it appears that undergraduates grew more virtuous,

or at least more manly and simple in their tastes; their occupations at least approached more nearly to those of our own day. They did not indeed so far mortify the flesh as to take a walk; but diaries and reminiscences of the years between 1750 and 1800 are full of allusions to rowing,—not, it is true, as an exercise, or a means to the attainment of renown, but for pleasure. Like the undergraduate in Clough's poem they

Went, in their life and the sunshine re-
joicing, to Nuneham and Godstow.

Excursions (what the slang of the day called *schemes*) to neighbouring villages on the river were common. One of the poets of *THE OXFORD SAUSAGE* deplores the necessity of assuming a grizzle-wig.

No more the wherry feels my stroke so
true:
At skittles, in a Grizzle, can I play?

Whereas a bob-wig is the emblem of thoughtless youth, and was not inconsistent with skittles, apparently. But, although our grandfathers played cricket in tall hats, we can hardly imagine an athlete in a bob-wig. Moreover, if contemporary art is to be trusted, though art in this matter is often misleading, the statute enjoining academical dress on all persons whenever they went abroad was no dead-letter. Whatever may be urged against the University, it was at least externally decorous. One can only imagine faintly how Dr. Waldegrave or Dr. Newton would have been affected by the spectacle of an academic dignitary in "shorts" coaching his college crew from the bank.

Afternoon amusements in winter must have suffered from the gradual postponing of dinner till the unhal-
lowed, if classical, hour of three.
From four o'clock till supper-time the

student might of course, and sometimes did, betake himself to study or rational conversation with persons of discretion. But, if socially inclined, it was but too probable that he followed the example of his elders and spent the later afternoon in getting moderately drunk. Earlier in the century supper and not dinner is the social meal: dinner is a solemn function, at supper the pale student unbends; and the company generally finish the evening at the Mitre or Tuns, or the coffee-house of some James or Juggins, till perhaps the fear of the Proctor's "vocal heel" drives them back to their respective colleges. The Lounger stays out till one; nor does it appear that the evening's dissipation is avenged by the matutinal Dean.

It is hard for us to judge the Oxford of a century and a half ago. She was the creature of the age: contemporary thought and manners followed exactly those lines in which all Universities are readiest to walk; and we, who perhaps suffer from an excess of State interference, find it hard not to take an entirely modern standpoint and magnify our own

virtues by comparison with the sloth and dissipation of our forefathers. Have we not the verdict of the bad old eighteenth century itself, which called its oldest seat of learning "a place that produces nothing but rakes and rank Tories"? Yet let us endeavour to be just. After all, that unpromising soil did produce one of the strongest of English religious movements; and when Cambridge sneers at the state of our schools, we have the right to retort that Oxford made the larger mark on contemporary history. Like the French nation, we were objects perhaps of dislike but not of indifference.

Doubtless a little more supervision would have done Oxford no harm; though its absence is not at all times an evil for everyone. There are some who think that our moral and intellectual health might even be benefited at present by less interference and more individual liberty. These things, however, are not in the hands of the Universities. Educational systems are less created by places of education than developed by the trend of national thought.

A. D. GODLEY.

THE PRAYER OF CERVANTES.

CENTURIES ago, in a poor attic in a mean house and wintry city, a man sat writing. The year was 1605 and the city was Madrid. Mid-January was barely over, and the northern blasts, newly travelling from the snowy Guadarrama, swept pitilessly up and down the streets and rattled at the crazy casements, sending a hurricane of draught through every room, even the best defended of those unluxurious times. Otherwise the afternoon was fine and clear, the air at that salubrious altitude of crystal purity and cleanness, and the sun, strong in light if weak in warmth, reflected full and broadly from each flat whitewashed roof and balcony.

The man at the shaky ink-stained table kept writing, always writing. The floor was littered with a vast wealth of papers, legal for the most part, and headlined in a monstrous medieval type intended possibly to be ornamental. Of these he took no notice. A pile of coarse blank leaves, numbered in each corner, lay before him, and as the draught was threatening disarrangement he laid upon them, as a weight, his left forearm, clad in a black unfingered glove of some severe material, and with his other hand kept ever writing, thrusting each sheet as it was finished beneath a twisted horseshoe at a corner of the table.

So sped the chilly hours. A fire of scraps of wood in a brazier blazed forth, waned, flickered, and went out, and the tinkling ash, escaping through the bars, fell every now and then distractingly upon the floor. The writer paid no heed, but as it grew

from daylight into dusk, from twilight into dark, he struck a flint and lit an old oil-lamp, and still sat writing, now and then speaking to himself in a soft and pensive undertone.

At last, when the night was well advanced, the door opened, and a handsome girl of three or four and twenty years sprang merrily in and took the serious writer fairly by assault, as she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him long and ardently.

"Come," she said pouting, "Come, little father, put away that horrid thing,"—and suiting the action to the word she struck the pen from his half-willing hand. "Father," she continued in a tone of mock reproach, "have you nothing to say to your little daughter?" She paused. "Oh, father, how we love each other, don't we?"—and at this latter question her voice broke down completely.

"*Ysabelita de mi vida*," said the writer in reply, straining her to his breast and looking earnestly into her dark eyes, reflecting many moods and memories, "Ysabel, may God never part us."

"Neither in this world nor the world to come," said the girl, with a half hysterical sob, returning the caress and laying her soft cheek tenderly against the veteran's wrinkled lips and rough moustache. "Come father," she added with a brighter accent, "Tita and Mamaita are asleep. You are tired I know," and she laid her delicate fingers to his throbbing temple with an infinitely gentle and compassionate movement; "your head is hot,—come to bed."

"Soon, sweetheart; see, not another chapter, not two pages. Leave me to finish, dearest. I will take a holiday to-morrow."

"To-morrow," echoed the maid,—
"you promise?"

"I promise."

The girl gazed at him, smiling sadly, but even the smile faded as she bade him good-night.

"Good-night," he whispered, enfolding her protectingly with his strong right arm, and his face grew beautiful as hers, transfigured by a love unspeakable.

The door closed, and the writer, gathering his thoughts for a moment, resumed his task. Two hours passed before the appointed sheets were filled and laid in order, the vertical crabbed handwriting dried with powder, and the whole production put safely away in a drawer until the morrow.

The weary scribe, too tired to go to bed, belted on his rapier, took his hat, and, smoothing out the broken plume that stuck apologetically from the riband, strode quietly down the stairs and forth into the street, baring his throbbing forehead for a moment to the midnight air.

The city was still enough, the great immensity of human life asleep, the shutters pulled and bolted, the iron bars scowling, black and cold, each studded door inexorably closed. The writer walked he cared not whither, pondering on old fears, old hopes, and new prospects, up the Calle Mayor to the grim Alcazar and the tortuous quarter of the Cuesta de la Vega, and back again to the space where stood the older Arch of Alcala, long since destroyed, up one street, down another, finding a crude relief in such forlorn peregrination.

At last he reached a church, the church of San Isidro (it stands no longer), where a midnight service was being sung, and stopped to think and

listen, feeling impelled to thought and thoughtful music. The keen wind stabbed through and through him. With a quick impatient movement he drew his thin cloak more closely round his throat and stepped yet nearer to the sounds. The organ swelled, and pealed and trumpeted some glorious anthem, sweet and strong and pure.

"Speak *thou* for me," said the listener, apostrophising the unconscious echoer of man's harmonies and discords; "speak *thou* for me, for Catalina, for Andrea, for little Ysabel." A memory seemed to strike him at the latter name, and his frame trembled with anguish. "Or if not for myself," he added, growing more vehemently earnest with each impassioned word, "at least for those poor creatures, women all and weak. Let them not suffer want and nakedness and hunger. For them, oh Mary, hear my prayer! Speak *thou*; God is not God if He refuse to hear." The voices rose above the mellow music of the pipes, more shrill, more exquisite, more human, more inspired, until at last all died away together and the world was still.

The heart of the listener was chastened by that holy service and his own petition. He turned for home, and as he went his spirit sang within him. What matter if an earthly wind were bitter, if the doors of earthly houses frowned against him? The gates of fame, of providence, of heaven, stood open wide; his prescience foreknew, and his enraptured eyes had need to look no further.

About the doorstep of his home three men were talking loudly, their voices grating brutally upon the restful languor of the night. No one grows more absorbed in argument than a Spaniard; and the greatest and most neglected writer of his age, with that swift appreciation of the national temper which has won for

him the adoration of the world, stood tolerantly aside to gain his entrance when the difference should be over.

"I tell you," said the most considerable of the disputants, a tall, obese, and bulky giant, gesticulating with a corner of his cloak, "it is a filthy and abominable work. You do not know the harm it threatens. It is a disgrace to Spain. The King——"

"Has laughed over it himself," broke in the second night-bird, mildly but incisively. "The Duke was saying so to-day."

"*Mentira!*" bellowed the huge protagonist, glaring savagely into his corrector's face. "You lie, Patricio!"

"Hush," exclaimed the third, "hush! *Callad, escandalosos!* Enough of these scandals! Come away, both of you. All I know is, La Cuesta told me this morning a hundred copies have been sold in fifteen days," and drawing his arm through his companions, he led them off protesting confusedly.

The forbearing listener entering,

closed the door behind him, and knelt. A stream of moonlight filled the inner court, and drew in shining relief upon the darkened stair that aged figure kneeling simply as a child, the bowed head crowned with sparse and silvery hair, the maimed left hand uplifted with its comelier fellow to address the Lord.

So many minutes he remained on his knees that the impulsive attitude of his arrival yielded to a most complete and placid calm. His lips moved as if once more in prayer; his hat was laid beside him on the pavement, and now and again a silent breath of air, no longer violent, straying from the eddies in the street, touched softly on those silvery strands and stirred them from the high and gentle forehead.

He thought no more of misery and hunger, but rising to his feet laughed gaily at the vehemence of the big disputer. As he ascended stair by stair his laugh continued echoing,—then, remembering the women were asleep, he checked his merriment and crept contentedly to bed.

LEONARD WILLIAMS.

THE HOME OF THE BLACK DWARF.

WANDERING among the hills of Peeblesshire one day in early autumn, I halted by a solitary cottage, far away from the beaten track, to admire the mountains ranged round me in a sort of natural amphitheatre, their purpling sides and deep, dark ravines and the black belts of fir fringing their bases,—one of those unexpected picturesque glimpses that reward the pedestrian nowhere more than in Peeblesshire.

Where I stood the glen lay at my feet, the Manor Water, like some tortuous silver snake, winding through the square patches of green and golden grain. Above and around me were the hills, cleft here and there with gorges and scaurs and ravines, flecked with cloud-shadows in all the *chiaroscuro* of an autumn day. Behind me another purpling ridge rose almost sheer above me, with a patch of dusky firs half-way up its side and a bare heath-crowned summit.

Scarcely had I become familiar with the features of natural beauty, when my imagination overleaped a century and I seemed to see the landscape as Sir Walter had seen it,—a glen lying east and west, as it does, swept by winter tempests and torrents, cradling thick wreaths of snow and ice in its deep-dented gorges, untouched by the genial hand of cultivation, gaunt, grim, treeless, nothing but bleak moorland. And yet for me his pen had touched all the scene with a deeper beauty than the autumn sun. He had breathed into it just that breath of tender association and romance and beauty, so peculiarly his. A hundred years ago he had toiled up

the slope I had just climbed, had stood where I stood, and had found close by, in the little solitary cottage at my side, material round which his poetic fancy had woven itself till the Black Dwarf took shape and substance to stand out through all time as the central figure in his novel of that name.

I pushed open a wooden gate at my side, crossed a straggling grass pathway, and stood in front of the humble cottage, a plain little square building, with a straggling rose-bush clinging to its whitewashed sides. I crept through the doorway, up one diminutive step and under an arch less than four feet high. It is much as the Black Dwarf left it; there is but a single room, some ten feet by six, within its walls, still thick and solid, as seen by the tiny aperture facing the door and doing duty for a window, and the small shuttered square on the left of the doorway from which the recluse spied his approaching visitors. In the Black Dwarf's day it held a couple of chairs and a deal table, a shelf bearing two cups and platters, and beside the chimney a wooden frame that served him as a bed.

Fresh from the pages of Sir Walter, it was not difficult for me in imagination to endow the building again with its solitary occupant,—not difficult to picture him as Scott first saw the materials for Elshender the Recluse, the Wise Wight of Mucklestane Moor, the Black Dwarf. Just tall enough he is to enter with ease his own low doorway; in form crooked, mis-shapen; his upper proportions those of a

middle-sized man, broad-chested, strong-armed, with a head of power ; and these all tapering to the feeble extremities of a dwarf, poised on a pair of crooked feet (more like fins than feet) swathed, bandaged out of sight, to hide the horror of the total absence of thighs and legs, and conveying the impression of a continuous kneeling posture. The large features, the hooked nose, the prominent bearded chin, the dark, fierce, vindictive, deep-set eyes, seeming to warn all who looked at them that this lonely misanthrope's hand was against every man, and to make every man's hand involuntarily against him,—Scott saw in it all a personality strong enough to be seized upon and reproduced, as none but he could do it.

Here in the solitude of the everlasting hills, like some wounded animal shy of its kind, far from the bustle and din of cities, David Ritchie crept to hide himself. Here he was to be seen, pottering about from morning till night, a remarkable, even repulsive figure, with head-gear resembling nothing so much as a night-cap, a stick spiked at the end (his crutch and weapon of defence in one), "hirpling," as Hobbie Elliot expresses it, "like a hen on a het girdle."

Born some miles from here about the year 1740, the son of a poor slate-quarrier in Stobo, the crippled boy grew up to meet the world with suspicion and hatred. When old enough to learn a trade he went to Edinburgh, where he worked at brush-making ; but the scorn and ridicule his remarkable appearance provoked among his fellow-apprentices entered like iron into his sensitive soul. And so it came to pass that, galled and embittered, he was thrown quivering back upon himself till the mind, like the body it inhabited, grew warped and degraded. And so he fled to the

kindly cover of Nature and the solitude of the hills, that they might shield him and his deformity from the gaze of men. Nature was more beneficent than man, and gradually the link of sympathy between her and this poor outcast grew strong and ever stronger ; and alone and unaided he began to build a place where he might live, safe from the mockery or scorn of the world.

With something of a poet's and an artist's eye, he singled out this spot of beauty, and began with rough, unhewn stones, rolled laboriously from the hill behind him (grey geese, as they were called,) to construct himself a dwelling. With his proud, arrogant nature he selected his site, asking leave of no man ; and with his Herculean strength himself heaved the great boulders into place as easily as if each had been a single brick, a layer of stones and a layer of turf alternating. It was no flimsy structure this, such as men build now in cities ; the depth and solidity of the walls were a marvel to all who passed by. They were rare in this remote corner of the world, those passing pedestrians, but most of them were touched with sudden pity at witnessing what to them seemed so unequal a struggle,—the mighty proportions of the great stones and the feebleness of the builder. By common accord they stopped, the majority of them, to lend a hand. The Dwarf accepted their offices, for the most part grimly, without expression of gratitude, almost without acknowledgment. He would allow them to hoist the stones to their places, directing the while, with the eye of a master-builder, those to be used and the position they were to occupy. He would continue to direct until the once willing workman became restive and overburdened, and finally threw up the job. Then Bowed Davie, with

a certain grim humour, would seize, and toss up with scarcely an effort, what had altogether baffled their strength, and the astonished visitor would realise that somehow he had been made a dupe of; whereat the Dwarf would chuckle to himself, well pleased.

Power,—power, natural or supernatural—it was the possession of this he craved. Fate had decreed he should be an Ishmaelite always, and here, by a lucky chance, he could turn the tables on his more favoured fellow-creatures.

It is thus that Scott represents him, employed in amateur plastering and building, when Hobbie Elliot and young Earnscliff pass this way and are appalled by what seems to them an apparition of the woods. "And to speak truth and shame the de'il," says the genial Hobbie, later on when familiarity might have been supposed to rob the Dwarf of a measure of his fearsomeness, "though Elshie's a real honest fallow, yet somegate I would rather take daylight wi' me when I gang to visit him."

But while Davie shunned his fellow men, with Nature, ever indifferent to the outward form of her children, he held closest communion. He would spend hours together gazing into her face. The stunted body was linked to the soul of a poet and the eye of an artist. With all the fierce force of baffled human affection, he turned to pour out his whole soul in the loving contemplation of her commonest features. One can fancy the Manor Water a keen delight to him at all times. The heath-crowned hills, a pool of limpid water, a common wayside flower, a thicket hedge, one and all to him were mines of inexhaustible joy. Some books he had, strange books for one like him, Hervey's *MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS*, Shenstone's

PASTORALS, Milton's *PARADISE LOST*. Parts of these he knew; but Nature's book, ever open at fresh pages, he loved the best.

When he had finished his modest home, with its miniature doorway, he took a small piece of the waste ground behind it and enclosed it in a wall whose solidity rivalled those of his cottage; and on this tiny square he lavished the tenderest care that nurse ever bestowed on a cherished nursling. He toiled late and early, dug and planted and watered with unwearying patience, until this patch of wild moorland, like some oasis in the desert, rejoiced and blossomed as a rose.

Davie cultivated roots and fruits, and grew to understand that medicines were made from them, and to discriminate between those good for one disease and those capable of curing others. By and by the few straggling neighbours for miles round came to know that the Dwarf was learned in alchemy. On the strength of his curing their ailments they braved his fearsome surroundings, and came to consult this strange individual (than whom Hobbie Elliot had never seen anyone "liker a bogle") who, it was whispered, held mysterious dealings with the Old One, that invested him with a supernatural power at once awful and attractive. So it came to be a regular thing (at least when the spirit moved him) for Davie to take up his position on a large stone (the *muckle stane*) close by his door, and there he was waited on as an oracle might be. At other times he gave utterance to his dark sayings from behind the narrow shuttered slit that served him as window. So Scott represents him, surly and inaccessible, when Hobbie comes to consult him in his extremity after Grace Armstrong has been mysteriously kidnapped.

To maintain himself the Dwarf sold these home-made drugs, the pro-

duce of his garden, and the honey from his bees. This all brought in something, and for the rest, it was thought a small thing in those kindly days for the nearest farmer or proprietor to contribute towards the support of one like Bowed Davie. Indeed so commonly admitted was Davie's claim on the scattered community, that at the nearest mill there was a bag dedicated to him, and no one buying a sack for himself, but would make a point of dropping a handful into Davie's bag.

But in the midst of this universal charity Davie's spirit was in no danger of being pauperised. No king coming to his own could have accepted with more assurance and less demonstration what came his way; and many a time the benefactor was obliged to retire with the unaccountable sensation that in some mysterious way he had become the benefited.

On metaphorically dark days, when the world had gone wrong, as it were, when he had been hurt or jarred or slighted (and likely as not these predominated in the Dwarf's existence), he would lock himself into his little room, and, like Sister Anne, put his eye to the narrow slit in the shuttered square, and watch to see if anyone were coming. If some unfortunate did come to consult the oracle that day, his welcome was of the gruffest, if indeed his presence were acknowledged at all, the conversation carried on through the closed shutter being, on the Dwarf's part, of the baldest and chilliest nature. If the visitor were armed with an offering (the uncertain temper of his host made this often assume the shape of a peace-offering), the Dwarf reconnoitred it from his vantage-ground. If his jealous, suspicious temper suspected the article in question to be what an ordinary beggar might have had presented to him, woe betide the giver! If value-

less in the Dwarf's critical eyes, it might remain on the big stone, where it had been deposited, unheeded by him. If he judged it worth his acceptance, it was taken without thanks.

He imposed himself on the charity of the public with all the assurance of a potentate levying a tax, and not only for mere chance gifts. Now and again, when the social instinct implanted in man struggled with and triumphed over the unnatural solitude, the hatred of his fellows, and the fear of their ridicule, he would emerge from his lonely hut and walk great distances to different farms or houses, where he stopped a night or two if well-treated. But it was essential that he should be treated as an honoured guest, not as an ordinary beggar or chance wayfarer, or the fierce smouldering vindictiveness of the man instantly burst into flame. If insult or even unintentional slight were offered him it was enough to open his floodgates of fury pent up within the bosom and only waiting to break forth into frenzy. The offence was noted against the offender for ever. His feelings would pour forth in such a volley of abuse, of imprecations and invectives, as left no doubt in the minds of his hearers as to Davie's sentiments concerning them.

On one of those visiting-tours Davie was informed that the house was full, the spare-room occupied, and that for sleeping-quarters the hay-loft was the best available. The Dwarf received the information in grim silence; but there being nothing for it, he retired to the loft in due course. Next morning, a servant astir outside early was attracted by something moving in an apple-tree. It was the Dwarf, who in tones of offended dignity informed her he had spent the night here in preference to her mistress's hay-loft.

He has commemorated these visits by some scrappy jottings of his own composition. Here are a few brief extracts conveying in his own terse language some idea of his style of thought and conversation.

Next day was at Newby. . . . Held my Hogmanay here. . . . Came in by Hundlesoup, and gaed to Peebles on Hansel Monenday, to see James Ritchie, my friend the piper, and some mae. Saw him; he had been getting mony or hansel, and had been tastin'. Renewed the auld controversy about the earth gaun round; he was clean against it, I was for't. He spak muckle to the purpose, but I spak mair. "Hout," says I, "James, ye're clean wrang, think a wee." "Faith, deel a bit," says he; "I've lived here this five and fiftie year and Bigiesnow's neither up nor down, back nor forret, sin' I cam' til't." I could mak' naething o' him, sae left him to settle accounts wi' the whisky-bottle. He was aye clear for it gaun round, at ony rate. Was followed by some damned brush [rubbish] as if I had been a world's wonder,—could pour naething lead down through them. Hell 'll never be ru' till they're in't. Mony ane got the length of my kent [cudgel].

The Dwarf must have been in his own way an amusing companion, for his visits were somewhat coveted by the country people round. But he was perfectly aware that he was in request, and the house that had offered him a slight, needless to say, had henceforth its days numbered.

It seemed as if vindictiveness and revenge were the natural offspring of his distorted mind. For example, a lady, whose family had long known and been kind to Davie, came to see him one day, bringing a friend with her. The Dwarf, for him, was genial and led his visitors into the garden where, as a rule, the produce grew and flourished. There happened, however, to be one bed of cabbages completely destroyed by worms. On coming to this the lady, innocent of intent to wound, smiled, and at this unlucky moment her host turned and

caught the smile. His whole face instantly underwent a transformation; the slight smile had completely overthrown his balance. He flew into a towering passion amounting to frenzy, made a violent dash at the offending cabbage-bed with his cudgel, and called out in his terrible, rasping, uncouth voice, that surely was like nothing human, "I hate the worms, for they mock me!" On other occasions, with provocation as slight, he would turn his visitors out of the garden by force.

In 1802 the hut he had built with so much labour fell into disrepair, and the proprietor, on whose ground Davie had selected his site, very good-naturedly sent men to re-erect it, substituting a slated roof for the original thatched one. As master-builder and clerk of the works the Dwarf was no doubt in his element, ordering and arranging, perhaps hectoring and tyrannising over those whom for the nonce fate had constituted his underlings. All this he accepted in his usual spirit, grimly, without expression of gratitude, as a right,—a right that by common consent was accorded him, so well had he succeeded in holding his own, this alert, suspicious, jealous nature so quick to take offence, and, once offended, harbouring the spirit of vindictiveness and revenge to the end.

It was in the time of the old cottage, in 1797, that Scott, staying in the neighbourhood, was taken by his host to pay the Dwarf a visit as a curiosity. He was then a young man. By some strange unexplained magnetism Davie took a fancy to him, if he could have been said ever to take to anyone. Did he recognise a mind above the common, or because Scott's lameness made him physically imperfect, did that lessen the immeasurable distance that to the Dwarf's distorted fancy yawned between him and

the rest of humanity? But indeed did not everybody who met him come under the spell of Sir Walter?

However it was with Davie, the visit made a deep impression on Scott. He entered the low room, and the Dwarf locked and double-locked the door in a way that somehow added to the strange effect of his surroundings and his own gruesome personality.

"Ha'e ye ony po'er?" suddenly burst out the Dwarf, fixing him with his fierce dark eyes and seizing him by the wrist, speaking in his rasping uncouth jargon, with perhaps a horrible accompaniment of laugh and grimace, enough to make one's flesh creep. Scott replied that he had no supernatural power. To enhance the effect of the situation, at this moment a black cat jumped on to the floor from a shelf. "He has po'er," exclaimed the Dwarf, pointing at the animal with a horrible chuckle. The story goes that, when released from his imprisonment, Scott was pale and agitated, his uppermost sensation being one of intense relief, as when we emerge into pure daylight and sunshine after some vitiated underground atmosphere. But how powerfully Scott was moved, what a strong grip of his imagination Bow'd Davie's personality took, no one who has read *THE BLACK DWARF* can fail to see.

As the years passed in the monotony and seclusion of such a life, age and decrepitude made the Recluse yet more bowed and twisted, while the mind became more misanthropical, more galled, more bitter. Scott, with the tenderness that ever characterises his genius, has softened the hard heart, mellowed the poor warped nature, even put tears into the fierce vindictive eyes, as Sir Edward Mauley bids good-bye to Isabella at her mother's tomb. But if the original ever underwent this mellowing process, tradition does not

say. It is but too probable that, as the years passed, the hard crust of antipathy to his fellow-creatures, of fierce resentment against Providence that he should have been singled out as a target for men's scorn, grew apace. There is something infinitely pathetic in tracing the stunting and warping of what might have been a fine, even a sensitive nature by this that men call accident. One of coarser mould might have survived the shock; it is the most delicately constructed machinery that is aptest to get out of gear. From his quaint old Scotch diary we learn something of the writhings of his morbid mind under insult or neglect; and most pitiful is this introduction, so to speak, to the inner sanctuary of the misanthrope's mind.

At the beginning of the present century, in 1811, the Black Dwarf died, and after his death a sum of £20 was found hidden away in his cottage. He had always said that he would not be buried among what he called the common rubbish in the churchyard, and with grim irony he announced the reason; he would not have the clods clapped down upon him "by such a fellow as Jock Somerville, the bellman," Jock being presumably one of his pet aversions. With a touch of romance that was rarely absent from him, and with an ambition that would have done credit to some old Norse king, or ancient Highland chief, who coveted a grave where he might wrap himself in impenetrable solitude, he selected the purple crest of the mountain that towered above the scene of his earthly dwelling for his last resting-place. There he wished to sleep, far from human ken, in the solitude of Nature and Nature's God.

But whether he altered his mind before the end, or whether his wishes were disregarded, his characteristic

desire was never carried out. We had but to turn from his cottage and stroll down the slope we had ascended, and in the tiny hamlet of Kirkton, in the quaint little churchyard of Manor, we discovered the Black Dwarf's grave, over which was erected half a century ago a plain tombstone with name and date. And it is due perhaps to the same kindly hands that one slender mountain-ash should cast its shadow on the low green mound. In life he had planted them about his dwelling, clinging with childish superstition to the belief that they were a protection against evil spirits. It is somewhat touching to find that, while encouraging the stories that credited him with supernatural power, shrewdly suspecting that they increased his influence in the glen, he himself was beset with a similar weakness.

In winter the winds, as they sweep the glen, rage and howl above his

tomb; many of the surrounding stones that front the east are propped with iron bars. But the autumn was at its brightest as I looked upon it. The sough of the breeze and the sound of the wimpling burn mingled in my ears, and the westering sun shot its long slanting rays on these words: *In memory of David Ritchie, the original of the Black Dwarf, died 1811. Erected by W. and R. Chambers, 1845.*

Every outward sign and symbol seemed to give assurance of peace at last. The Black Dwarf had entered on his rest. He had penetrated that mystery whose brooding form had overshadowed all his life with bitterness and pain. It was as if the stillness and the sunshine, all the common things of Nature, seemed to say that the poor tempest-tossed bark, through turbulent seas and cross-currents, through shoals and quicksands, had reached port at last.

A. FRASER ROBERTSON.

THE WHITE WITCHES OF PORT NAVALO.

IN the province of Brittany may be found to-day in a little hamlet all that remains of the ancient and once prosperous town of Port Naválo. To the west lies a grim seaboard, bristling with murderous rocks and facing a ghastly bay; to the north boils at full tide the fearful strait of La Jument, a seething cauldron stirred to its depths by the mighty hand of the Atlantic, upon whose sullen waters lingers forever the curse of the Druid priestess Uheldeda. At Port Naválo, and in the islands of the gulf (there is said to be an island for each day of the year) live the fishermen of Morbihan, a simple race, silent, save when possessed of strong drink, brave, superstitious, and sober of countenance. The women toil in the fields and on the shore, reaping the harvests of land and sea; and on their faces, as on the faces of the men, Care has set her seal. Even the little children laugh but seldom, for they have listened to the legends of the Ankou and the Corregan, and a thousand tales handed down orally, in prose and verse, from generation to generation.

Such are the people of Port Naválo. And here upon a memorable night, not twenty-five years ago, an angry sea cast up a beautiful woman, the sole survivor of a hecatomb of victims. Just as the storm was at its height, as the spray driven by the fierce south-west wind swept in blinding gusts across the land, as men were turning bloodshot, straining eyes from the mirk hell of waters to the twinkling heaven of home,—then, at the very moment when despair reigned

supreme in the stoutest heart, the miracle was accomplished!

Jan Coadic first espied a tiny raft flashing hither and thither in the spume of the breakers: he, brave son of Morbihan, demanded, not in vain, the help of six strong men; and he at last, spent with fatigue and pain, bore to his own cottage and laid in his own rude bed the body of a young girl.

When she partly recovered strength and speech strange words fell from her lips, guttural sounds that neither priest nor doctor, men versed in foreign tongues, could interpret. And with the words came a tide of red blood dyeing a lovely pair of cheeks and lending a divine splendour to eyes of palest azure. Then Jan Coadic bowed his black head and made the sign of the Cross. Not a woman, he was ready to swear, but an angel had come to Port Naválo. Even the priest glanced askance at the doctor and sighed like one who stands apart from human joys, self-sworn to sorrow. "Who can she be?" said he.

"She is mine," said Coadic, "*mine*,—the fruit of the ocean where I have sown good seed,—aye, the best seed in Morbihan." The priest nodded sadly. He was an old man, infirm, halting of speech and limb, but in his prime he had held in his arms five Coadic boys, fierce-eyed, black-haired bairns, and of these but Jan now remained. "Yes," continued the Breton, "she is mine. I swear it by the blessed St. Anne d'Auray, and if the good God lets her live I will climb, on my bare knees, one hundred times La Scala Sancta."

The priest held up a slim, trembling hand. "Peace, my son," he said with gentle authority; "evil may come of such talk. This child is of another race than thine, of another country; some Swede, perhaps, or Dane. If she live she must return to her own people."

"Never," said the Breton hoarsely. "She will remain at Port Naválo. I know,—I say I know that God has sent her to be the wife of Jan Coadic."

And time fulfilled the promise of these words. The girl, Christine Yepsen, had sailed from Copenhagen in company with her father and mother and two brothers. The family had determined to woo fortune in South Africa, and carried with them in actual specie what money they possessed. Thus Christine found herself alone and penniless, unwilling to return to the cold charity of kinsmen, unable from lack of funds to proceed to Africa, too ignorant to appeal to the ship-owners, afraid to face the present, morbidly terrified of the future,—a truly desolate woman. Did she love Jan Coadic when she married him and embraced the Romish faith? Who knows?

A year hence she bore him twin daughters, yellow-haired, blue-eyed babies with skins white and fine as the petals of moon-flowers. The old midwife, Mère Penven, shook her head. "The children of love," she murmured, "bear upon their faces the stamp of the father."

Jan, however, was delighted with his white maidens, and paid his vows bare-kneed to our Lady of Auray, leaving, moreover, in her coffers a large silver-gilt heart,—a significant symbol of love and a gratitude that time would never cool. The Coadics, he said, had always been black and unlucky; a change of colour signified a change of luck. And truly, from the day of his marriage his luck

mended. The mullets came to his nets, the sea-fowl to his gun, and an enterprise in which he had embarked his savings proved successful beyond his hopes. He began to talk of a larger venture, of a quarter-interest in one of the big boats that sailed yearly to the cod-banks of Iceland.

Yet the people of Port Naválo, and in particular his own kith and kin, said that a white devil, and not an angel, slept at the side of Jan Coadic. And she grew whiter as the seasons passed. From the first she had refused to wear the *coiffe*, and wore instead hats of her own making, and thick veils that protected her lovely face from wind and sun. Her beauty wrung admiration from the men, sneers and hatred from the women. Why, they asked, did she not work in the fields? Why did she not take the pains to master the Breton tongue? Why did she shun the company of her betters, who had brought something more valuable than white skins to the marriage-market? Their dark eyes rested fiercely upon her slender figure whenever she went abroad; their coarse jests inflamed her ears as she walked slowly down the path to the sea, gazing wistfully across the troubled waters which had given her life,—and Jan Coadic. Few spoke to Christine at such times; and those who encountered the soft flash of her eyes admitted reluctantly a sensation of terror and perplexity. Presently it was whispered in Port Naválo, in the Ile aux Moines, in the Ile d'Arz, aye, and in the marketplace of Vannes, that her eyes were growing steadily larger, and that Coadic was prospering beyond the dreams of Breton avarice. What goes in at a peasant's ear issues forth with at the mouth, and ere long the women and children began to furtively cross themselves and mutter an *ore* when she passed them by.

Not many months later, when the twins were barely four years old, Christine died. Coadic, incredulous, convulsed with grief, knelt by her side to the last, holding her wasted hands in his giant's grasp and invoking with prayers and curses the assistance of all the saints in the calendar. As she died a name faltered on her lips,—a mere whisper of sound that fell none the less like the crack of doom upon the ears of Jan—the name of a man; not the name of the husband who adored her, nor the name of any man in Morbihan, the name possibly, of some dead boy-lover beckoning to her at the supreme moment across the wastes of the unknown sea.

At the funeral many noted and marvelled at the distracted appearance of the chief mourner. Surely, said the women spitefully, she was a white witch. It was a tradition in Port Naválo that the Coadics hated their own wives. The extravagance of Jan's grief betokened plainly enough the devil's handiwork. Yes, yes, she was a witch, a white witch, and her children, too, were white witches.

However, witches or not, the little maids thrived apace, and proved the consolation and delight of their father. Indeed his half interest in the enchanting pair was a source of endless amazement and pride to the rough fisherman. They were red, white and gold, like two daisies; none could tell one from the other. Mère Penven, it must be said, claimed certain esoteric powers of discrimination, but the children laughed these to scorn, and played on the old woman a thousand pranks. Jan, finally, tattooed for his own edification a tiny red heart upon the right breast of the youngest, Clotilde, and an arrow upon the shoulder of her sister, who had been given the name of his own mother, Renée.

From the time they could toddle they wore the dress of Morbihan, the heavy skirt, with its quaint *bourrelet* beneath, the gleaming collar crimped and ironed it would seem by the hands of pixies, and, crowning their flaxen tresses, the dainty *coiffe* of the Commune. It is a fact that the sun respected these fair faces, kissing the maidens gallantly but discreetly; and the winds brought to lips and cheeks those exquisite scarlet tints which seem to be the peculiar heritage of the daughters of the North.

As they grew older and wiser, questions fell thick and fast from their pretty mouths, and they would listen for hours to the interminable legends of Jan and Mère Penven, absorbing breathlessly the folklore of Brittany. In the long winter's twilight, when the spell of the Atlantic brooded sullenly upon Port Naválo, when Coadic was spreading and gathering up his nets and lobster-pots far out on the mysterious ocean, when Mère Penven was too busy with household duties to pay them attention, the little maids would sit hand in hand before the vast fireplace, gazing into the embers and repeating with fanciful embellishment the fairy-tales of land and sea. Gradually there came to them, in all its strange intensity, that thrilling love of the ocean, of the ocean as a sentient thing, a personality, a vast, throbbing entity, omnipotent, illimitable, indescribable. And when once this fascination, this dominion, is established, it can never be overthrown.

"The children of the white witch are beautiful," sighed the barren wife of Poelgoat, "and they love the sea."

"Yes," snapped her mother-in-law, who considered sterility the unpardonable sin, "and, mark you, what they love will be accursed. I shall be dead, doubtless, but when the young

men begin to come to Coadic's house you will remember my words."

But the old lady's tongue (and an uncommonly bad one it was) was still wagging when the young men came a-courting Renée and Clotilde. And they came, like the sardines in spring-tide, in shoals! For the fame of the twins had gone abroad, and the gallants of Locmariaker, of Arradon, of Baden, ignoring the censure of their several Communes (where a loyal man is supposed to find a mate among his immediate neighbours), braved the terrors of La Jument, and laid their big burly bodies, and such goods as the gods had given them, at the small feet of the white witches of Port Naválo.

In the minds of the women the occult powers of the sisters were now firmly established upon the rocks of consequence and circumstance. Had not Renée contemptuously flung the price of a sow and litter into the teeth of the owner, Odette Poelgoat? Of course,—and two days later the sow and piglets died. *Nom d'un nom d'un nom!* If anyone were foolish enough to question the obvious inference they were invited personally to inspect the empty sty. Clotilde, too, so Marie Jeanne Cloanec averred, set all the natural laws of locomotion at defiance: she had solved the problem of being in two places at the same time. For the twins, indeed, profiting by their extraordinary resemblance, moulded at will the plastic credulity of the peasants, and mounted gleefully the mettlesome broomstick. The similarity between them was not merely physical; even when apart some subtle invisible chain linked body to body and soul to soul. If Clotilde suffered extreme pain (once she had broken her arm), Renée at least was uncomfortable. Joy and sorrow affected both alike; their tastes, habits, phrases, were the

same. Jan had given them a sailing-boat, a *sénagot*, and patiently disentangled for them the ravelled skein of gulf-navigation. The girls spent hours upon the sea, and were known to every fisherman from Canleau to the Point of Kerpenhir. And day by day their love of the ocean waxed stronger, purging them doubtless of much that is trivial and debasing in women, touching them to finer issues, giving a new rhythm to old measures, a prismatic colour, a crystalline freshness, an enchanting significance to life and leisure.

"But they do not work," grumbled the gossips of Port Naválo; "and an idle woman is the bondservant of Satan."

"Jan works for three," replied the men. "He is rich, rich, and his daughters will be well dowered. Yes, yes, they must marry, soon."

And over their cups the men of Morbihan toasted the white witches, leering at each other with the smug complacency of peasants. Dainty morsels indeed were the sisters for the maw of a Breton, young, beautiful,—and gilded. At the Pardons pates were cracked as well as jests, and knives were drawn, and sometimes fleshed. But the twins courted the favour of none, and listened with coquettish indifference to the vows of all. At night, lying with interlaced arms in the ancient bed of the Coadics, they confessed to each other that fishermen alone pricked their fancy. They agreed that the perils of the Baie des Trépassés could never be staled; that unstinted respect seemed the due of those who earned their bread at the daily risk of their lives; that a perfect trust and unfaltering loyalty on the part of wives to husbands were at once a tradition of the seaboard and an inviolable law.

One day, in late winter, Jan Coadic strode into the house with a stranger

at his heels; a tall, black-browed fellow with the salt of the sea upon his thick curly hair, and the clear light of a Breton dawn gleaming steadily in a pair of grey deep-set eyes. The Vannetais are handsome men, broad-chested, powerful, but Renée had seen none who could compare with this friend of her father, Yves Hillion of Le Palais in Belle-Ile.

"Yves stays with us," said Jan curtly, "for a fortnight. Then he sails northward in his own ship, for the great fishing."

The last words thrilled the twins. None of their friends went to the great fishing (*la grande pêche*), and the simple phrase signified so much; the months of absence, the long mournful days and nights of toil when the cod-fish were biting, the cold, the fogs, the exposure, the terrible loneliness, and the vague immensity of the northern waters. Their eyes were suffused with the tenderest glow as they bade Yves welcome to Port Naválo. He talked little, but the quality of his speech had a curious distinction, a strength of sense and diction altogether admirable.

"You will give me one of your daughters, Jan Coadic?" he said abruptly, as soon as he found himself alone with his host.

Jan swore; then laughed and smote Yves upon his shoulder. "Thou dost not dilly-dally, thou," he said.

"No," replied the other simply. "I have no time for that."

"It must be Renée," said her father, between the puffs of his pipe, "she is the elder by seven minutes." He sighed, and the rough hand that held the *brûle-guêule* trembled. "Thou wilt be good to the child," he continued earnestly. "Yes, yes, I know that. I would sooner give her to thee than to any of the others. Thou art of my own kin." Yves nodded.

"They are well educated, my girls, and good housewives; but they have never worked in the fields, Yves Hillion."

The other noted the latent question. "My wife," he replied proudly, "will look after all my interests, but she will not work in the fields."

The twins chattered late into the night, and fell asleep with the sound of the marriage-pipes in their ears. Clotilde interpreted the significance of Yves's visit, and Renée laughed gaily. A woman divines instantly the presence of her master; already she was more than half way to the altar.

During the fortnight that followed the engagement was solemnly ratified. The lovers took the formal walk on *le jour des fiançailles*, followed by the friends of the family, walking soberly two and two. That night, contrary to custom, Jan Coadic provided music, and there was much singing and dancing, and much drinking of wines white and red, of strong cider and good Nantes brandy. One of the guests, a hunchback, sang a famous ballad, "The Gallic Wine (*Gwin Ar C'Hallaoued*)."

The words rolled out sonorously:

Of blood, and wine, and dance,
I sing!
To thee, oh Sun, all hail!

And then the chorus, embodying as it does the very essence of this strange country:

Flame of fire and flash of steel,
All hail!
Ye waves, ye oaks, ye lands and seas,
All hail!

The ring and rhythm of this fantastic *benedicite*, the measured tread of the dancers, the skirling and screaming of the pipes and flutes, the odours of wine and steaming meats, the quaint costumes heavy with velvet and sparkling with embroidery, the undu-

lations of snowy *coiffes* and collars gleaming like foam upon the crest of breakers, the long low room with its beaten floor of clay, its ancient cupboard, black and worm-eaten, its brasses and vast oak rafters,—all these things in combination were the expression and epitome of a past. And as the liquor gripped men and women one could read in their perverted faces the history of the province,—the fanaticism, the bigotry, the chivalry, the audacity, the fierceness and the obstinacy of a powerful and peculiar people.

Clotilde, paler than usual, took but a lukewarm part in the revel. Her eyes followed the figure of Renée; her thoughts pierced the future, and her feet tapped riotously an inward revolt whose significance she was at a loss to apprehend. Jan Coadic, honest man, led her apart. "Fret not, *ma biche*," he whispered; "we will find thee a husband before Yves returns. The son of old Badenec of Arzon, perhaps,—*hein?*"

Much to the rough fellow's dismay she lifted eyes full of tears to his. "Father," she said vehemently, "Renée and I are not as other women,—how can she have the heart to leave me?"

"Eh, eh?" he said puzzled. "A woman must wed,—pray Heaven ye be wives, and not widows. Yves Hillion is worthy of her."

"Father," she whispered, "last night I heard the drip, drip of water. Renée slept, but I was awake and heard distinctly the drip of water falling"—she shuddered—"upon a dead face."

Jan Coadic regarded her curiously. "My daughter," he answered soberly, "there are things no man may understand. Speak not of this to thy sister,—and now, go."

She obeyed, but Jan remained behind for a minute, a sombre, brood-

ing giant. Then he joined a group of the hardest drinkers, and filled a beaker with brandy.

Upon the very eve of departure Hillion confounded Renée with Clotilde. He approached the latter suddenly, and without warning crushed her against his broad chest, murmuring an impassioned phrase. "My love, my life," he said hoarsely, "thou wilt be true to me? God of Gods! thy infidelity would slay me. See what a pitiful thing a strong man may become in the arms of a maiden."

Before she could protest he had kissed her fiercely upon eyes and lips. Clotilde, thrilled to the core, stammered an explanation, but Yves was incredulous. "I swear by the Saints," said he, "that thou art Renée."

"I am Clotilde."

"Renée," he persisted, doubt flickering in his eyes. Then she bethought her of the red heart blazing upon her white breast, but as a modest maiden held her peace. Yves thrust her from him. "Yes," he said abruptly, "thou art indeed Clotilde. My Renée never turned her sweet lips from mine."

He swung from her presence leaving the girl troubled and heart-sick, with flaming cheeks and burning thoughts. For ten days Renée had poured into her reluctant ears the story of her wooing,—the soft words, the ardent vows, the very tale of kisses—and Clotilde had listened attentively, feigning a sympathy that was not. Now—ah! the shame of it—she understood.

Spring passed La Jument, and lingered long among the green islands of Morbihan; then Summer glided by, and, finally, Autumn crept drearily across the Atlantic, her golden splendours faded and forlorn. Meantime, three letters had come from the North, which the twins read and re-read. Renée kissed the ill-written

words and forgot them; Clotilde could have repeated them line upon line. Long before the rye-harvest Jan Coadic spoke to Père Badenec, the richest peasant of Arzon, and Alain, his only son, had duly presented himself to Clotilde as a suitor; but she, with an obstinacy that shook the traditions of Port Naválo, refused flatly to marry him. "You can come here, Alain," she said, "but, I warn you, you waste your time."

"That," said Alain, "is my affair. Rest assured, Clotilde, that I shall come to see you, and often."

And he came, driving his sorrel stallion with its gaudiest trappings, a gay gallant upon whose face the eyes of all maidens, save Clotilde, rested long and amorously.

"Thou art cruel to Alain," said Renée. "He is not like the Morbihan men; he has had advantages; he talks well,—*une voix de l'eau qui court*—and he is rich, *si, si*,—richer than Yves Hillion."

"Thou likest him," retorted Clotilde fiercely, "too well. He comes here to see not me, but thee."

Renée laughed. "I know men better," she admitted frankly, "than I did. It seems, Clotilde, that Yves Hillion has taught me to like Alain Badenec."

Here was a note of disloyalty which vibrated in Clotilde's heart. The women of the seaboard are faithful in word and deed. There are many widows in Belle-Ile, but there are no wantons.

As September waned the light illumined her poor perplexed mind. Renée, her Renée, was false to Yves Hillion! She taxed Badenec with the truth, at the first favourable opportunity, and he laughed uneasily. "Yes, I love her, the white witch; and I love you, Clotilde."

"You cannot love both of us," gasped the girl.

"By St. Gildas I cannot tell you apart. But Renée has ever a smile for me, and you, Clotilde, a frown. Yes, I love both your white bodies, but I can only marry one; it makes no difference which. All men love you,—all, all, all. Let Renée take me; Yves will take you, and there will be one marriage-feast. Yes, yes, that will save Père Coadic at least five hundred francs."

Clotilde listened to this extraordinary proposal with galloping pulses. Within a week Yves was expected at Port Naválo,—Yves, who had held her in his arms, and kissed her on the lips. Would she never wipe out the memory of that kiss? Then the laughter of Badenec smote her like a brutal blow. How she hated him, and his white teeth, and his smooth tongue!

When he had driven away she returned to the kitchen where Renée was sitting at the large oak table, busily employed in placing straws in a damp collar previous to the ironing of it,—a dainty task. As the girl laid the long straws side by side, first under the filmy cambric and then over, deftly pinning them into place, Clotilde eyed with displeasure the charms that this same collar was destined to embellish; the smooth white neck and the tiny golden curls that fluttered round the edge of the *coiffe*, and danced tempestuously in the draught from door and window.

"Renée," she said abruptly, "thou art false to Yves Hillion."

Renée slipped in three straws before she answered impassively: "Well, if thou likest the word,—yes."

"My God," cried the other, falling upon her knees, "it will kill him!"

"Bah," replied her sister, "Yves is stupid,—*il est bête comme une bûche*. Eh! Thou art crying, my Clotilde. What is the matter?"

She turned and flung her arms

about the kneeling girl's neck, kissing her forehead, her cheeks, her chin, in a whirl of sisterly solicitude. Clotilde gently unlocked these clinging arms and rose to her feet. "Think of Yves," she said sternly.

"I have thought too much of Yves already," retorted the other. "Look now, *ma petite*, I will explain."

She pushed back her chair and confronted Clotilde, the rays of the setting sun streaming through the open door upon their slender figures. The quaint old room actually quivered in a flood of saffron light.

"I am listening," said Clotilde coldly.

"It is not easy, *ma dou*. We never cared much for the men, thou and I. We had each other, and they,—the animals!—talked too loudly, and laughed so foolishly, and drank so much brandy. But,"—her fair cheek glowed—"when Yves came it was some way different, and when he went away I missed what,—what cannot be explained." There was silence for a moment and Clotilde wondered whether the throbs of her heart were audible in the room. Renée continued softly. "And then I found out that it was not really Yves who had worked this strange spell, because,—well, because Alain could thrill me too; and comparing him with Yves I saw my blunder." Her face was white enough now, but a blush stained the cheeks of Clotilde. "And,—the blessed Saints be thanked!—it is not too late to repair the blunder. As for Yves"—she shrugged her shoulders—"poor Yves, he has my pity and my sympathy. I might have married him and been content if,—if Alain were not here."

"Our father?" murmured Clotilde.

"Yes, I'm afraid of him. His will has never been crossed, and the neighbours will chatter. Clotilde," she hesitated a moment, her eyes dilat-

ing, "Clotilde, thou must see Yves when he comes and tell him that I cannot marry him."

"Renée," replied her sister, "think twice before thou decide to cast Yves from thy heart and marry Alain. Art mad, or blind? Dost not see that one is pure gold, and the other tarnished silver? There is no man in all Morbihan the peer of Yves Hillion."

The stronger nature mastered the weaker. "Think for me, Clotilde," faltered Renée.

Her sister stood silent, coolly weighing the claims of honour and dishonour. Again and again the odious words of Badenec re-echoed in her heart, festering there and speeding poison through her veins. If there were no difference between the sisters in the eyes of men, if,—if—

Her speculations were suddenly routed by the voice of Jan Coadic. "Good news, *mes petites*," he said in his deep tones, darkening the room as he stood in the low doorway, "good news. Our brave Yves has touched Belle-Ile. To-morrow at latest he will be here."

And on the morrow he came. That night Clotilde never closed her eyelids, but as the sun flashed its first rays across the pale waters of Le Morbihan, she fell asleep. The Ego had triumphed! Saturated as she was with the traditions of the Province, realising, with all the intensity of a strong character, the issues involved,—the treachery, the disloyalty and the shame—she wilfully sacrificed spirit to flesh.

When she awoke unrefreshed Renée stood by her side. "What shall we do?" escaped her lips.

Then Clotilde spoke out of the fulness of consideration. "Our father," she said, "will never give thee to Alain unless——" She paused, glancing sharply at her sister.

"Would'st thou commit a folly for love of Alain?" she asked quickly.

"Yes," returned Renée, the blood ebbing and flowing in her face.

"Then thou must compromise thy good name. Alain comes to Port Naválo this morning. Thou must fly fly with him to Vannes. I—" her voice rang clearly out—"I will meet Yves."

She explained her plans, which had been carefully elaborated, and Renée eagerly acquiesced, carried away, like a roseleaf in a mill-race, upon the seething flood of excitement. Thus, when Yves came, a sturdy, impatient lover, with face burnt brown as mahogany and eyes of flame, Clotilde received him alone.

"My Renée," he said. She opened her arms, and he folded her in his embrace, murmuring the love-phrases that had accumulated in the long vigils upon the cod-banks of Iceland. Clotilde listened dreamily to his tender words. "I have seen thy sweet white face," he whispered, "a thousand times. The south wind brought me tidings of thee, and thine eyes glowed into mine when I steered by the light of the stars. Renée, Renée, what manner of love is this?"

"I," she murmured in reply, "have thought of thee, Yves, by night and day; and it will be so with me till the end."

"And Clotilde?" he said presently. "She is well, *hein*? Strange that ye should be so alike, and yet so unlike. I kissed her by mistake the night before I sailed north."

"Yves," her voice trembled, "if I were haply false to thee, could'st thou love Clotilde?"

"I love but thee," he answered; "no other woman could stir my pulses. And yet thou art wondrously like Clotilde. Come, show me the arrow upon thy white shoulder. We are plighted man and wife,—show me the arrow."

His hand was at her throat, loosening the dainty collar and tugging at the strings of her bodice.

"Thou wilt make me thy wife?" she asked.

"Within a month," he answered.

"If I show thee my shoulder," she said, "wilt thou swear by the blessed relics of the Scala Sancta to marry no other woman?"

"I swear it," he replied, amazed at her vehemence.

"Then,—look!" With trembling fingers she tore open the front of her dress. Upon the velvety whiteness of her bosom blazed a red heart. "I am not Renée," she said slowly; "I am Clotilde."

Yves staggered back, horror-struck, as men reel at the sight of a leper.

"And Renée?" he stammered.

"Is false,—see!" She led him to the door. Adown the steep hill, across the placid harbour, beyond the point of the pier where tossed the waters of La Jument, her glance wandered. Finally it rested upon two blotches of red. "There are the sails of our boat, La Cigale; in it sit Renée and Alain Badenec."

Then, in a dozen terse sentences, she told the story from beginning to end; at the end of it she took the man's hand in hers. "But I, Yves," her voice vibrated tenderly, "I love *thee*."

He flung her hand from him, cruelly, brutally. "And I, Clotilde, hate thee, thou foul white witch, whose sorcery hath wrought this evil! My curse be on thee for ever and ever! As for Renée, she is mine. My boat lies at anchor. I go to,—Renée."

He sprang forward, but Clotilde barred the way. "Yves Hillion," she cried shrilly, "thy curse will wither thy own life. If thou seekest Renée, I go with thee."

He regarded her sullenly. "So be it," he said; "come."

As they put to sea the old fishermen shook their heads. La Jument, they said, was not to be passed with the wind in the wrong quarter and a tremendous tide beginning to ebb. The others, they added, meaning Badenec and Renée, might make the last point, but Yves assuredly would have to return. Hillion cursed them roundly, and set both sails. A minute later they shot past the pier-head into the race, the water boiling within an inch of the starboard gunwale, while the spray, like a winding-sheet, hid their figures from the eyes of those ashore. In other circumstances the savage splendour of the scene might have appealed to this unhappy pair, —the low-lying strand of Locmariaker stretching grim and desolate to the northern horizon; the pale autumnal sky strewn with a thousand opalescent cloudlets, and all around them La Jument, foaming and roaring with rage, sublime in her frenzy. Upon each side of the race the shallows bristled with rocks seen and unseen, but Yves steered with consummate skill and coolness, and lost not an inch of headway. Clotilde, her eyes on the set face of her lover sat huddled up in the bows,—a piteous figure, with *coiffe* and collar drenched and bedraggled.

"By Heaven," cried Yves, "they have turned! That cursed coward of a Badenec is no sailor."

Clotilde lifted her head. Yes, La Cigale was speeding towards them, swift of flight as a frightened curlew.

"We will return with them," said Yves, with an oath; "but I have a

fancy to meet Renée, my promised wife, *here*." He calculated the course of La Cigale with extreme nicety, and steered across her bows.

"Clotilde and I," he shouted hoarsely, "have come for thee, Renée. It is not seemly that my plighted wife should sail alone with a cursed coward and thief. Come!"

But, as he spoke, the tiller slipped in his wet hand and in an instant the boats had violently collided. The iron-sheeted prow of La Cigale struck Hillion's boat amidships, and crashed steadily through her. At the same moment Yves sprang open-armed at Renée. The ferocity of his glance must have distracted her wits; or, perhaps—who knows?—in that supreme instant she may have turned instinctively to her twin. As Hillion leaped, she leaped also into the embrace of Clotilde. The sisters stood for an instant in the shattered boat; then the waters closed over them.

La Jument but rarely yields up her dead, but when the tide flowed back from the Atlantic it bore in its embrace the bodies of the sisters. They were found locked in each other's arms upon a sandy cove to the right of the point of Kerpenhir. Their sweet lips were wreathed into gracious smiles, yet smiles with a faint, mocking twist, as may sometimes be seen upon the faces of men who have drained the chalice of sorrow. Such smiles, the sign-manual of the Ankou, so say the learned, lay upon the dead faces of the white witches of Port Naválo.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

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THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

By CECIL LOWIS.

CHAPTER XV.

"AND now that you have given us a full account of yourself, you must tell us about poor Millicent's faithless young man."

It was a London drawing-room, a rather dull, ponderously furnished, eminently respectable apartment. Out of doors a cold March wind was flicking long thin drops against the window-pane, and in the street the glistening pavement, the moist umbrellas of the passers-by, the limp, shining oilskins of the stolid policemen (so different from the happy-go-lucky red-petticoated little guardians of the peace in the land we have left behind us) all reflected the tempestuous mood of the weather. Waring shivered as he looked out of the window, and was glad to draw still nearer to the fire which blazed cheerily on the further side of the hearth-rug. He looked pale and weak, which was not surprising, considering what he had undergone since the commencement of the new year. A broken arm is at best an unpalatable possession, and the evil plight of the damaged limb had not been bettered by a long ride into head-quarters through the chill of a January night to have the slug extracted and the bone set. Add to this disadvantage an agitated brain and the haphazard

treatment of a careless surgeon, and it is small wonder that shortly after his arrival at Tatkin the Treasury-Officer contracted fever with blood-poisoning, and was forced to lie up for a matter of six weeks. For fully a fortnight after his return to head-quarters he was seriously ill, and the first few days of his convalescence were not brightened by the news that Ethel, so soon as he had been pronounced out of danger, had quitted Tatkin for Rangoon and England, leaving the administration of her brother's affairs in Heriot's hands. His one solace through the long hours of recovery, beside the memory of the brief messages from her which had been brought from time to time to his sick-bed, had been the letter which the Deputy-Commissioner's sister had left behind her to be given to him when he was fit to read it; a letter telling in simple unaffected language of her gratitude for what he had done for her during her short stay in Burmah, more especially in the hour of trial and distress, and of her regret that circumstances should have compelled her to leave Tatkin before he was strong enough to see her and bid her farewell. It concluded with a hope that they would meet again in the future under happier conditions, and this hope Waring found himself

echoing with fervour as he sat that morning in his mother's drawing-room and watched the drifting rain from his seat by the fire-side. He had arrived in London the previous morning on six months' sick leave, and had repaired immediately to his sole relatives in England, his mother and his sister, to retail his adventures afresh to them and at their hands to receive the attentions to which, as an interesting invalid from a far country, he felt he was in justice entitled. He had spent an instructive hour and a half of the previous afternoon in narrating and re-narrating to successive relays of thrilled hearers the circumstances connected with Smart's murder and his own wound, and the mind of his sister, who had by this time heard the story repeated several times, now turned to less exciting but to her almost as interesting topics.

For a moment her brother was puzzled. "Millicent,—Millicent who?" he demanded.

"Millicent Dudley-Devant, stupid," returned Miss Waring, stopping on her way to the window to at once emphasise and soften the final epithet by an admonitory pat on her brother's head. "Didn't you tell Mother in one of the last letters you wrote before your accident that the man she was engaged to was living at Tatkin?"

"Oh, Miss Dudley-Devant," replied Waring; "why didn't you say so before? Yes, to be sure; Heriot, the man she was engaged to, was Deputy-Conservator there. He was with us when poor Smart was shot, you know."

"What is he like? Is he nice? I can hardly think so after the way he threw poor Millicent over."

"Oh, he's not a bad sort,—proud, haughty sort of individual. You know the sort, don't you?"

"You are very explicit,—I think I can realise. Is he nice-looking?"

"Pretty fair."

"Clever?"

"Middling,—not much to say for himself,—rather uncommunicative generally."

"Like you, then, or rather like what you used to be, for you are not a bit silent now. You positively made me blush yesterday at the way you carried on with Laura Simmonds. Didn't he, Mother?"

"He talked very nicely to Laura, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Waring, a tranquil, white-haired, white-capped widow, whose reposeful speech and carriage bore a marked contrast to the voice and mien of her energetic, rather masculine daughter. "It was quite a pleasure to see them together; they made a very handsome couple."

"Go it, Mother," laughed Waring, and then he added: "it's solitude, I suppose, that has done it. Living long alone does make some people unsociable after a bit, I know. It was solitary at Minmyo and no mistake, though I liked it well enough on the whole."

"Oh, don't talk to me about that appalling place," cried Gertrude Waring. "Tatkin must from all accounts have been bad enough, but it can have been nothing to Minmyo. I should have run away straight, and absolutely refused to go back. Let's talk about something pleasanter. Tell me more about Mr. Heriot. Your description of him, coupled with the one Millicent gave me once (before the engagement was broken off), makes him out quite fascinating."

"Oh, blow Heriot! When was it broken off?"

"Don't ask me; I don't know. Wait a bit, though,—it was some time early in December, I think. Millicent was very low about it at Christmas-time, I remember; it was very recent then, and she was quite inconsolable."

"And you say *he* broke it off, not she?"

"Yes."

This information gave Waring food for some reflection, and he mused till his mother's voice broke the silence. "She has not been long in consoling herself since," she said with a spice of asperity in her tone.

"Now don't be hard on her, Mother," exclaimed Gertrude. "You know as well as I do that it's her people, not her." It is a regrettable fact, but in her more impassioned moments Miss Waring was apt to take unwarrantable liberties with the vernacular.

"What awful thing has she done?" asked Waring.

"She is engaged again already, you know," said Mrs. Waring solemnly.

"Well, it really isn't her fault," protested Gertrude. "You must know, Rupert, that her people, or at any rate her mother, were always against her marrying Mr. Heriot. I understand that he has very little money. That's so, isn't it? Perhaps you don't know. Well, anyhow they,—or rather she,—her mother, you know,—has always had her eye on a Mr. Hexham, a young fellow living near Ventnor who is uncommonly well off. He has always been devoted to her, I believe,—to Millicent, not her mother, you know—but till now she would have nothing whatever to say to him, and very wisely too, for he's not a nice man at all,—I've met him several times. Well, when the engagement with the horrid fascinating Burmese man was broken off, Mrs. Devant seems to have badgered and bullied poor Millicent to make her accept Freddy Hexham, until a short time ago she very weakly agreed to give him a chance, and the consequence is that now they are engaged. Awfully foolish of her," continued this forcible young lady; "I know she still hankers

after the wretch in Burmah, and will never get to like that insufferable little snob."

"Are they going to be married soon?" asked Waring carelessly. Now that Heriot had broken with her, the beautiful Miss Dudley-Devant's doings had no particular interest for him.

"As soon as possible, I believe. I understand that Mrs. Devant is in a terrible fright lest the old love should come to England before the wedding and Millicent should change her mind, so they are hurrying everything on in the most indecent manner. I've told Millicent again and again that she ought to put her foot down and make them wait a little, but she is far too good-natured."

"You seem to have struck up quite a friendship with her," observed her brother.

"Yes, I have. We've corresponded pretty regularly ever since I left the Prices, and I've been to stop with her at Ventnor. Her father is rather a nice old man, a great invalid; but somehow I don't fancy the mother much. She's,—well,—she's not my line at all. Millicent is a dear girl herself, though; I've always selected her for you, ever since I've known her,—in spite of her engagement—just as Mother has mentally chosen Laura Simmonds with the same object."

"My dear Gertrude," protested Mrs. Waring.

"It's no use your denying it, Mother," pursued the inexorable daughter. "I know what you're thinking of better than you do yourself. But Millicent is too good for you, Rupert, you know, far too good; she would let you have your own way in everything, which would be very bad for you."

"So much too good for me that she would be bad for me, eh? You both of you seem precious anxious to marry me off," laughed Waring, with an

amused recollection of how loud his mother had been the day before in her praises of Miss Simmonds, a plump, comely, rather short-sighted damsel who, he learnt, had been specially invited to meet him. "How do you know I want to be married?"

"I can see it in your eyes, my dear boy," replied Gertrude. "There's no hiding it from me. You'd better tell me who she is straight out; I'll find out for myself sooner or later, if you don't. Whoever she is though, she won't be such a nice girl as Millicent."

"Won't she, though!" said her brother, with such assurance and emphasis that both Gertrude and her mother smiled; and then Waring began to wonder whether there might not after all be something in his sister's boast about her power of divination, for she suddenly asked, in a tone which implied that the fresh subject started was a natural complement of what had just been said: "What has happened to the poor girl whose brother was murdered,—Miss Smart? I suppose she is no longer at Tatkin."

"No fear," said Waring; "of course she could not stop on alone there after her brother's death. She is in England now."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Waring. "I wonder whether we can do anything for her. She has other relations, I suppose?"

"Oh dear me, yes; she is with her people down in Surrey. Her father is a country parson near Guildford. I got her address before I left."

"And you are going down to see her, I suppose," observed Gertrude picking up a book and glancing at its back.

"I suppose I ought to,—when I've got some decent things. In fact she asked me to look her up," said Waring as carelessly as possible, for he was vaguely conscious that his sister's eye

was fixed critically upon him over the top of the volume she was examining. "By the by," he added, turning in his chair, "I wish this beastly rain would leave off. I want to get out to my tailor's."

"You must take care of yourself, my dear boy," exclaimed his mother. "I'm so afraid of your going and knocking yourself up, the first thing. Please don't go out at all to-day; you are not fit for it."

"I really must, Mother, when it clears," said Waring. "I am not going to walk about in these things longer than I can help. I shall be all right; I'm as strong as a horse."

His looks belied his words, as, half an hour later, when the rain had stopped, he sallied forth, much against his mother's wishes, to accord his tailor an interview, a pallid, gaunt figure in a great coat green with age and a brown hat which had accompanied him to Burmah six years before. He was conscious that his haggard, unkempt appearance attracted here and there a glance of chastened wonder as he elbowed his way through the well-dressed crowds that thronged Piccadilly and Bond Street, enjoying the brief glimpse of sunshine that had been vouchsafed after the rain. But he recked little of the impression he made on the passers by; he was wholly engrossed, as he walked along, drinking in the old sights and sounds and smells with automatic relish, in the prospect of seeing Ethel Smart again amid the happier surroundings referred to in her letter. He had obtained her address in England from Heriot before he left; but beyond this he had been able to learn nothing about her from his friend, who after Smart's death always assumed a sphinx-like demeanour whenever the late Deputy-Commissioner's or his sister's affairs were discussed. Of how Ethel was getting on in England he had been

able to ascertain practically nothing, much less of what her attitude towards the Forest-Officer had been at the time of her departure from Tatkin; nor was he any wiser as to how Heriot had employed the long hot days during which he himself had been lying helpless in his darkened bed-room in the Mess. He could not, however, believe that Ethel and the Forest-Officer could have come to any sort of understanding before the former left for Europe, for nothing had been said to him on the subject by the other residents of the gossip-loving little station before his own departure for England, and he tried hard to persuade himself that the belief that had haunted him during his illness, the belief that Heriot had broken off his engagement with Miss Devant in order to be free to propose to Ethel, was a creature of his own prolific imagination. The news that his sister had given him that morning, regarding the date of the breaking-off and the party who had taken the initiative, certainly tended to confirm that belief, and he was far from being clear yet of the shadow of harassing surmises. Still, after all, he remembered, there was no knowing anything for certain. Heriot was in Burmah, a continent and a half away; Ethel was within easy reach. The sun was shining through the watery clouds and the brisk March wind was sending the blood dancing through his veins. In his present frame of mind and body he felt that, come what would, he would yet compass his cherished ends and secure his heart's desire.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was some time before Waring was able to pay his projected visit to Miss Smart in her country home. Very soon after his arrival in England, —how soon his mother and sister were never destined to know,—he

wrote to the address he had obtained from Heriot, enquiring after Ethel's welfare and implying that he would much like to be permitted to call and give the latest news of Tatkin and Burmah. For some time his letter remained unanswered; so long indeed was the interval of silence that Waring, morbidly suspicious when transactions with Heriot were concerned, began to entertain the absurd idea that that inscrutable personage had purposely given him a wrong address, though to what end he could not say. At length, however, a reply from Ethel (written from a remote corner of Yorkshire, where it appeared she was staying with a married sister,) quashed his unworthy suspicions. In this she apologised for the delay in answering (which was due to his letter having been detained three days at her Surrey home), and said that she intended returning south about the middle of April, when, she assured her correspondent, her parents and she would be delighted to welcome him at Crookholme. Waring chafed at the prospect of waiting so long, but there was obviously no help for it. He could think of nothing that could possibly take him to her neighbourhood in the north, and was left to gather what meagre comfort he could from the reflection that, as April had only thirty days, the middle of the month would come some few hours earlier than if it had been March or May. Before breakfast on the sixteenth the impetuous youth had posted a letter, written the night before, enquiring on what day of the succeeding seven he might come down. Again some time elapsed before a reply reached him. The twentieth, however, brought a note from Ethel saying that she had just arrived from the north, and fixing a day in the following week for his visit. Now that the thing was done, and Ethel's invitation was safely in

his hands, his importunity struck Waring as singularly tactless and ill-advised, and he could have kicked himself for not having allowed Ethel to write first to him after her return home. Yet it was mainly, if not entirely, the thought of the view which Ethel's relatives might take of his precipitancy that troubled him. Ethel herself, he felt pretty sure, would, if she interpreted his impatience aright, condone it. Was there ever a love-sick swain that did not delude himself into the belief that the one and only excess which could never by any chance be objectionable to his adored one was excess of devotion?

She certainly did not look as if she were offended at his zeal when he saw her at the station. A newly opened branch line, cut ruthlessly through one of the most picturesque portions of Surrey, brought him about noon to Crookholme. As soon as the train drew up at the long bleak platform, he saw that she was there, eagerly scanning the carriage-windows, and almost before the smile of recognition sweetened her face he made the discovery that black suited her to perfection. She looked pale, paler somehow than he had expected to find her in England, and her pallor was heightened by her sombre dress and the warm colouring of her hair, which had never in Burmah struck him as being so luxuriant or so richly hued; but what impressed itself most on Waring as he descended from the compartment and moved forward to meet the girl, was the fact that she was looking far older and more careworn, though not less attractive, than when he had seen her last. She had parted from him at Tatkin a girl, little more than a child, to step again into the circle of his surroundings a woman, little less than a woman fully matured; and her very womanliness, as she stood there opposite him on the platform with

the light of greeting in her eyes told him, more plainly than any words could have, what she must have gone through in the interval which had elapsed since her brother's death. His next thought, curiously enough, was how that brother must have in life resembled his parent. There was no taking the broad-shouldered man in clerical garb who stood by Ethel's side for anyone but Smart's father. It was quite a shock to Waring to see his late friend's rugged features reproduced with almost painful fidelity in the Rector of Crookholme's. The father's red hair was now mellowed with grey, his back bowed slightly under the weight of years, but in all other respects the Rector stood there, clean-shaven and thick-set, the image of his dead son, causing his offspring to live again in him in a manner strangely paradoxical. He greeted Waring with warmth, murmuring something, which the shouts of the porters and the hissing of the engine prevented the traveller from catching in full, about friendship with his dear son and kindness to his daughter, and then turning rapidly, led the way, just as Smart would have done, from the crowded platform into the quiet country road outside.

It was an exquisite day; one of the first of the year which could be construed by a shivering visitor from the East into a pledge of genial warmth to come. The hedges on all sides shimmered with a tender growth of green. In the lanes the catkins flaunted yellow, the sun shone cheerily on the common land and copse, and the birds chirped earnestly together of the inclement March and of the kindly May that nestled for them in the warm bosom of the future. Waring drank in these vernal sights and sounds with the same grateful sensation as that with which he inhaled the country air. It was

the first glimpse of rural life he had enjoyed since his return to England, and after the first interchange of questions was over and they had turned up into the long village street he began to expatiate on this fact to Ethel.

"It is my first Spring in England for seven years," he said, "so you may imagine how I appreciate it. How green everything is; one doesn't realise a bit in town how Spring is going ahead out here. It is jolly to see the daisies all out, to say nothing of the primroses, and the lambs cutting about in the fields so precious pleased with themselves. I'd almost forgotten what lambs looked like. I feel as though I should like to lie down and wallow in the grass. What wouldn't the people in Tatkin give for a field of daisies now?"

"What, I wonder," returned Ethel, while the Rector exclaimed: "What! Have you nothing of a Spring in Burmah then?" He was confident in his own mind, was this insular parson, that there was nothing worthy of the name of Spring in the benighted East, but he liked to be assured of the fact out of the mouths of experts.

"There's nothing like a good old English Spring," returned Waring. "A good many of the trees put on fresh leaves about now, but I can never make out why they should; I know I should never have the energy. There's no feeling of fresh life in the air, never anything to suggest the idea of sprouting. It gets hotter and hotter every day: the crickets do nothing but drone, drone, drone; and they bring you in things they call mangoes, tasting of nothing but turpentine and sugar and water, and think you're going to be comforted by them; and then that beastly hot-weather bird begins. You've heard him, haven't you, Miss Smart?"

"Once or twice only last January, —never properly."

"Well, you've missed nothing. To me it is the most dreary sound in creation, not in itself so much as because it suggests the long depressing hot season. Ugh! Why, only the other day I was looking out of my window in town rather disgusted at the cold cheerless weather,—almost,—not quite,—yes, you may think it funny after what I've just been saying—but almost wishing myself back in the sunshine of Burmah, when all of a sudden I heard a street-boy whistling below, going up the scale in a way that reminded me irresistibly of our friend the hot-weather bird, and I assure you it didn't take a moment to reconcile me to the cold and wet of England."

"And to make you wish you need never see Burmah again, I suppose," suggested the Rector.

"Well hardly that," said Waring with a sudden turn; "the hot season is pretty bad, but there's no denying that life during the cold weather out there is glorious, absolutely glorious. It's all very well for me to talk now, but before September I expect I shall be yearning for the green paddy-plains with the hills beyond and the creak of the cart-wheels and the clicking of the looms underneath the houses."

"Ah yes, and the thud of the rice-pounders as you ride through the villages," put in Miss Smart.

"Yes, not forgetting the rice-pounders," said Waring. "But still in April one is better here than there; no one can deny that."

"I wish I had seen more of Burmah," said Ethel in a tone so suggestive of tender memories that Waring, his heart beating tumultuously, for a moment wished the Rector of Crookholme at the opposite end of his parish. As he did not reply, she added: "Tell me about Tatkin. I feel as though I had been away years."

He gave her what news he had to give, but soon discovered not only that she was posted up in the doings of the place up to the date of his departure, but that she was able to tell him much that he did not know of what had occurred since he had quitted Tatkin. "How did you come to hear about all this?" he asked at length, not without a vague indefinable qualm, which was not allayed when Mr. Smart said: "We hear pretty regularly from Ethel's friend Mr. Heriot. He gives Ethel the news."

"Business letters of course," explained Ethel, as though anxious that there should be no misconception. "You know he is looking after poor Jack's affairs in Burmah. He writes from time to time to report progress, and he generally manages to give us some of the gossip of the Station in his letters."

Waring was relieved; in the circumstances Heriot could hardly avoid sending an occasional letter to Crookholme. He did not altogether relish the idea of the Forest-Officer's being thus enabled to keep his memory green at the rectory; but he felt certain that if his rival had been communicating with Ethel in a capacity more intimate than that of administrator of her brother's affairs, the Rector and his daughter would have made no secret of the matter to him.

By the time these reflections had flitted through Waring's mind they had reached the white gate of the rectory, and passing through it, found themselves in front of a white house facing a well-timbered lawn which sloped almost imperceptibly from a level of a foot or so above the gravel drive up to a low iron railing, just visible between the trees separating the garden from a meadow beyond. The front of the house was

covered with wisteria and roses, the former already giving bright promise of its lilac clusters, the latter not yet in bloom, but clinging lovingly to the pillars and trellis-work of the porch, where the three halted for a moment to look up the garden.

"Those are some of the finest cedars in Surrey, and I think, when you've seen them properly, that you'll admit that those beeches are hard to beat," said the Rector waving his hand proudly in the direction of the lawn. "I'll show you round the garden after lunch; you'd like to see it, wouldn't you? But you must come in now and be introduced to my wife."

Mrs. Smart was sitting in the drawing-room to the left of the little narrow entrance-hall when her guest was ushered into her presence. She was a slight delicate-looking woman who, Waring perceived, had dowered her youngest daughter with her own slender figure and regular features, and by her own dark hair had tempered the fiery paternal red down to the rich shade of auburn which graced Ethel's head. Ethel's mother must have been very handsome in her youth, Waring thought, as at her invitation he took a seat opposite her by the fire and had an opportunity of scanning her face; but she seemed altogether out of place in the country rectory, too languid and fragile for the rough parish-life in which the energetic Rector lived, moved, and rejoiced; and the more he saw of her the more clearly he gathered from her demeanour that she was not altogether happy in her rural surroundings. She had a kind smile of welcome for the stranger, but beyond giving vent to a few commonplaces about the weather, and expressing a hope that Waring was not feeling the cold so much as her daughter had felt it on arriving in England in February,

she had but little to say to her guest and was content to let the burden of hospitality rest for the most part on her husband and daughter. Some instinct told Waring that Ethel and her mother had few interests in common, and he was not long in discovering where the sympathy and community of tastes lay, for it was her father whom Ethel selected to assist her in entertaining Waring throughout the day and to whom she appealed on all occasions.

They lunched in a quaint, low-ceiled dining-room, a step lower than the passage outside, hung around with prints in broad, polished brown frames, and wandered afterwards, Ethel between the Rector and his guest, round the red-walled back-garden, where the cherry-blossoms shone white, through the shrubbery and orchard, underneath the incomparable cedars and the beeches which, the visitor made no attempt to deny, were very hard to beat, and finally up the road to where near some disused chalk-pits an ample view was to be had of the rolling wooded country which rose and fell round Crookholme. The scene was peaceful, quiet, and ideally English, totally different from the one which used to delight Waring's eyes in his high-perched bungalow at Minmyo; yet in a manner it recalled to him the brightly-tinted treasures of that prospect, so that, when the Rector exclaimed in a tone as of triumphant proprietorship in the landscape, "You have nothing like that in Burmah now," he was in a moment up in arms, with Ethel, defending the æsthetic properties of the country of his labours with as much ardour as he had depreciated its hot weather a few hours before.

Mr. Smart smiled at the fervour of the young people's description, and at length exclaimed with a chuckle: "I wonder you ever succeeded in tearing

yourself away from Burmah, Ethel; you seem positively enamoured of the country. This is quite a new development; I believe you will be wanting to go back next."

Ethel made answer by a solemn shake of the head, her lips pursed tightly up.

"Wouldn't you care to go back, Miss Smart?" asked Waring. He put the question unthinkingly, but it dawned upon him soon after the words were out of his mouth that, coming from him, a deeper meaning might possibly be placed on them than he had intended to convey when he spoke.

"I'm not sure that I would," replied Ethel, with her eyes still dwelling dreamily on the distant view. "It's a beautiful country, and I shall always have pleasant memories of the happy time I had there; but Tatkin will for ever be associated in my mind with,—with poor old Jack, you know."

It was the first direct reference that had been made that day to the family loss, and Waring was silent; but there was a lingering indescribable something in the tone of Ethel's reply that encouraged him to return to the charge a minute later before anything else had been said. "Of course Tatkin will always have sad associations," he continued. "But after all Tatkin is not Burmah. You always look upon Burmah as ridiculously small, I know, but——"

"Why should you think I look upon Burmah as ridiculously small?"

"You said so once at Thonzè,—don't you remember? You justly observed that the world was small and Burmah, whatever the Burmans might think to the contrary, even smaller."

She needed no reminding now. "What a memory you must have to remember all my silly sayings," she exclaimed, with a short laugh and a just perceptible flush. "Well, and don't you think Burmah small?"

"It would be big enough, I think, to give you all sorts of new sensations without forcing you to draw on the old. There must be hundreds of places there that will not remind you of Tatkin any more than,—well, any more than this place does."

"Perhaps," said Ethel; and the memory of the good fellowship that his words had brought back seemed to fill the glance she gave Waring with such kindness that for the second time during the day he found himself longing that his host would have the good taste to discover that his presence was needed elsewhere.

It is just possible that the host may have had a shrewd idea of what was at the moment passing in his guest's mind. When the question of Ethel's possible return was broached and began to be discussed with such seriousness, the Rector's bushy red eyebrows went up, though he still kept his gaze fixed immovably on the distant prospect, and as the talk grew to his attentive ear more and more suggestive of tender sentiments unuttered, the suspicion of a grim smile crept across his weather-beaten face, but he held his ground manfully and at Ethel's last word struck in.

"Well, Ethel," he said, "whether you would like to go back again to Burmah or not, I don't see that there is the slightest chance of your doing so," and then he added in a brisker voice: "Come along, it's getting chilly, isn't it? Shall we walk back by the Manor House? We shall be home just in time for tea."

Waring travelled up to town by a train which left Crookholme soon after tea at the rectory was over. Ethel and her father accompanied him to the station and, as they stood on the platform by the carriage-door just before the train started, the traveller extracted from his companions a promise that they would, if possible, look

him up the next time they visited London.

"I dare say we shall be coming up to town some Tuesday early next month to gloat over the shops," said Ethel, "and we shall certainly try to see something of you, and make the acquaintance of your mother and sister. Tuesday is generally the day we select for our pilgrimages to town. It is our freest day. Number forty-five, isn't it?"

"Yes, number forty-five. Mind you let me have a line to say when I am to expect you. We're off now. Good-bye, and many thanks for a very pleasant day."

Father and daughter walked some distance of the way home in silence. At length Ethel slipped her hand through the Rector's arm and said, rather shyly, "What do you think of him, Father, honestly now?"

"You really wish me say?"

"Yes, say everything you want to say about him. You know what I think."

"Well, I think he is a particularly nice, honest fellow. I almost wish I hadn't seen him."

"Why?"

"Why, because I've taken such a fancy to him, and of course if you——"

"There's no doubt he is very nice. I've always said that, haven't I, Father?" said the girl as the Rector broke off.

"You have, my dear."

"And of course he practically saved my life once, and was so good to me when poor Jack died, so I must be nice to him, mustn't I?"

"Indeed you must; it's the very least you can do."

"But you don't expect me to do more, do you?"

"Of course not, my dear. It must come spontaneously, that sort of thing."

There was a pause and then the

girl said: "Thanks, Father, for doing what I asked you."

"Don't thank me, child. I was very nearly basely deserting you when he began about your going back to Burmah. I felt quite sorry for the poor lad, and, besides, I'm not sure that it would not have been best to get the thing over."

"Don't, Father; I wonder what would have happened if you had left us."

"I think I can guess," and the Rector indulged in a short laugh. "Yes, there's no doubt about it, he seems a first-rate fellow and yet,—I suppose——"

Ethel shook her head slowly. "I'm afraid not, Father," she said; "I really am afraid not. I shall always like him very, very much, but——"

From which conversation it may be gathered that, whereas Waring was at all times scrupulously careful to conceal his tender passion from the eye of his mother, Miss Smart had on the contrary been at pains to take her father to a certain extent into her confidence in regard to the question of the bestowal, or perhaps it would be more correct to say the withholding, of her affections.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON his arrival at his mother's house that same evening, Waring found his sister so brimful of news that for some little time she gave no thought to enquiring how he had prospered in the country during the day, and what he thought of Miss Smart as viewed through the medium of an English environment. She looked sharply up from her seat at the writing-table as he entered the drawing room and greeted him with, "Well, you are a perverse boy."

"What's the matter now?" said Waring, with his hand on his mother's

shoulder. She was sitting near the fire and he had just stooped to kiss her.

"Matter? Isn't it matter enough that you should be away galivanting about over the country the very day I wanted you to be at home?"

"You never told me you wanted me to be at home."

"Of course not; how was I to tell that she was coming to-day?"

"Who?"

"Millicent, to be sure."

"Oh, your dear Millicent has been here, has she?"

"She has, and naturally I wanted my dear Millicent to see you and you to see her, and there you were, if you please, carrying on instead with a young woman in the wilds, goodness only knows where."

"You surely didn't want him to carry on with Miss Devant, did you?" laughed Mrs. Waring, while Waring, ignoring the home-thrust conveyed in his sister's hint as to the manner in which he had been spending his day at Crookholme, said, "What has brought her up to town so suddenly?"

"Matrimony. They are going to be married in a fortnight hence—do you hear?—a fortnight hence!"

"Well?"

"Well! Do you realise, my dear boy, what that means? It means, in the first place, that it will be May."

"Well, there's nothing very much in that. It's an unlucky month, I know, but——"

"Nothing much in that! No self-respecting person is ever married in May, especially not in town. Then in the second place it means that everything will have to be made in a fortnight,—less than a fortnight now."

"I should have thought they could have knocked a decent wedding-cake together in that time," observed

Waring. "I knew a chap in Rangoon once who——"

"Wedding-cake!" exclaimed Gertrude, who found the only sure vent to her contempt for her brother's obtuseness in repeating, in a tone of ineffable scorn, such of his words as most glaringly demonstrated his ignorance. "Whoever thinks of the wedding-cake! One thinks of the bridegroom before the cake, if he is presentable! You know as well as I do that it was the trousseau I was talking about. A fortnight, imagine,—and not a solitary idea has the poor thing got yet about sleeves or anything, so far as I can make out. I call it wicked; I had a good mind to refuse to be bridesmaid."

"Oh, so you are going to be one of the bridesmaids," said her brother.

"The bridesmaid, if you please, the only one. Just as well she didn't want more. She wouldn't have found many girls ready to take it up at such short notice, I can tell you. I suppose that is why she asked me. I can think of no other reason except that she has no girl-relations in town. She is going to be married in town, from an aunt's house, apparently. A fortnight! The prospect is too awful to contemplate!"

"And why is there such a hurry?" inquired Mrs. Waring, who had been knitting placidly through the fervid torrent of her daughter's talk.

"Didn't you hear Mrs. Devant, Mother? Oh of course, you didn't; you were talking to Millicent at the time. 'My dear,' she said to me most mysteriously (you know the way she says *my de-ar*) 'my dear, I suppose you know that odious man is coming home.'"

"Who? Heriot?" asked Waring, his interest suddenly aroused.

"The very same. I told her I knew nothing, and she went on to say that somehow (how, she did not

deign to inform me,) she had heard that he had got leave and would be home about the middle of May. 'And I am determined, my dear,' she said, shoving out her fat double chin and wagging her old head at me, 'that Millicent shall be safely married to Freddy Hexham before that man puts foot on English soil.' She's frightened lest Millicent should try and back out of it. Have you heard anything about his coming, Rupert?"

"Not a word. What rot!" said Waring scornfully. "You say he broke it off. Why should he want it on again?" A hope, remote enough in itself, but fostered by a remark which Gertrude had let fall on a previous occasion had, at the news of Heriot's impending return from Burmah, arisen in his breast only to fade before the knowledge that the wedding was being expedited in order to obviate a contingency which (for he was only human after all) he could not but wish might in some way or other happen. He would have asserted in all sincerity, had he been questioned on the point, that it was his fine innate love of fair play that made him wish to see Heriot given another chance with Miss Devant, but it is not to be supposed that the discerning reader will believe that, in viewing with distaste the idea that every means should be taken to prevent Millicent and her old love from coming together before the former's marriage, our young friend was in reality actuated by so pure a sentiment.

"There is no accounting for the whims of the men-kind," returned Miss Waring sententiously; "but still it does seem ridiculous. A fortnight,—I can't get over it! Don't you ever ask me to be one of your bridesmaids at a fortnight's notice, for I won't," and she turned round to resume her task of letter-writing.

"How did you find Miss Smart, by the way?" asked the mother, and Waring began wondering of what use his precautions had been if Ethel was to be always instinctively connected in his relatives' minds with his own matrimonial prospects.

"Oh, she's very well," he replied rather abruptly. "She'll be up in town very shortly," he added after a brief pause, softening a little as he gazed into his mother's eyes; "I've asked her to come and look us up. She's a nice girl, and I should like her to know you, Mother."

"I'm sure I should like to meet her, dear boy," said Mrs. Waring, while Gertrude, who had been listening to the conversation from her seat at the writing-table, turned suddenly round and asked: "Is she as nice as she used to be in Burmah?"

"Of course, why not? I say, Gertrude, does Miss Devant know why they are hurrying the wedding?"

"I should think not. What a question to ask! And even if she did, she would not have the spirit to protest. Why Mrs. Devant should tell me I cannot conceive, any more than I can guess why Millicent should ask me, a comparative stranger, to be her bridesmaid. Do you know, there must be something very attractive and reassuring about me that all these good people should want to make me their bridesmaid and confide in me. Mind, this about Mr. Heriot must not go beyond you, Rupert," she continued, as though suddenly alive to the fact that her discretion must seem hardly such as to justify the confidence that had been reposed in her. "I don't think Mrs. Devant would care to have it generally known why they are in such a hurry."

"Oh, you may trust me. I'm not a girl," laughed Waring, glad of the chance of a dig at his sister, and then

the dressing-bell put an end to the conversation.

Waring had an opportunity before long of seeing Mr. Hexham's bride elect. A morning or two after his visit to Crookholme he received at breakfast strict injunctions to be in for lunch, as he was to meet Miss Devant and her intended, who were coming to the house after a morning of shopping. In obedience to this behest he presented himself at the appointed time in the drawing-room and was there introduced by his sister to a tall, fragile-looking girl (in whose pale face he had little difficulty in recognising the features of her of the white neck who had figured so prominently on Heriot's writing-table) and to a sandy-haired youth with round eyes and a thick tremulous under-lip, who fulfilled in every outward particular his preconceived idea of what the obnoxious but opulent suitor was going to be like. The two were an ill-assorted couple, as ill-assorted, so far as appearances went, as Heriot and Miss Devant would have been the reverse. Waring had made up his mind on this point before they went down to luncheon. He was obliged to confess to himself soon after the meal had begun that he was not as favourably impressed with Gertrude's friend as, guided by his sister's descriptions of her charms, he had expected to be. He was not, it is true, surprised to find her neither lively nor communicative, but her reserve exceeded his anticipations. He had learned enough about her from Gertrude to know that her apparent haughtiness was merely a cloak for her shyness, but with her reticence she combined such an apathetic, almost vacant, demeanour that he wondered at his sister's making an intimate of so eminently uninteresting an individual. As the meal progressed, however, he began to

understand that she was treating this acceptance of her bridesmaid's hospitality merely as one of the preliminaries to a ceremony to which he could see she looked forward with no feeling of pleasure. Whatever pangs of despised love the Heriot-episode had left behind she was careful to hide. She could pride herself in not having been found wanting in filial duty, but it was clear that she was not going to feign an interest in the details of a wedding that was distasteful to her, or simulate an affection for her betrothed which she did not feel.

Hexham, in marked contrast to the bride elect, was animation itself. The young man was determined to render himself as agreeable as possible, and, with his mind bent to the task, did his utmost to make up for the young lady's lack of conversation at table. Waring soon saw that, though empty-headed and self-sufficient, the youth was perfectly innocuous, and he soon understood from her passive disregard of his banalities how it was that Millicent had prevailed upon herself to look upon a union with him as possible or supportable. He was an infliction, but an infliction which could be largely ignored, and she was evidently looking to being able to render her married life bearable by treating him in nearly all points as a negligible quantity. She did not speak of Heriot, a fact which Waring took as an indication that her wound still smarted, though when once in conversation he referred to Tatkin her eye lighted and she made as though she would have said something *à propos* of the place. She did not, however, speak, and it was left to Hexham to rush in where Millicent had feared to tread, though he did not raise the subject of the previous love till after luncheon, when Waring had led him into the little smoking-

room at the back of the house, and he sat puffing jerkily at a cigarette, while he trifled with the germ of a diminutive red moustache.

"You knew a chap, Heriot, out in Burmah, didn't you?" he asked.

Waring looked up at him, but Hexham avoided his gaze. "Yes," he said; "I was at a place called Tatkin with him."

"Do you know him well?"

"Fairly well."

"You know he was engaged to Miss Dudley-Devant, don't you?"

"Yes."

"What sort of a chap is he?"

"Don't you know him?"

"Never met him; he doesn't come from our part of the country. Millicent met him up in Buckinghamshire somewhere."

"Ah, well,—he's queer rather,—critical and sarcastic—a nasty one to cross, I should think. One never can tell what he's going to be up to next." He chose his words deliberately, not, I regret to say, without a malicious hope that they might bring some vague sense of discomfort to the hapless youth before him who had supplanted the subject of their conversation. He very nearly added, "I suppose you know he is coming home shortly," for he presumed that neither of the innocents had been let into the secret of Mrs. Devant's precipitation, but he remembered in time the gibe he had cast at his sister only a few days before, and refrained.

"A gentleman, I suppose, and all that?"

"Oh most decidedly."

"Have you any idea why he broke off the engagement?" pursued Hexham the ingenuous, gazing at his interlocutor out of the corner of his red-rimmed eyes, while he plucked at his nether-lip.

"He did not tell me," returned

Waring shortly. "He's not in the habit of indulging in confidences."

"I suppose it was some other girl," opined Hexham pacifically. "Are there any decent females out there by any chance? Tatkin I think you said the name of the place was."

"No unmarried ladies," said Waring still more shortly; the idea of a "decent female" in Tatkin having been the cause of Heriot's falling away was one he had no wish whatever to contemplate.

"H'm, that's funny. I suppose he had his reasons. Hope you don't think me inquisitive? It's a matter I'm rather interested in. I've long wanted to come across some fellow that knew the man. I dare say it was some girl he had met in England, though why he should break it off out there I don't know. Thanks,—I'll have another cigarette if I may."

"Well, what do you think of them?" asked Gertrude, as her brother re-appeared in the drawing-room after escorting her guests to the front door.

"Oh, I like her," was the reply, "though I don't think she is as interesting as I expected."

"Thank heaven, she is not interesting," returned the sister. "I shouldn't

have anything to say to her if she was. But you do like her?"

"Yes."

"So does Mother now. You've got over your prejudice against her by this time, haven't you, Mother?"

"I was never prejudiced, dear," replied Mrs. Waring, and as her daughter laughed incredulously, she added: "I think she is a nice lady-like girl. She certainly improves on acquaintance, but I don't think I care for the bridegroom much. He seems rather a foolish young man."

"Oh, he's too terrible for words," ejaculated Gertrude. "I always thought he was objectionable, but I never realised till to-day that he was so absolutely inane. He's never tried to be funny before. What do you think of him, Rupert?"

"He's rather a young ass, but harmless enough, I should think. Not so bad as I thought he would be."

"Did you ever see such eyes and such a mouth?"

"They might be more artistic."

"And such terrible hair?"

"He's not a beauty, but there's no harm in his hair that I can see."

"Why, you always used to loathe red hair!" exclaimed Gertrude.

"I don't now," said her brother.

(To be continued.)

MY FIRST MOUNTAIN.

WITH only a week to spare I found myself for the first time in my life in Switzerland. My idea was to travel through in leisurely stages by rail, steamer, and diligence, to walk some few excursions within reasonable and safe distance of a hotel, to view the Alps from the backs of mules and other points of vantage, and to return refreshed to less romantic scenes. But once among the mountains I became possessed with a soaring ambition to scale a peak. Eventually I selected and ascended one, and my experiences, being those of an amateur, may be of interest to others, not mountaineers, who like myself may sometime succumb to this same ambition.

The middle of August found us at Martigny, whence we journeyed by rail to Grindelwald by way of Berne. Our destination should have been the lovely town of Interlaken between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, but I could not rest: the high Alps fascinated me; their influence seemed mesmeric; I was drawn towards them almost against my will. We passed Interlaken and went on that same evening to Grindelwald, a village nestling at the feet of the giants of the Bernese Oberland.

When we arrived it was grey and raining, but below the clouds we could clearly discern the snow on the flanks of the mighty Wetterhorn and Eiger. There, right abreast of us, they towered, and seemed to beckon to the timid sojourners of the valley.

The Bear Hotel, one of the largest in Switzerland, was crowded, almost entirely with English, the Americans preferring the lower and warmer levels.

Knowing no one else, I questioned the proprietor of the hotel about guides and the feasibility of scaling a peak. On these precipitous Alps no one is allowed to go with less than two certificated guides. The proprietor, finding that I was a novice, demurred to my attempting the higher Alps forthwith, and urged me to have at least a day with a guide over some ladders across a glacier and round the face of a precipice, a trial-climb he called it. He sketched a seven hours' tour, and having engaged a guide with ropes and ice-axe for the following day, I had to rest content for the time being.

The high Alps are more powerful than ever the Sirens were. Towering in dazzling splendour above the clouds, as they look down on the human atoms at their feet, they seemed to say: "Ascend, poor mortal; these are the heights of Olympus. Come, soothe thy troubled spirit, thy too often aching heart, in the radiant glory of our eternal snow. The free air of the high heavens shall inspire and strengthen thee; our janitors, brave children of old Jacques Balmat, shall guide and guard thee. Ascend, the Gods to their eternal temples welcome thee."

The next morning I was introduced to a guide, Peter Brawand, a fair-haired sturdy Teuton, who spoke English well, had an honest face, and had ascended all the peaks of the district,—Shreckhorn, Eiger, Wetterhorn, Jungfrau, Monch, and Finsteraarhorn. I found the seven hours' walk, taken slowly at the mountaineers' pace, by no means fatiguing. We went past the Wetterhorn Hotel to

the *châlet* at the end of the mule-path and up the ladders in the rock-chimneys by the side of the upper Grindelwald glacier. The ladders ascended through crevices, and over bluffs, an almost perpendicular course of some nine hundred feet to the top of the first cliff. Below and to the left the edge of the glacier rises with the cliff in pyramids and in bold crevasses down which the crumbling ice and *débris* fall continuously with a sound like distant thunder. At midday, when the sun is hot, the great glacier is never silent. Down the moraine and over the glaciers we then ascended to the Grindelwald face of the Wetterhorn, where a narrow pass winds round it, while above and below for thousands of feet is one mighty precipice. Over here, in the early summer, avalanches of snow fall almost from the summit nine thousand feet down. Arrived at the pass we sat down to lunch, facing the valley below some two thousand feet, and I accustomed myself to look down it without flinching.

After lunch Peter put on the rope and I climbed down over the edge as far as I could go. Peter proved a generous tutor and said I should do not only for the Eiger but for the Shreckhorn! Having descended, still roped, through the scrub, I practised cutting steps on the face of a large avalanche lying unmelted at the foot of the mountain.

That evening we decided to attempt the Eiger next day. Peter was to engage another guide; we were to sleep at the Scheidegg Hotel the first night, and begin the ascent at two on the following morning.

That evening, in a stroll before dinner, we met an old friend of mine, K. When we met he was just recovering from an attack of bronchitis contracted, or at least aggravated, by an ascent of the Wetterhorn in a snow-storm. The meeting was not

only a pleasant but a fortunate one for me. Finding I was quite a beginner and bent on scaling a peak, he took me in hand, insisted on my coming to his room, showed me the various uses of the ice-axe, lectured me on standing well up, not hugging the mountain, never hurrying, and never hesitating to consult or call upon the guide. He made a list of what we should require,—the style of boots, hat, provisions, &c.—impressed on me that mountaineering was a scientific game of great skill, and that one could not afford to throw away a single chance.

The next morning, some snow having fallen in the night, Peter rather demurred at the Eiger. He said the rocks would be too icy, we should have to turn back, he should prefer the Wetterhorn. As the fee for the Wetterhorn was lower and Peter was determined, I began to think there must be something in it, and accepted the alternative. K. consoled me afterwards by saying that the Eiger was all right, but that the guides had their doubts about me. Moreover, no one knew the Eiger, whereas the Wetterhorn was a well-known peak; it would sound much better than the Eiger. The Eiger is thirteen thousand feet high, the Wetterhorn some eight hundred feet less; the former is no steeper than the latter, but consists of harder rock which becomes almost impossible in places with a little snow and ice on it. The Wetterhorn is aptly described by Baedeker as the "magnificent and almost perpendicular" Wetterhorn. It towers into the sky, and rising sheer up from its base, with no other peaks on its flanks, it is one of the noblest of the Alps.

Johan was engaged as my second guide. We took four bottles of burgundy, a bottle of cognac, a fowl, eggs, bread and butter, material for soup at the hut, and an extra shirt, socks, and

breeches for sleeping in. Rockets, by K.'s order cut in two, were lashed on the knapsacks, and subsequently spliced and fired from the hut that night,—the signal being answered from the hotel. The wine was carried by the guides in special tin bottles. At the mule-path *chalet* each guide added some wood to his load for the fire in the hut. As we passed the stone erected to the memory of Dr. Haller and his two guides I called Peter's attention to it and said I hoped we should have better luck. He said he would do his best, but an ice-glacier was always an ice-glacier.

After ascending the long series of ladders and crossing the upper Grindelwald glacier in the usual track without difficulty, we came to where the little track on the further side of the glacier divided, the one path going round the cliff which I had taken on the previous day, and the other ascending to the hut.

We had left Grindelwald at half-past one in the afternoon: the sun was out and so far the path, although steep, was practicable for walking; but as the pace had been rather faster than I cared about, I called a halt to cool down. Peter said he was anxious to gain the hut before a storm came on. As I knew my weakest spot was a want of first-class condition, and that in the most favourable circumstances the hut was four and a half hours' stiff climbing, I had to mildly remonstrate with my chief guide.

"Peter," I said, "for precipices, avalanches and storms I care not. If a storm comes, it must come and be — to it; but I cannot be hurried; fatigue I will not endure."

"Wine gives strength," answered Peter; "I think we had better have some wine."

"Well, Peter, it is against my

principles to drink so early in the day, but we will have some wine."

Shortly after this timely halt the real climb began. From this point, to the little patch of green on which the hut stands, the ascent traverses the face of a precipitous rock-slope rising some three thousand feet above the glacier. The rock affords in places little or no foothold, and steps, just big enough to rest a boot on, are cut in it; here and there in the worst places a hole, or iron for the hand being also fixed in the rock. A steady head and a sure foot must take you step by step up this ascent. I went up without being roped to the guides, though I question the wisdom of doing so. I found that Rudolph Kauffman, the headman of the Grindelwald guides, who, with Rubi, took the two Messrs. Baedeker up before us, and whom we found at the hut on our arrival, had all gone up roped. The descent is never made without the rope, and I am sure the ascent should not be, except in the case of first-rate experts. There are many places where you have to work your right foot into the step occupied by the left before you can advance, it being necessary to take every fresh step with the foot nearest the rock,—that is, in going up, the left foot.

We were only four hours and three quarters going up from Grindelwald, an unnecessarily short time for me, and I was relieved to find that both Peter and Johan were perspiring freely. We were caught in the rain but just escaped the hail, which would have been rather deadly on the cliff if it had lodged in the steps, so the hurry was perhaps justified. I was wet through, and glad to get into my dry things at the hut.

At the hut we found the two Messrs. Baedeker, sons of the present editor of the guide-books, with Rudolph

Kauffman and Rubi, their guides. Soup was soon ready and we made an excellent dinner. At half-past eight we fired our rockets, after the guides had spliced the sticks on, and were answered from Grindelwald. The night looked fine and we turned in. The bedding consisted of a plentiful supply of straw and blankets on a raised platform, something like the litter provided in kennels for fox-hounds; both straw and blankets were a little damp but otherwise comfortable enough.

A few hours after turning in the wind rose, and the guides one by one got up and went out to inspect the weather, consultations in a stage-whisper apparently going on at intervals through the night. The hut is well placed, under a rocky peak on the mountain side right over the precipice bounding the upper Grindelwald glacier; above it again, some thousand feet is situated the Krinnen glacier. It is thus between two glaciers, and from them at short intervals, came, like distant thunder, the hollow roaring sound of ice falling continuously into the crevasses. A glacier is a living, moving thing, ever grinding its slow course down the mountain-side.

We were to start at two, and were called for coffee half an hour before. Everything, including two lanterns, was made ready for the start. The first thousand feet or so, a rocky stone-strewn tract, free from snow, was to be crossed in the dark with the aid of lanterns until the edge of the Krinnen glacier was reached, by which time it would be growing light. At the last moment, after a final look at the sky, the guides turned round in a body and said we must wait, as a storm was coming. In five minutes it did come with a vengeance,—thunder and lightning and rain fit to wash the hut away. We turned in

again, made all snug, and waited. The storm continued, and one by one we dropped off to sleep. It seemed probable that our further ascent would have to be abandoned, as rain below meant snow higher up. But by five the storm had ceased; the guides, after some further consultation, announced that they were ready to start and would see what it was like on and near the *couloir*. An hour's tedious climbing brought us to the edge of the Krinnen glacier, and here we put on the rope. Over the glacier the snow lay thick; all the crevasses were covered, and it was evident we should have to cross with care.

We were all roped, Kauffman, the two Baedekers, and Rubi going first on one rope, my two guides and myself following on another. Kauffman felt in front of him very carefully with his axe before each step. We followed in our leaders' tracks, presumably without much fear of going into a crevasse; but, as ill luck would have it, the snow gave way beneath me and I went through up to my waist, my feet dangling in space below. Johan, my second guide, was not keeping his end of the rope tight enough, and might have followed me, being much too near; but Peter pulled steadily ahead at the rope and I hauled myself out. The sensation, though novel, was not pleasant. Higher up the slope of the glacier became more steep, and every step had to be cut. At length we got safely over and on to the rocks forming an *arête* on the Grindelwald side of the *couloir*. After another hour's climbing, each step being scraped by Kauffman's ice-axe in the snow-covered rocks, we halted for a little refreshment. Up to this point the sky had been slightly clouded, but no snow was falling. At intervals came the distant thunder of the retreating storm alternating with the roar of the

avalanches in the crevasses. The distinction between the two sounds was difficult and formed a fruitful topic of discussion among the guides; when a louder roar than usual occurred we were, on enquiry, assured by the guides that it was only an avalanche.

I felt a little feeble at this stage, my slip into the crevasse having rather shaken me; but I found burgundy an excellent restorative, and started again much better for the halt.

The *arête* now became very precipitous and, covered as it was with snow, had to be negotiated with great care, every step being cut and tried by Kauffman as when we were on the upper side of the glacier. At length we came to a spot where the rocks overhung, and we had to descend for our passage across the *couloir*.

The *couloir*, from the plateau at the foot of the snow-saddle to the glacier, is a slide some four thousand feet in length, and where we crossed it it was some two thousand feet above the glacier. The bed of this slide, or gully, is of ice, and, like the rocks of the *arête*, it was covered with a coating of snow.

Here, for the first time, as we descended towards the *couloir* under the projecting rocks, I realised that, hard as it was to go up these continuous precipices, it was worse to come down. A fall meant thousands of feet, and a false step might easily produce the fall of the whole party, in spite of the rope, on those slippery snow-covered rocks. My second guide, who came behind me, kept a careful eye and hand on the rope as we descended. Ascending, the depths are only seen on looking voluntarily behind, and consequently at occasional intervals only; but descending, one looks down, and the awful consequences of a mistake are continually before one. Hands and feet were both used as

we advanced in the steps. Having reached the point of projecting rocks Kauffman cut deep steps in the *couloir* over which we passed to the *arête* on the other side. Here the ascent was so steep and slippery with the freshly fallen snow that the guides consulted as to the feasibility of proceeding. I could hear Kauffman, in deep guttural tones like the voice of the glaciers amidst which he has lived, ejaculating "*Schlecht, schlecht* (bad, bad)." On enquiring from Peter, I learned that it was not the ascent that they feared so much as the descent. If the snow thawed a little as the day wore on, they thought it might be less difficult, as it would be more bound together and less slippery; if it did not thaw we should have to descend on the other side, and possibly sleep in another hut.

I took the occasion to assure Peter that whether we reached the summit or no my guides' fees would be the same; I even hinted that I was resigned to returning if the guides thought it too dangerous, and that I was averse to another night in damp straw. But Kauffman and his party decided to go on, and Peter followed. In a short time the rocks became so slippery that Kauffman struck boldly out into the *couloir* cutting deep steps in its face and ascending in zig-zag course. By this route in the course of an hour, without encountering avalanche or falling stones, both of which are common in the *couloir* when the snow begins to melt, we reached a small plateau of snow at the foot of the saddle. Here we found a spot sheltered from the sharp wind, and took some wine and biscuits; the guides unbuckled their knapsacks, and we prepared for the last climb some seven or eight hundred feet over the snow-saddle to the summit.

The saddle was a slender sort of crest like a cocks-comb consisting en-

tirely of snow. On one side was a sheer face, on the other a terribly steep slope, our course lying on the narrow line between the two. Now to the possibility of slipping back was added that of falling on one side or sliding off on the other, an exquisite variety of sensations. As we followed rather closely on the tracks of the Baedekers and Kauffman, Rubi leading this time with deep firm steps cut with the snow-end of his axe, the whole fragile structure seemed to me to shake a little. I told Peter to keep back a bit for fear our united weight might produce an avalanche, but he said there was no danger; possibly the shaking was merely a subjective sensation. Three-quarters of an hour took us to a snow cornice overhanging towards us, through which we had to gently break our way before we finally emerged on the summit. There was just room to stand, about eighteen inches between the foot of the cornice and a series of impossible slopes and precipices,—ten thousand feet down to Grindelwald, from where, as K. put it, if you once started you might go straight into some one's soup at the Bear Hotel. I had a sensation that I might float off in any direction into space. The younger Baedeker, with a feeling of mingled triumph and repose, here put out his axe to lean on; he put it out a little too far; it went through the cornice with a rush and he nearly followed, but was pulled up by Kauffman, who gave a grim laugh, though it did not strike me personally as a laughing-matter.

Having come to a temporary halt, we looked around us at our leisure. The Shreckhorn, Eiger, and Mittenberg had been clear for a few minutes at a time as we ascended. The Mittenberg, some nine thousand feet high, now looked insignificant below us. Over the greater part of the

scene at our feet floated a canopy of cloud, but now for a few minutes the clouds cleared and we looked out over the Bernese Oberland,—out over a mighty tempest-torn sea of everlasting unrest, a sea of which the waves were giant Alps, their glittering crests flaked as with whitest foam, their desolate hollows filled with the low muttering of the grinding glacier and the hoarse roar of the falling avalanche. At the Poles, beyond the foot of man, are frozen seas crueller and less penetrable than these, but surely not more sublime, more awful than the Alps, the fountain-head of the rivers of Europe, clad in a pure white shroud of everlasting snow.

Our view was a brief one, and the canopy of cloud rolled back once more. We now began the descent. As we started the wind blew in fitful gusts; ere long it increased to a gale and with it came a driving storm of snow. As Kauffman and the Baedekers had gallantly led in the ascent, I thought it only fair that we should lead descending. I put Johan in front and reserved Peter, my chief and best guide, for the post of responsibility behind. We had scarcely got through the cornice and on to the ridge or snow-saddle, when the storm burst upon us; it blew from our right, and on our left was the precipitous side of the saddle, by the edge of which lay our narrow steep track. To the falling snow were now added sheets of it lifted by the gale from the slopes around, the whole being dashed with blinding fury in our faces. We were practically at the summit over twelve thousand feet up, and the rarefied keen air cut like steel. Around us chaos reigned on either side, and below were the yawning gulfs of chaos. At this crisis my second guide, who had been leading very slowly, came to a halt.

"I can't go on," he said; "I shall be blown over." "We must go on," was my answer; "if I stand still here for ten minutes I shall be frozen." He went on a few paces, and stopped again. I then told Peter to change places with him, and had to content myself with my second guide behind. The wind seemed to be driving the snow through my ear into my brain; it was maddening. I put up my left hand, with a warm mitten on, firmly over it, and trusted to the axe grasped by the handle near the head in my right hand; but the slope was very steep; in a few minutes I made my first false step and shot off on a sitting *glissade*. I plunged the handle of my axe in the snow right up to the head and hung on; it remained firm, and simultaneously Johan in response to my shout, taking a good pull at the rope, brought me to a standstill. For the future my ear must take care of itself; the risk was too great. After this for the rest of the descent I never threw away a chance. Had the party gone when I slipped, we should have slid at a terrific pace for five hundred feet on to the small plateau. It was some fifteen yards across, and we might have come to a standstill there; failing this we should have entered the *couloir* and plunged for four thousand feet into the glacier.

Peter went doggedly on with firm steady steps, and as we reached the plateau we were out of the storm-belt which was still raging above. It was an intense relief, and I looked up at the party behind. Covered with snow and still in the storm they looked like strange, fantastic creatures of the waste around them, as they followed in our tracks. The sudden cessation of the storm below a certain height was as startling as it was delightful. The wind still blew hard, but the

snow, the driving, blinding snow, now swept in a harmless cloud above us. We reached the sheltered hollow where the knapsacks lay and rested for a while. We had scaled the summit: we were off the saddle, for the time at least out of the storm; but the *couloir* and the *arête* remained. We must gird up our loins once more. Had the snow melted a little on those rocks, or must we go down the other side? The guides consulted, and decided in favour of our old route. From this point the Messrs. Baedeker with Kauffman and Rubi preceded us.

We followed our old line, taking the steps scraped and cut in the ascent. The first eight hundred feet were a zig-zag down the face of the *couloir*; the snow, which might avalanche *en masse* with us upon it to the glacier, lay thick upon it, and beneath the snow was a bed of ice. The guides now were a study. Every muscle and every nerve seemed on the stretch; before each step Kauffman would feel for a sure hold for his ice-axe, at times taking a turn of the rope round the buried axe and always holding the slack well up in his right hand; then with feet well placed he would give the signal, and Rubi, followed by the Baedekers, made another step in advance. Thus foot by foot, with ice-axes buried at every step, we crept down the treacherous gully. At length we came to where our ascending tracks left the *arête*, and we were once more on its snow-covered rocks. It was midday; yes, the snow had thawed a little; it was softer and not so slippery, and with care we could negotiate the rocks. But with freshly fallen snow, when thawing sets in, beware the avalanche! There was a crash above us; a small stone, and then another, flew past as if fired from a cannon. My party were behind and nearest the *couloir*; we hurried forward, my second guide, again nearly

off his head, was close upon me. I looked up; a stone, shooting out from the mountain-side, seemed to hang in mid air right over us; then it passed like a flash of lightning some six yards to our right. I have heard the bullets whistling round me in a skirmish, and the sensation now was very similar. This fall of stones and snow was scarcely an avalanche, but, had it occurred a few minutes before, it might have thinned our ranks. Once on the *arête* we were out of the track of avalanches, which almost invariably on this side of the mountain slide down the *couloir*; the risk from falling stones was now small, except from those started by ourselves. As my party came last our responsibility in this respect was considerable. By keeping close to the others the risk was reduced to a minimum, as a stone naturally becomes more dangerous and less easy to avoid with every foot it falls. In any particularly bad places one party stood still while the others advanced, as we had done in ascending. The rocks seemed terribly steep; a bad slip would be worse here than on the deep snow of the saddle, but the thaw had made the snow very soft and we were able to pick out firm footholds. Coming down a series of ledges an awkward incident occurred which might have cost me a finger. My second guide pinned my mitten to the rock with his ice-axe, the point passing by a miracle right between my fingers; I was on a narrow pass below him at the time and put up my hand to steady myself. The fingers, as is common with snow-gloves, were all encased together, which made the escape more remarkable.

An hour's descent of the *arête* brought us to where we must again cross the *couloir*. As a cat watches for a mouse to emerge from a likely hole did Kauffman watch the heights of the *couloir* for the least sign of

falling stones or snow, while Rubi cut deep steps across its face; and so one by one, each by turns watching for the man in front the path of the avalanche, did we traverse the *couloir* for the last time. Having crossed without mishap or alarm we now had the corner of overhanging rock to turn, a short rock-chimney to ascend, and we were once more descending the rocks on the other side of the *couloir*.

An hour brought us to the edge of the Krinnen glacier, and here, there being a small sheltered plateau a few yards in diameter, our first halt in ascending after leaving the hut, we rested and made an excellent lunch. Remembering my little experience with the crevasse in ascending, I insisted on the rope being kept thoroughly taut as we crossed the glacier. We got safely over and were even able to *glissade* down the last few hundred yards where the snow was hard. Off the glacier there now only remained some half hour's walking over rocks and scree to the hut. After eight hours' continued strain it was a relief to feel that the rope was no longer necessary, and to walk, or rather scramble, unencumbered with it. I was tired, and knowing that the cliffs below the hut were yet to come, determined to husband my strength. Slackening my pace, therefore, I told my guides that they could go on and light the fire at the hut. They had not gone a hundred yards ahead of me before a thick cloud suddenly swept over us, shutting out hut, guides, and everything else more than a few feet distant. Peter immediately shouted out that he would come back; but I told him to stay where he was and keep shouting, by which means I soon found him. He would not leave me again, and we got down to the hut wet through to find the fire lighted by Kauffman.

After the clouds came rain in torrents.

It is usual on returning to rest three or four hours at the hut, but if we were to get down that day we could not afford more than one; so after some coffee, a cigarette, and cognac we started in the heavy rain down the ladders to the pass on the cliffs over the upper Grindelwald glacier. Here the ropes came into use again; again every step had to be taken with scrupulous care; ladders, grass, rocks, all were wet and slippery, and the crevasses gaped a thousand feet below. The waters poured over the little holds for foot and hand cut here and there in the rock. I was glad to feel that Peter kept the rope fairly tight from behind and was well on the look-out. We got down at last, crossed the upper Grindelwald glacier, climbed over the moraine, and finally went down the series of ladders to the *châlet*. From here an hour's walk over the mule-path to Grindelwald ended our expedition. We reached the Bear at half-past seven, fourteen hours and a half from leaving the hut in the morning. Adding the four hours and three-quarters of the previous day occupied in reaching the hut, we had been nineteen hours and a quarter altogether climbing "the magnificent and almost perpendicular Wetterhorn."

Cliff upon cliff, snow-slopes, and rocky *arêtes* make up the Wetterhorn. On its side are few resting-places. With the exception of the rocks between the hut and the Krinnen glacier, the little rock-shelter beyond

the glacier, and the small plateau at the foot of the snow-saddle, it is one long climb. Below the hut are some ladders, and small holds for foot and hand are hewn here and there. Above, to its summit, it is as trackless as when Mr. Justice Wills and the guide Auguste Balmat first made the ascent forty years ago. As a peak it is not in mountaineering phraseology quite first-class, and though more precipitous than either Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau it is not so high. Some few men have lost their lives here, notably Haller and his two guides, who were never traced. In bad weather all Alps become formidable, the Wetterhorn not less than others. The *couloir* is only taken as a last resource, as it was in our case, and is never safe.

The guides afterwards said that the ascent had been one of the most difficult they had made, and that they dreaded facing the *couloir*; but all is well that ends well and the Wetterhorn remains a noble glowing figure in the retrospect of my life. Mountaineers say that the world affords nothing like mountaineering; it transcends all other pleasures, and the Alps must ever remain the greatest playground of Europe. Body, mind, soul, all are occupied, entranced with the rapture of the hour. Nothing gives such complete change, rest, absorption as mountaineering; your thoughts do not wander, your attention is undivided, all else is forgotten, you live only in the present. Mountaineering never bores,—except perhaps on paper.

ALFRED P. HILLIER.

A GRANDMOTHER'S TALES.

Vous l'avez vu ? Grand'Mère
 Vous l'avez vu ?—*Béranger.*

THERE is nothing which seems so peculiarly our own as the memories of our past. Nothing is so interesting to the old woman, who sits at home and spins, as to call up the visions of other days and let them flit before her mental eyes. She should not, I think, keep them to herself, though I cannot quite persuade myself that younger people will care to listen, or that it is in any sense a duty so much as a pleasure, to talk about the past. If it be a duty, indeed the publishers' lists just now show how many noble persons there are who are willing, even anxious, to sacrifice themselves in this way. And indeed, precious as these possessions are, to us there is nothing that we are so ready to part with. To capture one wedding-guest and make him hear us to the very end is bliss; to persuade the public to listen but for a few minutes is enough to tempt most of us almost into indiscretions. It was, I am convinced, for his old friend's sake that *Béranger* tried to cajole her grandchildren into asking her to talk about *le petit Caporal*.

As for me, alas, I never saw Napoleon. I have but trifles to offer; yet trifles sometimes rise at last to the rank of *bric-à-brac*, and which of us would not die happy if he felt sure he had helped to crowd the shelves of an old curiosity-shop? I do not aim so high. I only claim that in a few cases what are mere names to the young people of to-day have in my mind the colours and

forms of reality; that, as I look back, they are pictures and not merely symbols which come before my mind's eye.

As I am not a country cousin myself, I find it difficult to suppose that country life, even of sixty years ago, can afford much that would be worth recording; daisies and buttercups are much the same as they were when the Queen came to the throne. I was born in London; and I sing of bricks and mortar, men and women, fogs and smoky chimneys.

My baby memories go back a year or two beyond the beginning of the present reign. One advantage we had then; we could see what was going on far better than we can now. I will not say that our great men were greater then, but they were less hidden from us. London was so much smaller; the houses were fewer; the streets less crowded. When I remember London first there were no omnibuses, and when they came it was very long before any lady might dare to enter them. A few lumbering old hackney coaches, a few glass coaches, as they were called, trundled heavily along the streets; the lively hansom was as little dreamed of as the fretful bicycle. Our wits were not then, as now, wholly absorbed in trying to cross the street in safety; we could look about us at our leisure. I have sometimes thought that I remembered seeing running footmen trotting by the carriage-side. But this is fancy; my only running footman is still to be seen on a sign in a mews near

Berkeley Square. Yet in my day, at least in Belgravia, young ladies might not walk even in the squares unless they were followed by Jeames with a tasselled stick in his hand, like an alpenstock in full dress; a survival, no doubt, of the ancient armed body-guard.

I have a very faint recollection of coming by coach from Tunbridge Wells to London, and sitting in the basket, a moveable contrivance slung on to the back of the coach when more room was wanted. It held I think, six people, and was made of wicker-work, but as to its shape I can say no more. All my earliest memories cluster round some form of movement; sitting still had no charms for me in those young days. What could be more enchanting than our summer journeys from London to the seaside, when we travelled, a large merry party in the parental yellow chariot, changing horses at every stage? My first historic memory, a very dim one, is connected with these posting journeys. Even now I see before me the courtyard of the old coaching-inn at Staines where we, having driven the first stage out of London, were waiting for fresh horses, when another and a much larger carriage with four horses and outriders dashed up. At once everybody came running out of the inn,—landlord and landlady, chambermaids, grooms, down to the very smallest knife-boy—and stood round the courtyard, curtsying and bobbing vigorously. It was King William and Queen Adelaide coming from Windsor on their way to town. I should perhaps scarcely remember the scene so well but that for long afterwards it was a favourite performance in the nursery. The family ranged itself along the walls of the room and louted low to an August Personage seated on the rocking-horse.

The next time Royalty crossed my path was at the Queen's Coronation. I went with our governess to see the procession pass on its way to the Abbey. Seats were placed under the great stone portico of St. George's Hospital, and there we had to sit still a very long time. Of what we saw at last nothing lives in my memory but the twinkling feet of many horses as they passed along the raised causeway of Constitution Hill,—horses which were all fat, all cream-coloured, all in trappings of blue and silver with very long tails.

It must have been about this time that I saw Marshal Soult. He was sent over to represent Louis Philippe as Ambassador Extraordinary at the Coronation, and he was received with wonderful enthusiasm by the strange people who make up a London mob; and not by these only but by all classes of society as well as by the Press. The Duke of Wellington made Colonel Gurwood put off the publication of his account of the battle of Toulouse lest it should hurt Soult's feelings. Only Croker persisted in publishing a hostile article in the *QUARTERLY REVIEW*, though the Duke himself entreated him to withdraw it. This is more than I knew at the time: it comes from books, and I had not read much then; but I saw the crowds and I heard them cheer as we drove along. My mother and I were coming out of Hyde Park when we found ourselves in the wake of the ambassador's carriage, the *chasseur* with his glossy black plumes on the coach-box and Marshal Soult inside. As the carriage turned under the arch and along Constitution Hill, my mother's coachman, without a word from her, dashed in after it unchallenged by the porter who, no doubt, took us for part of the ambassador's suite. This was the only time I ever drove along that sacred road which till quite lately was

closed to all carriages but those that had the *entrée*; and this privilege I enjoyed as part of the *cortège* of one of Napoleon's most famous marshals.

But a greater man than Soult, Napoleon's conqueror, the Duke himself, was to be seen daily in the streets long after my childhood. In Hyde Park and Piccadilly, along Constitution Hill, down Grosvenor Place and in Belgrave Square at almost any hour of the day the Duke of Wellington's slight spare soldierly figure might be seen on horseback or on foot,—I never saw him in a carriage—and mostly alone, or perhaps with his private secretary, Mr. Algernon Greville, brother of the diarist, and commonly called Punch Greville from the odd cock of his nose. Whenever the Duke appeared knots of respectful worshippers followed him at a little distance; every hat was raised and he never failed to return the salute. Next door to us lived the Marquis and Marchioness of Douro; we used often to hear her harp through the wall. The Duke was much attached to his beautiful daughter-in-law and often came to see her. One pretty sight I remember well. From our drawing-room window we once saw the Duke step out on to the adjoining balcony which formed the roof of the portico below; the stately Marchioness was at his side and they were looking down at a little pony-carriage and pair which no doubt was the Duke's gift. Pretty as it was to see them, it would have been prettier still if Lady Douro would have smiled, but that she never did. And the opposite neighbours were ready to swear they knew the reason why; but in those days opposite neighbours were often mistaken.

One other incident, associated with the great Napoleon, comes back to me from very early days. My father, who was a fine Italian scholar and

knew something of German, was always ready to help needy foreigners whether they were deserving or not. In pursuance of these benevolent tendencies he engaged a snuffy old Italian gentleman, sadly marked with small-pox, to give us lessons in his native tongue. I was neither old enough nor virtuous enough to profit much. Indeed all I remember was a distaste for the involved sentences of Italian poetry, and a trick I had of tossing off my shoes under the table. I must have been very troublesome for he was always calling me *cattiva*. We used to scoff at him, I regret to say; not, I really believe, only because he was shabby and snuffy, but because he scarcely ever came to the house without having just seen some remarkable sight, something extremely dramatic; either all the Cabinet Ministers together in the Park or all the leaders of the Opposition in Pall Mall. One day he came in and told us that he had just seen Sir Robert Peel thrown from his horse in Rotten Row and carried to St. George's Hospital. Poor old Moscati! we did not believe him in the least. But the accident did happen that day, and in three days more Sir Robert Peel was dead. He told us that he had once been private secretary to the Emperor Napoleon, but we, of course, were much too wise to believe that. However, a great many years afterwards, I was examining the famous visitors' book at the Three Moors at Augsburg. The original book, which has been kept from the beginning of the century, contains so many and such tempting autographs that it has been wisely placed under lock and key, and only a facsimile copy is shown to visitors. There, in the well-remembered crabbed hand of our poor old friend, I found his full name and style, Marchese di Moscati,

private secretary to the Emperor Napoleon, whose signature preceded it; this was in 1805, before the battle of Austerlitz. So we had done him cruel injustice; I hope he never knew it, and that on the whole we did not really make his hard life harder. But I am glad to feel sure that our more generous father did much to soothe his latter days. He died in great suffering which he bore with much patient dignity. I have a little book he gave me, which even now I never see without pricks of conscience. He was very snuffy,—but a gentleman of fine literary taste, far too good to be teased by a naughty little ignorant girl.

A very early memory of mine is of seeing the guests at home assembled for a dinner-party. At the end of a large sofa was deposited a little heap of gleaming white satin scarcely larger than the cushions which supported it; above was a little white bonnet covering a little wizened face. This was the Countess of Cork and Orrery, the friend of Dr. Johnson, the queen of Blue-stockings, who must then have been over ninety. Dr. Johnson called her *Dearest Dunce* because she thought Sterne pathetic. I cannot forbear quoting the charming portrait which Disraeli gives of her in HENRIETTA TEMPLE, otherwise the dreariest love-story ever written.

She was the prettiest, liveliest, smallest, best dressed, and stranger than all, oldest little lady in the world. It was her destiny not so much vulgarly to die, as to grow each year smaller and smaller,

“Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.”

She remembered Brighton a fishing town and Manchester a village. She had stimulated the early ambition of Charles Fox and sympathised with the last aspirations of George Canning, had been the confidante of Byron and Alfieri, had worn mourning for General Wolfe and given a festival to the Duke of Wellington. She

was very witty, had blood in her veins [she was the daughter of Lord Galway] and was the prettiest woman in the world—for her years.

The account of Lady Bellair's arrival at Mr. Temple's is in Disraeli's happiest vein.

The portly serving-man advances and taking his little mistress in his arms, as he would a child, plants her on the steps. Something is missing, she frets and fumes because she can't remember what it is. “Stop! don't drive away! I remember! It is the page. There was no room for him behind and I told him to lie under the seat. Poor dear boy, he must be smothered. I hope he is not dead. Oh there he is! Has Miss Temple got a page? Does her page wear a feather? My page has not got a feather but he shall have one because he was not smothered. Here! good woman you shall take care of my page and give him some milk and water. And woman! good young woman! perhaps you may find an old feather of Miss Temple's page. Give it to this good little boy because he was not smothered.”

Thus delicately did Disraeli hint at my lady's little habit of filching pretty things that did not belong to her, a habit of which many funny stories were told. Worldling as she was, she was a very naïve one. I remember hearing that once, wishing to persuade the evangelical Marchioness of Cholmondeley to come to her Sunday receptions, she wrote to her: “Do come, next Sunday, dear Lady Cholmondeley, and we will have a roast chicken and go to the Lock Chapel and hear Dr. Thorpe.” But Lady Cholmondeley was not to be caught.

I saw nothing of Lady Cork but the pretty little heap of white satin. My next older brother had the odd fate of seeing her on her death-bed; he must have followed my mother into the room by mistake. For a long time he could not forget the sight. Out of the bed-clothes came a claw-like hand and arm like that of the

skeleton which rises out of the vault in Westminster Abbey. I was glad I did not see it too.

I can recall the time before I knew anything of change and death, when I believed the name of the Prime Minister would always be Melbourne, and that our neighbour, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, would for ever be Speaker of the House of Commons. When he deserted his House and was known by another name, my confidence in the stability of the universe was rudely shaken. By degrees I got reconciled to the loss of Lord Melbourne, whom I never saw, and accepted with resignation the government of Lord John Russell, virtuous as he was and greatly beloved in our Whig household. When he did or said anything eccentric we thought it was pretty Johnnie's way and were content. He too lived near us and we were familiar with his face and figure,—the slight school-boy figure and worn face which PUNCH has so happily caught.

In the winter we often went to children's dances, and one winter I remember that we never left the house at night without hearing of possible Chartists disturbing the peace of London. I was never quite clear, myself, about the connection between Jack Frost, a very palpable enemy on a cold night to people who were dressed in white muslin and sandal shoes, and Mr. John Frost the Newport rioter. Some years later we had a performance of Christmas mummers at the house of Mr. Baron Alderson. My brother, who was riding the hobby-horse, trotted up to our host and amidst great applause, begged him to look into his horse's mouth. The case of Running Rein had lately been decided; Baron Alderson was the judge, and he ruled that the horse which had won the Derby was disqualified on account of his age.

The present generation has lived too much among agitating events to understand how we felt in 1848. There had been no great disturbance in Europe since I was born, no great European war since Waterloo, no revolution even in Paris since 1830. Older and wiser people than I were beginning to feel that a millennium was setting in; we have never been tempted to fall into that delusion again. I well remember a certain evening in March of this year 1848. We were all assembled in the drawing-room waiting for dinner, the ruddy flicker of the fire playing with the forms and heightening the colours in the room, when my father came in, and standing by the door announced, "Louis Philippe has fled from the Tuileries." The sudden sense of living in history came upon me then, for the first time.

In this same year the Chartists turned up again, or rather,—failed to turn up. On the famous 10th of April most of our friends were sworn in as special constables, but many of them came next day to a family festival of ours, laying down their *bâtons* in the hall while they came in for their breakfast. Ever since plovers' eggs have been associated in my mind with special constables. Several years later there were some rather serious Sunday riots, when people driving in the parks were attacked, and some ladies forced to leave their carriages. I was at the top of the house, when I heard an unusual ominous sound which made me look out of the window. A dense mass of people were pouring into Belgrave Square forcing in front of them a fringe of scattering stragglers. As they surged along and entered our street, I heard the windows crashing on either side, and, I must confess, that for one mad moment I should like to have joined them. They passed

on, not heeding Eaton Place, but turned to the right up Eaton Square. Here a gallant officer supported by his butler came out of his house, and turned back the mob; when that was done, up came a body of police. One stone, the size of two fists, had entered the open window of our drawing-room and, passing within a foot of my father's head, had struck the picture on the wall opposite. I was glad then that I had not given way to my impulse.

As I grew to be a dignified young lady, I was required to spend most of my afternoons driving with my mother. It was seldom amusing. But once we were going along Brook Street, when my mother called me to look out of the window on her side. A carriage was standing at the door of a house and I saw, getting out of it, the great broad shoulders of a portly ecclesiastic, very like a turtle's back, or the dome of St. Paul's. "Don't forget," said my mother, "that you have seen Sydney Smith; he is calling on his daughter Lady Holland." My mother, sitting next him at dinner, had recommended him to take some dish which was passing, and had been repaid by the genial assurance that she was "a most benevolent person." In return he advised her to try a diet of red ants which, he had been given to understand, tasted like pine-apple.

I was allowed when I was very young to go to the rehearsals of the concerts of ancient music, which were very fashionable. They were held in the Hanover Square Rooms before St. James's Hall was built, or the Crystal Palace thought of; and in those dark ages they kept alive the love of classical music by means of the good taste and knowledge of directors such as Lord Westmoreland and others. Besides the delightful music, much entertainment was to be got from the directors' box, the sofas,

that is to say, arranged in front just below the platform. There was to be seen, always in a tight little powdered wig, the old Archbishop Harcourt, who died at ninety in 1847. The old Duke of Cambridge too was often there; we could see, over the ladies' shoulders, a large pink egg fringed with white hair bobbing about and being bobbed to, talking the while far too loud as was his Royal Highness's wont. I cannot assert that I heard it myself but it was a fresh-laid story when it reached me, that, during the service in Westminster Abbey, the Duke was distinctly heard in the middle of the singing asking in a loud whisper, "Shawms! shawms! what are they?" He had a laudable curiosity, a trick of repetition which he inherited from his father, and a loud utterance which was sometimes inconvenient.

All sorts of smart people attended the morning rehearsals of these ancient concerts rather than the concerts themselves which were held in the evening and somehow fell into disfavour. How they curtsied and bowed to each other, and chatted in subdued whispers, and nodded their heads when the music pleased them! Mr. Babbage, the great calculator, who was quite insensible to music (unless it came from a barrel-organ), was once present, having staked his reputation on praising the right things. His verdict, when the concert was over, was admitted to be unimpeachable. The explanation was that he had seated himself where he could see the Countess of Essex (who as Miss Stephens had been a favourite public singer) and had taken notes of everything which seemed to please her. Mr. Rogers often brought there his strange yellow corpse-like face. I saw him once walk up the whole length of the concert-room, with little Miss Bickersteth on his arm, Lord Lang-

dale's lovely daughter, who looked as if she had just walked out of one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's pictures, with sweet eyes, delicate colour, and the sunniest, thickest hair hanging down her back. Mr. Rogers was evidently as conscious as we were of the contrast, and enjoyed it keenly. One morning Mendelssohn himself came and played a fugue of Bach for us on the organ. I can see him now, stealing swiftly along the upper benches to his place on the organ-seat and retreating as rapidly, bent on escaping the applause if possible; and I can still hear the exquisite rippling of his music.

Not long before J. G. Lockhart died, I sat opposite him at Sir Benjamin Brodie's dinner-table. He was very distinguished-looking, as unlike a scorpion as could be, the pink of fastidious dignity, with a face which must have been beautiful at any age. His daughter, who had an even greater interest for an ardent worshipper of Scott, I once saw entering the room with her young brother behind her. She was a pretty, demure-looking damsel, dressed in white with some tartan ribbons about her. She was the first person I had seen execute a little hop which was fashionable at that time. As her hostess greeted her, she stepped forward on one foot and offered her hand; then, to restore her balance, a series of little recovering hops had to be performed with the other foot, just like an India-rubber ball. It was the freak of the moment, like the high-shouldered, crook-elbowed shake of the hand so popular a short time ago.

We saw many men of note at my father's house and elsewhere. I remember Guizot's spare form well, and the benignant countenance of Hallam; and Dean Milman, with his keen intellectual face, shrouded by iron-grey hair and shaggy black eyebrows, and his wife's calm somewhat scornful

beauty. Bunsen too I can recall, though less distinctly, and Serjeant Talfourd, and Crabb Robinson, the friend of Lamb and worshipper of Wordsworth; and Mr. Harness, Byron's early friend, a man of some repute in his day as an editor of Shakespeare and a great ally of the Kembles. My father and Mr. Harness had in their youth been members of what was known as the O'Neill Club; a band of young men who adored Miss O'Neill, and bound themselves never to miss a performance of Shakespeare when she was playing. Lord Byron says he never would go to see her, having determined to let nothing disturb his recollection of Mrs. Siddons. I once found myself sitting next to Miss O'Neill, long after she had become Lady Becher, and I did not wonder, even then, at the enthusiasm her beauty had once roused.

We were brought up among pictures, and often saw the more famous artists of the day. One of them possessed a charm which few who only know his pictures would suspect. William Etty was the embodiment of gentle graciousness. He was very fond of children, and his manner with them was singularly tender. One of my brothers was a pretty delicate boy, with the bright colouring that Etty loved,—scarlet cheeks, deep blue eyes shaded by dark lashes, and a pathetic seriousness which was very attractive. Mr. Etty made many sketches of him and used those sketches in several of his compositions. One day the boy said to him: "Mr. Etty you have drawn me very often, I think you ought to give me a picture of myself." Mr. Etty thought so too, and a charming little head in oils is still in my brother's possession. Once, on Lord Mayor's Day, the family was invited to Mr. Etty's lodgings in Buckingham Street, Strand, overlooking the river, to see the Lord Mayor come up in his

gilded barges to Westminster Hall. Mr. Etty said the scene was quite Venetian. For him perhaps it was, but for us there was too much that was dingy in the surroundings; a few flashing barges in the midst of black ugliness did not suggest Venice to prosaic minds. But the true poet knows, not only what to see, but when to shut his eyes.

How well I remember my first dinner-party! My dress had not arrived; I was in a fever of suspense, and a messenger was dispatched for it. We were among "the doves who got their plumes from Mistress Murray," and to Mistress Murray's the coachman was sent, and not in vain, on one of the carriage-horses. The dinner was an important event to me, but it was one of much greater importance to two of the guests. Mr. Matthew Arnold met his future wife for the first time at that dinner. As I took part in the procession of petticoats which fluttered up-stairs I heard the eager questions, and my mother's satisfactory answer, "A son of Dr. Arnold's and private secretary to Lord Lansdowne." One evening, some time after, Mr. Arnold appeared in the highest happiest spirits, and I knew enough to guess the cause. As I sat next him at dinner he overflowed into such brilliant nonsense as I have never heard equalled. It was that supreme nonsense which flashes in all directions, and is gone before the listener's memory can record it. I only remember that he told me Some One had given him a magnificent prayer-book, and as he entered St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, with this gorgeous book under his arm every one turned round to look at him and seemed to say, "Who is this coming among us, so much better than we are?" After his marriage, the cares of life closed over him, and I never heard that unrestrained flow of fun

again. He would flash out at times, mocking himself and every one else with his peculiar airy grace; but he never seemed quite to regain that "first fine careless rapture," and his wit was intermittent. When I first saw him he was very handsome, with thick hyacinthine locks, which he would toss slightly as he spoke, and a charming smile. I shall always maintain that he was not supercilious. He never thought about other people's inferiority; he only said, "You are all capital fellows and I am sure you admire me,"—and so we did.

The first time I saw Sir Henry Taylor he was reclining in an easy chair, arrayed in an Orientally gorgeous dressing-gown, a costume he much affected, in front of the fire; one shoe, I remember (one does remember details about great men!) was half off and a cup of tea in his hand. To him enter a bevy of young ladies who group themselves round the piano, and burst into song (*we* called it practising). Sir Henry looked as happy as if he had already entered the Mussulman's paradise and we were the houris. He was so good as to try to fill up some deplorable gaps in my education, and presented me with Mr. Aubrey de Vere's *SEARCH AFTER PROSERPINE*. But he had forgotten my address, and so there was some delay. At last he appeared and, as he put the book solemnly into my hand, he said, "As Ceres sought Proserpine, so have I sought you!" And he found me—in the paternal mansion.

But this belongs to more recent times with which old people ought not to meddle. Let me recall another, and more distant scene which smiles on me, as I look back through a mist not of distance only.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it blooms the garden that I love.

The description was not meant for us, but we liked to claim it. There was

The league of grass, washed by the slow broad stream,

the bridge crowned by the city towers, the windy clangour of chimes and clocks. From the garden a quaint old footbridge of moss-sprinkled stone led to the island-meadow, and at its side the hay-carts and horses crossed through the river by the ancient "ford of waters" to which, according to Dr. Stanley, the city owed its name. Within the garden's wall, gnarled, straggling espaliers of very old apple-trees defined the paths, and a wealth of sweet old-fashioned crimson roses flung themselves over the flower-beds. Here where the lawn was "dewy fresh" and "the large lime feathered low,"—

For those old Mays had thrice the life of these—

came choice spirits from far and near, and each one yielded of his best under the spell of these genial hosts. Robert Browning came there soon after his wife's death, when he brought his son to matriculate at Balliol. For the whole of one long sunny afternoon he held us entranced. The life and spirit of his talk were marvellous, vivid, eager, but above all lucid, a sort of inspired worldliness, common-sense of a divine quality. Not a scrap of detail that could add to the effect was omitted; and with all this a sympathy which included every listener and demanded the attention of the most insignificant. He told us about Landor's appearance in Florence; how he came to Casa Guidi in the small hours of the night having, he said, been evicted from his own villa at Fiesole by his "unnatural" family. He had left them thirty years before, and when he came back he was indig-

nant to find there was no place for him. While the Brownings harboured him they used to send his dinner to him in his room up-stairs. As the hour drew near he would stand watch in hand, and if the dinner was a moment behind time he would seize the dish and hurl its contents out of the window. The young Browning said he well remembered seeing a leg of mutton fall from the floor above. Landor was brought up for trial more than once in the Syndic's court while he was in Florence. On one occasion when he was brought before the judges, he was observed to stoop down and hoist up a heavy bag which he had brought in with him, and which he placed on the table in front of him. All officials in Florence had their price, he said; here was gold enough to satisfy them. No wonder he was exiled.

I was happy enough to be present on the memorable occasion at Oxford when Mr. Huxley bearded Bishop Wilberforce. There were so many of us that were eager to hear that we had to adjourn to the great library of the Museum. I can still hear the American accents of Dr. Draper's opening address, when he asked "Air we a fortuituous concourse of atoms?" and his discourse I seem to remember as somewhat dry. Then the Bishop rose, and in a light scoffing tone, florid and fluent, he assured us there was nothing in the idea of evolution; rock-pigeons were what rock-pigeons had always been. Then, turning to his antagonist with a smiling insolence, he begged to know, was it through his grandfather or his grandmother that he claimed his descent from a monkey? On this Mr. Huxley slowly and deliberately arose. A slight tall figure stern and pale, very quiet and very grave, he stood before us, and spoke those tremendous words,—words which no one

seems sure of now, nor I think, could remember just after they were spoken, for their meaning took away our breath, though it left us in no doubt as to what it was. He was not ashamed to have a monkey for his ancestor; but he would be ashamed to be connected with a man who used great gifts to obscure the truth. No one doubted his meaning and the effect was tremendous. One lady fainted and had to be carried out: I, for one, jumped out of my seat; and when in the evening we met at Dr. Daubeney's, every one was eager to congratulate the hero of the day. I remember that some naïve person wished "it could come over again;" and Mr. Huxley, with the look on his face of the victor who feels the cost of victory, put us aside saying, "Once in a life-time is enough, if not too much."

It would be unpardonable in speaking of early Oxford days to leave out Dr. Stanley; but I knew him before he came to live in Christ Church. I was very young when I first met him and it happened to be convenient, as our roads lay in the same direction, that I should take him home in my mother's carriage. For the whole three miles he talked to me, alone, in the most engrossing manner, describing various great trials at which he had been present, and describing them with his usual fulness of detail and picturesque effect. He had, it is true, little personal grip of his listener, but if he would listen with interest, that was all Dr. Stanley required. He was remarkable for the avidity with which he would seize upon and make the most of a sudden suggestion. As he walked down one morning to preach at Carfax some one told him of a dole attached to the parish funds in memory, I think, of the battle of Blenheim, and this he wove into his sermon on the spur of the moment

making it too an important point in his discourse. A young tutor of Merton College, whose quaint old library is one of the sights of Oxford, told me that once, when he was bringing away a book, he had to stand aside while a party of strangers under Dr. Stanley's escort were coming up the library stairs. Dr. Stanley who was in front, just greeted him, and then, seizing the book he had under his arm, turned to the foremost stranger and said, "See, Mr. Dean, how these young tutors waste their time!" The book was a volume of *THE HISTORY OF LATIN CHRISTIANITY*, and the visitor was Dean Milman.

But though these are old stories Dr. Stanley is happily remembered by many who are still young; and this is also true of another charming and genial ecclesiastic whom nevertheless I may be permitted to mention. I met Dr. Magee not long before his death, in a large country house. His failing health kept him much indoors, and he would pour forth his fun and good stories without check or stint. We were sitting round him at tea one day when he began to tell us that he had to preach a sermon at the opening of a church in which a new stove had been put; could any one suggest an appropriate text? Some one proposed, "Ha ha! I am warm, I have seen the fire." "But you can't see the fire in a stove" he objected; and we gave it up. Soon after he was preferred from the see of Peterborough to the Archbishopric of York, and in answer to the congratulations we sent him, he wrote: "There is after all some humour in the situation of an Irishman in the see of York. 'The thing (perhaps) is neither rich nor rare, The wonder is, —how came it there?'" This is not exactly what Pope wrote; the original text is one which an archbishop was bound to misquote.

But I have no right to touch upon such modern matters. Looking back again I can find but one more incident belonging to old times, a very early and a very hazy one. I once heard a debate in the old House of Commons, before, I need not say, the old House was burnt down. I only remember that it was very difficult to hear or see on account of the great broad slanting sides of the ventilator behind which ladies sat. It seemed like Paradise in comparison when I found myself behind the gilded *fleur-de-lis* which, when I was last there, formed the grating of the Ladies' Gallery in the present House. But I have heard complaints even of these modern luxuries; I suppose we were less exacting only because we knew no better. I gladly acknowledge that armchairs and sofas are more comfortable now than they used to be. We are much more strenuously artistic as to colour and form. Tables formed a kind of archipelago where now is space, or lopsidedness, or a mere arrangement of chairs. The large table, which Emma introduced in the place of the two little Pembroke tables so dear to Mr. Woodhouse's heart, still reigned in the centre of the room as the main island of the archipelago; and as English shyness loves to group itself in parties of two or three, I am not sure that conversation was worse than it is now when we sit in conclave and fancy we are copying our lively neighbours. As a rule mahogany prevailed,

and bandy legs, which I do not stand up for. Gillow and Morant were our artists, Sèvres and Dresden china our delight; and I still think there is something to be said for them. Only men were tailor-made in those days. I remember seeing an old lady in a riding-habit who never got upon a horse, and we held up our hands in horror at an old maiden cousin who wore stiff collars and a cravat,—the survivals I suppose of an earlier tailor-made period. I must have seen turbans worn. I remember, but only once, a dinner-guest who wore a little black velvet hat and feathers, and I have spoken of Lady Cork's white satin bonnet. If with the eyes I have now I could go back from the nineties to the thirties, I should no doubt see many more and many stranger differences in manners and costumes. But among all the inventions of this closing century no one has discovered a method of travelling back into the past. No time-machine has yet been invented that will carry the old back into their childhood. And it is not unlikely that if they once got there, for all the great superiority of these latter days, they might find it in their hearts to stay there and never take the return journey, in spite of the delight of talking about what they had seen, in spite even of the joy of button-holing a wedding-guest, or of describing the little Corporal's great-coat to a circle of attentive grandchildren.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

To the mind of Mendelssohn, if we are to take him literally, no language had so exact a significance as pure music. "People commonly complain," he writes to Souchay, "of their uncertainty as to its meaning, while words, they think, anyone can understand. With me the exact contrary is the case." "*Die Worten*," he had begun by saying, "*reichen nicht hinzu* (words do not get there)." But for this conviction of their inefficiency, he would, he tells us, write no more music. Ordinary language struck him as particularly liable to misunderstanding, and this even in the case of single words, though the examples selected,—*resignation*, *melancholy*, *worship*, and *the chase*—do not seem very luminous. One man, he complains, when using the word *melancholy* means rather *resignation*, and to the ardent huntsman *the chase* and the rapture of hound and horn may include the notion of *worship*. At any rate his conclusion is that pure music fills the soul with thousands of much better things than words.

Perhaps this is the kind of thing that many an artist might be heard saying now and then of his art; perhaps also, it would mean something slightly different to each of them. One sense of the words might be merely that, the complex emotions of humanity not being fully expressible in any terms, scientific, poetical, or other, a relief from this distracting sense of inaccuracy is only to be found in the pure and abstract language of music. For after all, in reply to Souchay's question what the composer himself meant by one of his

own simple SONGS WITHOUT WORDS Mendelssohn could only reply, "Oh! the piece as you have it (*Das Lied wie es dasteht*)," an answer which, if unsatisfying, was doubtless prudent. For, had he given a verbal meaning to that which professed to speak for itself, this would, in the first place, have been a contradiction of his previous thesis. If a composer tells us that such or such a page of music means, let us say, the struggle upwards of an erring soul towards the light, our enjoyment is restricted to the discovery of some musical cypher, simple or obscure, by which the various phrases and modulations can represent our own idea of such a struggle. If he leaves us alone, as he usually does, we simply float on a sea of pure sensation, enjoying ourselves more or less, and picking up here and there perhaps a definite idea or two, the wreckage, often as not, of some previous experience or association.

To Mendelssohn's reflection, indeed, that music fills the soul with much better things than could be said, it might be answered that the things may be better without being, as Mendelssohn had previously implied, more definitely significant. That is indeed another question. The undefinable grace and play of fancy, the immeasurable outbursts and vagaries of emotion, may be better, in the sense of being more precious to humanity, than the clearest message ever conveyed by the common vehicle of human thought. But the fact remains that there is but one such common vehicle, and that wherever

speech is present, though it may be enforced and supported by any quantity of inarticulate sound, it remains supreme, the least conventional element in an atmosphere of artistic conventions, the point of the weapon, as it were, the edge and crest of the wave. It remains so, that is, to ordinary humanity. In the abstract and to the idealist the mixture of the two things may appear an anomaly, or, what is often the same thing, a sort of rude practical compromise for popular purposes, like so many valuable and durable institutions. Accepting the compromise, the institution, for what it is worth, it is clear that words, in spite of Mendelssohn's disparagement of them, are, in the ideal song, the first thing. They are the first cause of the whole work of art; they not only accompany, but dominate and inspire.

To the average mind, undoubtedly, a piece of instrumental music remains as a rule what it was in 1842, and presumably ever will be, a thing of which the meaning (supposing for a moment that there is any sense in looking for one) is a matter of ambiguity. One might compare it to an impressionist's landscape which represents to one spectator, for example, an autumn sunset, to another a gory battle-field, and so on. The scope and suggestion afforded by the art which is at once, as Berlioz says, "a science and a sentiment," in its purest form remains something of the nature of a blank cheque, to be filled up by the appreciation of the recipient. A spectator may enjoy and admire an impressionist's sketch, a nocturne, in red and yellow, let us suppose, because he thinks it to resemble a beautiful sunset, whereas the painter really intended it for a gloomy death-scene. The song proper, may on the other hand be compared to the more directly significant class of picture,—

a portrait, say, or definite scene of human action or sentiment. In such a case the spectator knows exactly what is before him. The definiteness of meaning in the words cannot, of course, on its own account command his appreciation, which may wander within a certain area of emotion, larger or smaller according to his nature and fancy, but must decide the main lines of it. He may have his own interpretation for a particular sonata of Beethoven; but, given certain intelligible and audible words, he knows within practical limits what the accompanying music must be intended to express. *Express*, however, is not the right word for a language which is either in itself (in spite of Mendelssohn) meaningless or capable of many meanings at once,—thrilling, like the electric wire, with different messages for different people, or, again, in the famous Greek phrase, speaking (and, from the idealist standpoint, *only* speaking) to those who know. For music, with its inexhaustible play upon the various stops of suspense, surprise, satisfaction, and all the nameless joys and pains of sound, rather conveys to us the fact of the existence of some strong emotion than what that particular emotion is. It is rather, if one may say so, the potential force behind the meaning, the bulk and volume of the sound-wave to which, as has been suggested, the words give outline and edge. What then are the practical limits of the alliance between the two, and how far does the one language enrich and enforce, or supplant the other in that curious hybrid the song with its unique power of appealing to the great heart of the people?

That language is in fact incalculably enforced and emphasised for many of us by the addition of music is abundantly clear from the simplest and most familiar examples

There are certain phrases of our Bible in which not only the highest religious aspirations, but the highest dignity and beauty of the English language seem to be enshrined; yet in thousands of minds these words have passed, as it were, into the possession of Handel. It is idle to play *cicerone* to these heirlooms of the nation, these sacred, immortal, and pathetic outbursts that crowd upon every memory. "I know that my Redeemer liveth. . . . and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. . . . But there was no man"—yet to many, perhaps to most, these inimitable words, as here printed, appear thin, poor, and tame, beside the glowing splendours of their setting in THE MESSIAH. Language and sentiment have been here reconstructed upon a musical foundation; music has been here employed truly and eternally for what Wagner called its true end, the deepening of emotional expression.

Obviously the range of the experiment is limited. The emotion is simple, and sublime. It is one way of music, and it leads to success. In a modern school, such as that of Schumann or Schubert, we see music on a path remote alike from such solemn grandeur as from frivolous unreality, engaged in tracking out more and more closely the refinements of modern thought and feeling. And in what the critic of fifty years back called the Music of the Future we see it struggling, as some would say, to add a new anomalous force to dramatic representation, to lose its natural use in the effort to supply a supposed deficiency in language or action. This is clearly the very opposite extreme to that of the flimsy and conventional Italian opera, in which music was merely an unmeaning decoration, a slipshod appendage to the cheapest and shallowest sentiments.

Somewhere between the two extremes must clearly be scattered the various classic types of song, which by their permanent hold upon the average intelligence show that they have some deepness of earth.

We may agree with the saying that what is merely a means of expression must not be allowed to arrogate a domain to itself, as in the old-fashioned Italian *aria*, a domain of unmeaning display, and yet feel that music has certain laws of its own, that, though properly employed for the deepening of emotional expression, it is something more than a neutral pigment, and must have some voice in deciding the kind of emotion, or idea, that it can, or cannot, help to express. The whole stage-area of the performance, in fact, is not to be engrossed by one partner or the other. Appropriate space must be left for each, if only because human capacities, both for rendering and receiving artistic impressions, are limited, a fact the musician of the future has been accused of forgetting.

For in the first place the atmosphere is, to the normal human intelligence, a conventional one. There is music in many a laugh, a wail, a cry of grief or passion. But music, organised and applied to the expression of emotion (especially of the minor shades of it), does not merely deepen; it often, as a material and mechanical necessity obscures, as compared, that is to say, with mere dramatic elocution. If we then regard meaning as a sort of abstraction, the rival of that sound which is not articulate speech, we shall naturally look for certain concessions on its part, concessions made doubtless for the sake of some compensating gain, of a higher kind of pleasure, belonging to a different plane of apprehension.

Thus perhaps, judging by classical

popularity, the very best and most effective words for songs are those which, taken as pure literature, leave in the mind a sense of simplicity, of slightness even, and imperfect actuality. A modern lyric, for example, may very well be redolent of thought, or, where ideas fail, of a fine intellectual ingenuity, and yet not be what the song-writer and singer chiefly want. They do not of course require vacant nonsense; but rather than that significant points in the verse should obtrude themselves through the music upon our attention, it is better that there should be, so to speak, tracts of indeterminate beauty and effect to be filled in by the play of passion, humour, and sentiment on the part of composer and singer together. The union of words and music, that is to say, is not a mechanical one like the application of one figure in Euclid to another so that the various points and lines coincide, nor the juxtaposition of a text and its translation, one of which would be better away. It has its own mysteries, romantic and suggestive. The composer and singer do not indeed want anything vague or confused. What they ask of the poet is lucidity, unity, dramatic or sentimental, pure, undivided enthusiasm and aspiration, a single idea, at best, worked out to one climax or conclusion. And in the complex effect with which their success can crown these essentials, will surely be found what Mendelssohn meant by his "thousands of things much better than words."

Thus there are isolated lyrics of undying interest as poetry which, though describable in a table of contents as songs, have for their real end the satisfaction of a thoughtful reader in his armchair. This criticism would probably apply to Shelley, though he has written that most entrancing of Oriental love-songs, *I arise from dreams*

of thee, and still more to Browning. In Shelley, moreover, there are verses, the elaborate beauties of which would be out of place in words for music; they may be said, in fact, to have already sufficient music of their own. At any rate a lyric, of whatever intrinsic excellence, that is much weighted either by thought or ornament, as a rule wants the wings, the joyous movement, the unanalysable charm of the ideal song, in a word, of Shakespeare. Looking at the matter purely from the practical point of view for the purposes of platform and concert, what a spell is his! How surely has he hit the golden mean in this matter of buoyancy!

Oh mistress mine; where are you roaming?
ing?

Oh stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting.

Every wise man's son doth know.

In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Or again:

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever.

And so on, from the airy nothings piped to us by a dancing sprite, to the slow solemn accent of the funereal dirge,—

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages—

from sunny Arcadian idyll to the grimmest irony of despair,—

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.

Ariel-like the magic secret evades our closer ken; an ethereal lightness we

seem to observe, a radiant simplicity that pursues unembarrassed its lucid theme, but ever in passing contrives to wake one or other of the deep chords of pathos and delight to which all the world is attuned. The language may be pure gold,—

Fall asleep, or hearing, die—

and priceless gem,—

Though thou the waters warp—

but we reck nothing of sparkle or detached effects. All is lost in the inevitable unity of the outburst.

These lyrics after all are not very many, yet it may be doubted if three centuries have given us anything more truly singable than *Oh mistress mine*.

To pass from one of Sir Arthur Sullivan's master-pieces, (for a master-piece it is, of tuneful straightforwardness and simplicity,) to what is perhaps the most admired of Schumann's love-songs,—Ruckert's *Du meine Seele* belongs to a very different and more modern mode of passion; yet do we not see what inspiration the composer found in its simple persistence upon one dominant note, that might, for mere purposes of reiteration, suggest a sense of monotony?

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn ? O du mein Schmerz

Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden,
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir
werth

Dein Blick hat mich von mir verklärt,

till devotion seems to exhaust itself in passionate iteration, beating its wings against the bars of language, clamouring to ride on the surging waves of that wondrous melody (so often and so sympathetically rendered by Mr. Santley) and take the heart

by storm. There is a particular sense indeed in which monotony in actual words lends itself to something very different in music, if not to the richest sense of variety, the attraction as it were of divers-coloured jewels strung upon one thread. And again there is the variety of expression that enlivens some monotonous refrain, some indubitable statement of fact and topography,—*The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall*, for instance, or *Bonny St. Johnstone stands on Tay*—till it becomes as it were a living spectator infected by all the humour, pathos, or horror of the drama on which it attends.

Perhaps indeed, in these days of advanced culture and increased consciousness, we read into the bald simplicity of an old ballad more than its author ever saw; whereas the ornate and seemingly insipid imagery, the false Orientalism of Moore, let us say, is proportionately anti-pathetic to us.

We cannot sing the old songs now, and we do not wish to listen to them; but very often that is the fault of our composers. The old favourites indeed carried unity and simplicity now and then to the extreme of inanity, but their words must not be looked at only in cold blood and apart from music. Curiously enough, it is a genuine Oriental lyric which has given us that magnificent and supremely modern creation the *Wie bist meine du Königin* of Brahms. It is conceivable that the author of the *IRISH MELODIES* at his best might have written these *LINES FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ*. The singularly melodious refrain comprises one absolutely untranslatable word, rendered in the insufferable English version *pleasureful*, an adjective unknown to most dictionaries and which Moore would probably have thought too rapid for print. There may be no such

mouthful of rapture in our language as *wonnevoll*, but,—ye gods!—*pleasureful*! What conception must such a translator have of words and their use and emphasis in music! And why, by the way, did not Brahms leave us a setting of *I arise from dreams of thee*?

But this song, *Wie bist du*, with its overwhelming outbursts of joy, and its slow straining languor (*Lass mich vergehn an deinem Arm*), illustrates also perhaps another principle,—the original force driven into what might otherwise seem slight and shallow verse by a peculiarly forceful treatment. All the actuality of the crowded nineteenth century is in these long chords drawn smartly across the line of the air, like a bow across the string, in the stiff current of accompaniment which the voice must stem as a strong swimmer stems the tide. Is there not indeed an artistic importance in the resistance that some music seems, as it were, to offer to the voice, a resistance the overcoming of which represents the supremest of vocal effects? Whereas, on the other hand there are weak, unsatisfying songs whose weakness seems best expressed in the reflection that there is somehow nothing in them to sing against.

But the relations between singer and song (in spite of the originality that contributes to every ideal rendering) are not those between the musician and the theme which inspires him. There are light, yet sweet and flowing lyrics, such as Shakespeare's and Tennyson's, which one somehow feels are the sort of songs a great composer would allow to go their own way. The ways of melody are indeed as unsearchable and trackless as those of the winds; nor can paths and limitations be prescribed, in the multiplicity of human feelings, for our ways of looking at or treating any parti-

cular theme. But a smaller musician, troubled perchance by the necessity of being original, sometimes seems to mar or blur the simple effect of what only required setting. Lyrics of classical lucidity and unity one comes across here and there, distraught, as songs, by that decadent weariness of the time whose sole inspiration is the desire to avoid what has been done before. There are other cases where the mind of the composer seems to reinforce that of the poet, and the musical treatment rather gives us to reconsider the supposed conventionality of the words.

And what volumes of laments might be reprinted upon this phenomenon, or rather the necessity for it. Among cultivated amateurs, if not in popular concert-rooms, the dearth of inspiring English songs is a matter of common complaint. Goethe and Heine indeed fill for us what would otherwise be a considerable void. Perhaps our national respect for German intelligence and German music blinds us sometimes to the fact that even the most foolish sentiment sounds forcible in that rugged tongue; and common words, it must be remembered, come to all of us with a perhaps delusive freshness and dignity in a foreign language. *Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner* (Schubert's *NEUGIERIGE*) sounds well enough in an English drawing-room, where the mere mention of that useful functionary the gardener would, perhaps owing to mistaken conceptions of the dignity of literature and music, strike hearers as ridiculous. But for purposes of song the great charm of Goethe and Heine is unquestionably their combination of inspiring ideas (and Heine's eternal pathos) with the perfection of classical form.

Of ideas alone it has been already suggested we may have too much. Many an Elizabethan lyric, graceful

enough in form, is spoiled or damaged by some obtrusive conceit; and a modern instance of this general principle on a lower plane may have occurred to many readers in the much admired BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS of Mr. Kipling. It is said that there was a rush to set these ballads to music; but it may safely be predicted that not one of them, in spite of the sympathetic assistance of Mr. Gerard Cobb, is likely to live as a song; not so much on account of their metrical irregularities (which are at times embarrassing) or on account of their familiar and colloquial form, but because they are so full of thought, of allusive criticism, and pointed satire. Akin to this defect (from the given point of view which demands a certain dignity and unity) is the non-homogeneous character of much of Mr. Kipling's verse; praise may be heaped upon single lines and stanzas which one would grudge to almost any of the complete poems. What, for instance, could be much more inviting to the composer with a swinging melody at his command than the opening lines of the *Envoi* that bids farewell to the reader of *MANY INVENTIONS*?

There's a whisper down the field, where
the year hath shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing: "Over then, come over, for
the bee has quit the clover,
And your English summer's done."

But it is sheer bathos to turn the page and find them burlesqued by,

The Lord knows what we shall find,
dear lass,
And the deuce knows what we shall do!

The truth is that there may be much dramatic force and point, much that is desirable to say in such spirited writing, but that music (and the argument may be applied to a

higher class of literature) will for some perverse reason decline to effectively assist the saying of it.

In another province of versification, perhaps, the amount of inverted sense in some of Mr. Gilbert's excellent and even pathetic lyrics have something of a disturbing and over-weighting effect even for the purposes of comic opera, which, after all, is or should be simply legitimate opera in which the humorous element prevails. Music, like the other arts, has its playtime; but even when enticed into the realm of topsy-turvydom, it is still music, and (if one is right in supposing that it has its own conventions) cannot be made to sing even the condensed wit and wisdom of the world in despite of them. At any rate, to draw these disjointed notes to a close, what a relief it is to turn from the heady drinks, as they have been called, of Mr. Kipling, the effervescent wit of the State-jester, and much more from the dreary melodious fatuity of the professional song-writer to some well of English undefiled.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, oh sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But oh for the touch of a vanished
hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Who has ever heard this sympathetically rendered,—a phrase or two even of Mrs. Robert Cartwright's old-fashioned setting still clings to the memories of most of us—without feeling that it is just one of those lyrics that was born to fall into the arms of a congenial melody, and find there, and there only, an expression of the something so vaguely figured for us by the most perfect words?

The stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill.

A child would scarcely pause to dwell on the meaning or question the simplicity of such lines. None the less their full pathos belongs surely to the language of music which rather impresses than expresses it, speaking to those that know.

Is there not something strange, too, in the extent to which the songs we love have a sort of immortal, inexhaustible personality of their own? So much more definite and intelligible to the common ear is the music, "married to immortal verse," that has embraced and embodied for us a single inspiring thought, scene, or aspiration, than that which is still as it were the unappropriated playground of emotion. To the common ear, one must say, for of course the

whole thing is a clumsy compromise, an ineffective concession to the imperfections of average human-nature. But what shallow adage-monger was it who first made an old song, a song that has stood the test of time, a synonym for something cheap and worthless in the world's mart? Why, a goodly few of us who haunt that wrangling centre, with the airs of Handel, Schumann, Bishop, and the like for ever running in our heads, could scarcely tell how much of our securest happiness we owe to these most independent, and therefore most companionable, of invisible play-mates, each after its kind

A bower quiet for us and asleep,
Full of sweet dreams and health,

amid the unmelodious clamours of life.

G. H. POWELL.

SPEAKER TREVOR'S DISGRACE.

(A CHAPTER FROM PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.)

ONE day, about the time when Cromwell, having made his brief and pitiable experiment with Barebone and his brother saints, set up a military despotism in the land, a gentleman called at the chambers of Mr. Arthur Trevor, an eminent and worthy professor of the law, in the Inner Temple. Having finished his business with Mr. Trevor, the visitor was passing out through the clerks' office when he noticed a strange-looking boy seated at one of the desks. The distinguishing feature about the boy appears to have been a cast in his eyes "for [says old Roger North, who relates the incident in the biography of his brother, the Lord Chief Justice] no person ever had a worse squint than he had." "Who is that youth?" asked the visitor. "A kinsman of mine," replied the worthy and facetious counsellor, "whom I have allowed to sit here to learn the knavish parts of the law."

Forty years pass: Cromwell has gone, followed by the Commonwealth; the second Charles has had his merry day; James has thrown away his crown; and now Mary, the best of the Stuarts, has been stricken down in the prime of life by smallpox. All the nation mourns, for she was gracious and kind and beautiful; and William is left wifeless, childless, almost friendless. Mary died in Christmas-week, 1694, and while her remains lay in state at Whitehall the neighbouring streets were filled every day by crowds which made ordinary traffic impossible. The funeral, says Macaulay, was long

remembered as the saddest and most august that Westminster had ever seen. It also possessed a unique feature, for the Lords and Commons followed the hearse, and never before had Parliament attended the funeral of a Sovereign, because, if for no other reason, Parliament had ceased to exist with the demise of the Crown. An attempt to show that the same law operated on this occasion, on the ground that the writs issued in the joint names of William and Mary ceased to have force now that William reigned alone, was brushed contemptuously aside. The Lords followed the hearse, robed in scarlet and ermine, and the Commons came after in long black mantles; and at the head of the Commons marched the Right Honourable Sir John Trevor, Speaker of the House, and by right constitutional the First Commoner in England. We catch a glimpse of his face, and we perceive that squint such as no other man ever had, and we know that it is no other than the strange-looking boy who sat in Arthur Trevor's office years ago learning the knavish parts of the law.

The scene changes again, but the interval this time is a brief one, only a few weeks, and that "broad, frowning face, with large bushy eyebrows," is hanging low as the Speaker sits in his chair in the House of Commons and hears his conduct debated for six long hours. At last the debate is ended, and he is compelled to rise and put to the House this question: "That Sir John Trevor, receiving a gratuity of one thou-

sand guineas from the City of London for the passing of the Orphans Bill, is guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour." A loud shout of *Aye* follows the question; he calls for the *Noes*; a few feeble voices are heard, and he is forced to declare that the *Ayes* have it. No division was demanded, and the resolution remains on the Journals of the House as having been carried *nemine contradicente*. Had the Speaker not stayed at home for the next few days with a convenient sickness he would have been called upon to put to the House a motion for his own expulsion.

Apart from this unforgettable incident there is little in the career of Sir John Trevor which one would not willingly leave in the obscurity which quickly surrounds the memory of mediocrity,—darkness, relieved by an occasional reference in the general histories, an anecdote or two in contemporary memoirs and diaries, a perfunctory and inevitable notice in such works as Foss's *JUDGES OF ENGLAND*. For Trevor was a judge, and not altogether a bad one; certainly his record on the Bench compares favourably with that of his friend and cousin George Jeffreys.

He was descended from Tudor Trevor, Earl of Hereford, the family being then, and now, settled in Denbighshire. He and his cousin George (their mothers being sisters) were boys together in London, and their careers were strangely intermingled. How the lads spent their leisure may be inferred from the fact that Trevor first made his mark as an arbitrator on the disputes of gamblers. He had the authority of a judge among them, and his decisions were generally accepted. He was called to the Bar in 1661, some years before Jeffreys, and he must have rapidly acquired a degree of eminence in his profession, for he was elected Treasurer of his Inn

in 1674 and Autumn Reader in the following year; and before this he had obtained the honour of knighthood. In 1677 he was returned to Parliament by Beeralston, a small town in Devonshire, and four years later he was elected by his native county of Denbigh. There is little to show that he took part in the debates, but what is to be found in the records indicates at least that he was a servile adherent of the Court. "It is," said he on one occasion, "the King's prerogative to make peace or war. 'Tis he that makes it, and he that breaks it. The disciples came to our Saviour in the ship and said, 'Lord, save us or we perish'; and we can say no more to the King." Trevor was the only member who spoke in favour of his cousin when complaint was made against the conduct of Jeffreys as Recorder of London. The defence seems to have been a laboured one, his main contention being that Jeffreys had not packed a jury or "gone about to find a guilty person innocent," and if he had a fault it was that, as counsel for the King, he had been "too forward to prosecute," which is extremely probable. Trevor's advocacy did not save his kinsman from the condemnation of the House, but on the accession of James, Jeffreys, now become Lord Chief Justice, showed his gratitude by getting his cousin elected Speaker in James's first and only Parliament. It was no great compliment, if we may believe Evelyn, who says this House of Commons was composed of "the worst materials, including gentlemen's servants."

The new Speaker proved a failure. "So inefficient was he," says Foss, "in the requirements of the office that he was even obliged to read from a paper the few formal words in which he announced to the House the approbation of the King, and he

was guilty of some other irregularities that were inexcusable in one who had had so long a senatorial experience." In the following October he was appointed Master of the Rolls (retaining the Speakership), and Jeffreys, having shortly before returned from his bloody campaign in the West, was rewarded with the Great Seal. They were a pretty pair truly, yet not without some "sort of goodness" which one may distil out of things evil. "The Court of Chancery," Foss observes, "was then presided over by two judges of kindred spirit, and it might be a question which of the two exceeded the other in want of principle or in the use of coarse vituperation. Yet they both deserved praise in the exercise of their judicial functions, and the decrees they pronounced in private causes were able and just." But there was no love lost between the two men. Trevor delighted to lecture Jeffreys, and Jeffreys took every opportunity to reverse Trevor's decisions. There was an old cause of jealousy between them, for Trevor's second wife had been his cousin's mistress; but this would probably have mattered little had not their professional rivalry now become keen. The Master of the Rolls laid himself out to supplant the Chancellor, and in Roger North's opinion he would have succeeded had James's rule lasted a little longer. Jeffreys, indeed, only retained his place by divesting himself of every shred of scruple. As Burnet put it: "If Lord Jeffreys had stuck at anything, Trevor was looked on as the man likeliest to have had the Great Seal." It was well for Sir John that his cousin's character was so thorough. He was able afterwards to look on with complacency while the names of Jeffreys and his tools were execrated by the unanimous voice of the House of Commons.

In the summer of 1688, when James was hastening to the fatal crisis in his career, he conferred another mark of his favour upon Trevor. On the 6th of July the Earl of Clarendon noted in his diary: "Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls, Colonel Tytus, and Mr. Vane, Sir Harry Vane's son, were sworn of the Privy Council. Good God bless us! What will the world come to?" Six months afterwards the world came to the Revolution. Jeffreys narrowly escaped with his life from an indignant mob, shortly before the coming of William, and spent the last miserable remnant of his days in the Tower, where he died in the following April. But Trevor, who well earned the description applied to him by Burnet of a bold and dexterous man, was by no means done for yet. He was removed from the Bench and from the Privy Council at the Revolution, but he remained in disgrace a very little while. His name is not in the first list of members of the Convention Parliament, but before June, 1689, he was again returned for Beeralston, by the favour, as he afterwards explained, of Serjeant Maynard (another member of the House) and the gentlemen of the country.

Trevor seems to have now assumed the part of an old Parliamentary hand. As an ex-Speaker he posed as an authority on precedent and procedure, his first recorded intervention in the debates, on the 12th of June, being to explain some matter which arose in James's Parliament. The very same day a hot debate took place on the conduct of the judges under James, a demand being made for the names of all who had been concerned in advising the King that he had a dispensing power, that they might be excepted from the Bill of Indemnity. "Let us know all the criminals," cried John Howe, a man rich in metaphor,

"and then except whom you please. Let us have the whole faggot before taking out a stick." And again, later in the debate: "Let us know those who broke the hedge and let in the cattle, and then see who you will except." Some mentioned one name and some another, but Trevor seems to have made no sign. Then it was decided to examine all the judges who had been dismissed by James, and two days afterwards these gentlemen were called in one by one and questioned as to the cause of their dismissal. The chief reason appeared to be that they would not give an opinion in favour of the King having power to dispense with the criminal law. Having obtained the information the House knew not what to do with it, and Colonel Birch, with an eye, perhaps, to the one in a million who should look up the debate two centuries afterwards (the volume containing it which I consulted had lain untouched in a public reference library for fourteen years) expressed his apprehension that their proceedings would appear odd to posterity. Mr. Garro-way thought they should next consider who were put in place of those who were turned out; but Sir John Lowther, the Tory leader, thought they had better drop the subject till the House should be in a better temper,—and the House thought so too.

Unfortunately the House was in no better temper next day. Some wanted to attaint Jeffreys, but, said the practical Howe, "Let us not, like Falstaff, fight dead men; let us punish the living. The dead will stay for us," he grimly added. Then one Harbord, with a fierce glance perhaps at the cross-eyed Member who presumed to cite precedents from James's Parliament, harked backwards somewhat further, and reminding the House that in the time of Richard the Second a head-justice was hanged at Tyburn,

moved "that two of them be hanged at Westminster Hall Gate." Whatever the Member for Beeralston thought of this, it seems to have scared Mr. Howe into a more placable metaphor. "Which is the greater crime," he asked, "they that went a-fishing for a knave to do it, or the poor knave that did it? Adjourn the debate, or give a general act of oblivion to all, for the greatest part of England was criminal." Sir John Lowther, who had a warm corner in his heart for Trevor, urged that having got the Government settled they should punish for the future and pardon for the past. For his part he was willing to forgive, and desired to be forgiven by all the world. At last it was settled that no one should be excepted from the indemnity but those who had been guilty of capital offences. During all these debates Trevor appears to have escaped mention, the fact probably being that having been a Chancery judge he was less concerned in the arbitrary proceedings of the Crown than the judges of the King's Bench. On a subsequent occasion he plucked up courage to himself intervene in a discussion on the eternal question of indemnity, pleading for pardon and pity, and recalling how in the time of Henry the Sixth some great peers who quarrelled about precedence were ordered to shake hands and be friends and go on with the business of the kingdom. "I would do so now," he said. At last the subject burnt itself out, and the Parliament was dissolved.

A fierce general election followed in which the Tories secured a majority, and William, having discovered the inconveniences of two independent Parliaments, resolved that the faithful Commons must be managed. With this object, as he admitted to Bishop Burnet, he got Trevor chosen Speaker in order that he might buy votes for

the Court. This was the beginning of an era of Parliamentary corruption which lasted until the younger Pitt was placed in power ninety-three years afterwards with a majority such as rendered the purchase of votes superfluous. When the House met on March 20th, 1689-90, Sir John Lowther proposed that Trevor, who had been returned for Plimpton, be elected Speaker, he being in every way qualified, said Sir John, for that employment by his great experience in Parliamentary affairs and knowledge of the laws. Sir Henry Goodrick, the Tory Member for Boroughbridge, seconded the nomination, which was approved, apparently without dissent. Trevor, with the affectation proper to the occasion, but with much more truth than is usually contained in the Speaker's self-depreciation, expressed the fear that they had done themselves great prejudice in making choice of him, and undertook to "disable himself before the Royal throne," that they might thereby have an opportunity of making a better selection. It need hardly be said that the King did not accept his excuses.

For the next five years Trevor presided over the House of Commons. He was not a popular Speaker, but doubtless the Court found him the means of making himself agreeable to at least some of the Members. One disability he had for the office in the obliquity of his vision, for Campbell observes in the *LIVES OF THE CHANCELLORS* that his squint was so bad that often two Members in different parts of the House were equally confident of having caught his eye. He certainly pleased the King, who now got his supplies with less difficulty, and he recovered the Mastership of the Rolls in 1692, having previously been appointed to a puisne judgeship. His salary as Speaker was £5 a day, besides which he received £2,000 "for

equipage," whatever that may have been.

About 1693 murmurs began to arise as to the corruption of the House of Commons. They found strong expression in a pamphlet (quoted in the *PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY*) apparently of Jacobite origin, wherein it was said :

Posterity will be as much astonished how the subjects were able to pay such infinite sums as that ever an House of Commons should be so extravagantly prodigal in granting them [these worthies would have been much more astonished by posterity's expenditure than posterity is by theirs], and will set an eternal brand of infamy upon those members, already in good measure known, who to obtain offices, profitable places, or quarterly stipends have combined not only to vote whatever hath been demanded, but that they may be thought worthy of their wages, in some things exceeded the expectation of the Government.

The pamphleteer's strictures are discounted by the fact that this very year a Bill passed through both Houses rendering all Members of the House of Commons incapable of holding places of profit under the Crown ; and when the King refused his assent, there were only two or three dissentient voices in the Commons to a message of remonstrance to his Majesty. Nevertheless there were things going on both inside and outside the House on which a flood of light was shortly to open.

The first glimmerings of this light were seen at the small town of Royston in Hertfordshire. Some soldiers quartered there had levied contributions on the townspeople. This led to complaints, and inquiry being made it was shown that the pay of the soldiers had been fraudulently withheld by their Colonel, Hastings, and his agents, Tracy and Edward Pouncefort. The Colonel was cashiered, and the Pounceforts

were brought to their knees at the bar of the House, censured by Speaker Trevor with much show of indignation, and committed to the Tower. The light penetrated further, and showed that Henry Guy, Secretary to the Treasury, had received a bribe of £200 from the agents. This Guy had held a similar position under Charles and James, and his experience seems to have been utilised to some purpose, as the public accounts for the year 1694 show that he had during the preceding year dispensed upwards of £37,000 in secret service money. He also was brought to the bar, and we may well suppose that Trevor began to wonder what would happen next as, in obedience to the order of the House, he committed the Secretary of the Treasury to the Tower.

It had already begun to be whispered about that the Duke of Leeds, Sir Edward Seymour, and the Speaker had received bribes from the East India Company and the Corporation of London. All were Tories, and did not lack enemies who would seek opportunity to accuse them. One evening early in March, 1694-5, there was some disorder in the House of Commons, which was rebuked by Seymour and the Speaker. An angry discussion followed, in the course of which one Member exclaimed: "It is undoubtedly improper to talk while a Bill is under discussion, but it is much worse to take money for getting a Bill passed. If we are extreme to mark a slight breach of form, how severely ought we to deal with that corruption which is eating away the very substance of our institutions!" These innuendoes set fire to the smouldering scandal, and a tumultuous debate ended in the appointment of a Committee to examine the books of the City of London and of the East India Company.

The Committee quickly found con-

fimation of the rumours, and within a week they were ready with their report. They laid before the House the following copy of an order of a Committee of the Common Council of the City of London, passed in the preceding year: "That Mr. Chamberlain do pay to the Honourable Sir John Trevor, Knight, Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons, the sum of one thousand guineas so soon as a Bill be passed into an Act of Parliament for satisfying the debts of the orphans and other creditors of the City." On the back of the order was the following endorsement: "The within-mentioned one thousand guineas were delivered and paid unto the Honourable Sir John Trevor this 22nd day of June, 1694, in the presence of Sir Robert Clayton and Sir James Houblon, which at 22/- exchange comes to £1,100."

The history of the transaction appears to have been briefly this. The Common Council was responsible for money due to certain orphans and others, and in January, 1693-4, appointed a Committee to seek Parliamentary assistance in finding the money. Mr. Borret, the City Solicitor, and one or two members of the Committee attended the lobby of the House, and were informed that there was no hope of getting the Bill passed unless a payment of £2,000 was made to a certain person, understood to be the Speaker. The demand seems to have been reduced by half, and the note for payment of one thousand guineas was drawn up in dummy, the name of the recipient being omitted at the time it was signed by ten members of the Committee. The principal witness before the Parliamentary Committee was Sir James Houblon, Sir Robert Clayton, the other gentleman whose name appeared on the endorsement, being ill and out of town. Houblon said that he refused to sign the first

note authorising payment of the money; but on June 22nd, when the Orphans Bill had been passed, Sir Robert Clayton sent for him, and they went with the City Chamberlain to the Speaker to thank him for his assistance in passing the Bill. After some compliments had been exchanged the Chamberlain held out a note which the Speaker took, and presently they all came away. The Chamberlain told him afterwards that what had passed was a bill for £1,100.

The report of the Committee was received with exultation by the Whigs and not without satisfaction by the Tories, for Trevor had come to be generally detested. It was, says Burnet, believed that a much greater present was made to him on behalf of the orphans whose claims were provided for by the Bill, but no proof of this appeared. The bribe from the City was taken in so open and formal a manner as to suggest to us that the Speaker's offence was no very great outrage on the proprieties of the time, and that it was in fact rather the excuse for than the cause of his disgrace. Subsequent events support this view, and indeed Townsend, in his *MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS*, says, "There was more laughter than resentment at the detection of the Speaker's venality." Be this as it may, he sat in the chair isolated and friendless during the long debate on the proposition that he had been guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour, and, as we have seen, the affirmative answer was practically unanimous. Very brief records of the debate survive, but it appears to have been almost all on one side, and we may suppose that when Trevor was at last released from the chair he determined never to venture into it again.

On the assembling of the Commons about noon next day the clerk read the following letter, addressed to the

House: "*March 13th, 1694 (O.S.)*
GENTLEMEN,—I did intend to have waited upon you this morning, but after I was up I was taken suddenly ill with a violent colic. I hope to be in a condition to attend you to-morrow morning. In the meantime I desire you will be pleased to excuse my attendance. I am with all duty, Gentlemen, your obedient, humble servant, J. TREVOR, *Speaker*."

The Commons, who have always been fond of sport and had assembled in unusually large numbers to witness Trevor's discomfiture, were unwilling to miss the fun of seeing the Speaker put the motion for his own expulsion. Accordingly the House adjourned until ten o'clock next morning to give him a further opportunity of attending. But their game was balked by another note reiterating the plea of illness and once more humbly praying to be excused from attendance. Immediately after the reading of this second letter, Mr. Wharton, Comptroller of the Household, rose and said he was commanded by the King to say that the late Speaker had sent word that his indisposition was such that he could not further attend the services of the House, and accordingly the King gave them leave to proceed to another election. Mr. Wharton was about to follow up this announcement by nominating a Speaker, when there were loud cries of *No*, and several Members protested against a gentleman who brought a message from the Court making a nomination. Nevertheless the Comptroller stood his ground, and named Sir Thomas Littleton, Sir Henry Goodrick seconding the nomination. Thereupon Sir Charles Musgrove proposed Mr. Paul Foley, who had been chairman of the Investigation Committee. On Littleton's name being put by the clerk, it was defeated by one hundred and seventy-nine votes to one hundred and forty-

six, and Foley was then elected without a dissentient voice. Two days later the House resumed consideration of the Committee's report, and a motion for the expulsion of Trevor from the House was carried unanimously.

The cunning Welshman was not yet, however, at the end of his resources. Some talk of impeachment arose, but there were plenty of men in high positions who thought there had been revelations sufficient, and Trevor was continued in his judgeship, whereat the wits exclaimed, "Justice is blind, but bribery only squints." It appears, indeed, from the *SHREWSBURY CORRESPONDENCE*, that he actually entertained the idea of going into Parliament again, as Lord Somers wrote to the Duke of Shrewsbury in November, 1695: "The King said he had in a manner commanded the Master of the Rolls not to come into Parliament again, on purpose to prevent the inconvenience the reviving that matter would occasion."

Not only was Trevor allowed to keep his place on the Bench until his death twenty-two years afterwards, but he received some marks of favour and distinction. He was one of the eight commoners included in the first Privy Council of Great Britain after the Union with Scotland, and he was frequently appealed to in doubtful cases by Lord Chancellor Harcourt. Townsend, summing up his character as a judge, says: "He was an able lawyer, and decided matters submitted to him with marked ability, but he was a bully in tone and manner, and treated counsel with extraordinary freedom." He died in his house in St. Clement's Lane on May 20th, 1717, and was buried in the Rolls Chapel, "Leaving behind him the repute of being a good lawyer, but good in no other sense whatever,—dissolute in private life, covetous, and sordidly mean."

Two anecdotes recorded in Yorke's *ROYAL TRIBES OF WALES* may be added as illustrating Trevor's private life, and also to some extent the manners of his time. One day he dined alone at the Rolls, and was taking his wine when his cousin Roderick Lloyd was ushered in from the side door. "You rascal!" cried Trevor to his servant. "You have brought my cousin Roderick Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth, up my back-stairs. Take my cousin Roderick Lloyd, Esquire, Prothonotary of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth and so forth,—take him back instantly down my back-stairs and bring him up my front-stairs." The cousin objected to this excessive exhibition of respect, but the judge insisted. When Roderick returned by the front stairs he found that the bottle and glass had been removed, and Sir John saved his wine.

The other story is connected with the same distinguished cousin. Going home late, and somewhat flown with wine, from his club one night, Mr. Lloyd ran against the pump in Chancery Lane. Thinking he had received a blow he whipped out his sword and made a savage thrust. The sword passed into the spout, and the pump, being somewhat crazy, was overthrown. Roderick, concluding that he had killed a man, made off to Sir John Trevor's house in the Rolls, leaving the sword sticking in the pump. He was concealed by the servants, and passed the night in the coal-hole. In the morning a faithful valet, who had been sent out to learn what had happened, reported that he had found Mr. Lloyd's sword sticking in the pump, and the judge proceeded to deliver his frightened kinsman from his place of concealment.

JAMES SYKES.

front of the house, and joined the main body of his comrades behind the barricade, where he was one of the first to fall mortally wounded by a Zulu bullet.

Hook, who was now left by himself, had a Martini-Henry rifle with bayonet attached, and previous to the assault had distributed about his clothing more than a hundred cartridges. He, and the two Williams, kept up a steady fire on the advancing Zulus through the loopholes in the walls.

But the work was too rapid for safety, and during an interval in the combat Hook discovered to his consternation that the heat of his gun had jammed a cartridge. The piece was now useless! Seizing his cleaning-rod he rammed it down the barrel with the energy of despair, and succeeded in forcing out the spent cartridge just in the nick of time; however, the rush of Zulus was too strong for one man to cope with, and he had to retreat into the next room,—the ward containing six patients.

Meanwhile the two Williams had been hard pressed. Fourteen Zulus had fallen under their fire; but in one of the furious assaults, the door of the room they were in (an outer door which had been blocked) was burst open, and Joseph Williams with two patients was dragged out and cut to pieces. While this was going on, John Williams made a hole with his pick through the inner wall of the room, and now, with the other two patients, crawled into the ward where Henry Hook was. This room therefore contained eight sick men and the two privates. Meanwhile the Zulus, who had advanced against the front of the hospital under cover of the garden, were not idle, and though repulsed with great loss, kept up a persistent attack. At last by sheer force of numbers they drove the English to take refuge behind their second ram-

part, and swarming over the first line of defence, broke into the hospital through the front doors. Some set fire to the thatched roof which soon began to blaze; others rushed towards the ward in which the ten men were entrapped.

"Quick!" said Hook to Williams. "Make a hole with your pick into the next room, while I defend the doorway; it's our only chance!" A slender chance indeed, as Hook knew full well! As he spoke the Zulus were upon him. They advanced with fiendish yells to complete the work of massacre, hurling their assegais, one of which wounded Hook in the forehead.

And now commenced a struggle for life against time, fire, and overwhelming odds. Fortunately Hook kept quite cool, and at each shot a savage fell. Sometimes the foe came on so quickly that the man had no time to fire, and then the bayonet did good service. Seven men lay dead before the fatal doorway, but still the Zulus fearlessly pressed forward over the bodies of their comrades. Seizing the muzzle of the gun, even as its contents were about to be discharged into their naked breasts, they tried to wrest the weapon from Hook's grasp; the barrel grew so heated with constant use that it took the flesh off his blistered hand. Overhead, the blazing roof crackled fiercely as the flames gathered force, and the smoke mingled with the smoke of the gun. The ammunition was fast disappearing, and still Williams worked hard with the pick. The sick men were powerless to help. Was it possible for Hook to hold out?

At last the hole was made, and Williams managed to drag seven of the invalids through; the eighth, who had a broken leg which had not long been set, still remained. Hook seized him by the collar, and made

by sixty broad, and consisted of a ground-floor only. The end walls were built of stone, the side walls of kiln-dried bricks, and the partition walls of bricks dried in the sun. Some of the rooms were entered from the outside; others only communicated with each other; six of them were occupied by patients. Close to the house stood the church, a smaller building, which had been converted into a store, wagon-house, and stable, and, like the house, was thickly thatched with grass. Beyond them was a kraal, or enclosure for cattle. The whole place was quite unfortified, and open to attack; none knew this better than the handful of men now so suddenly menaced.

On second thoughts it was judged too hazardous to attempt to move the sick to Helpmakaar, as they would be almost certain to fall into the hands of the Zulus. The wagons therefore were unloaded, and helped to eke out the line of defence, which consisted of bags of mealies (or maize) placed in such a way as to connect the hospital, store, and kraal by a complete rampart. The friendly Kaffirs were compelled at the point of the bayonet to bring the bags of mealies from the store and place them in position. The walls were loopholed, doors and windows blocked, ammunition served out, and the water-cart was filled and brought within the enclosure.

A hundred native troopers of Durnford's Horse now rode up, and an officer asked for instructions, Colonel Durnford having been killed. The men were ordered to watch the enemy, hold them in check as long as possible, and, when that became impracticable, to retire on the post and help in the defence.

In about an hour, and before much could be done by way of fortifying the camp, the sound of distant firing announced the approach of the Zulus.

With the first boom of the guns the two hundred friendly natives ran off to a man, and the troopers of Durnford's Horse, demoralised by the loss of their leader and exhausted with a hard day's fighting, galloped off towards Helpmakaar, to the consternation of the little garrison. The defenders being thus diminished in numbers the line of defence was too long for them to hold; a row of biscuit-boxes was therefore hastily thrown across to provide a second rampart behind which they might retire if necessary.

The Zulus advanced at first in three companies, about fifteen hundred men in each, under the command of Cetewayo's brother, crossed the Buffalo River about four miles below Rorke's Drift, climbed some rising ground, and, squatting on the grass, took snuff and considered the situation. They were not long in deciding on their plan of attack, and were soon seen pouring round the Oscarsburg in a dense mass. As they advanced in good order, the column of men opened and threw out horns with the object of surrounding the place. The main body, with yells of savage exultation, charged the hospital at a run, thinking to make short work of the English. Most of those who had guns climbed the heights of the Oscarsburg, whence, secure among the clefts of the rocks, they poured in such a continuous rain of bullets as would have speedily put an end to the unequal contest had their marksmen been skilful.

At the end of the hospital furthest from the store four men were stationed. Privates John Williams and Joseph Williams defended one of the wards in which were four patients, and Privates Hook and Cole defended a small room which formed the back corner of the building next to a ward containing six patients. On the approach of the enemy Cole made his escape by the

front of the house, and joined the main body of his comrades behind the barricade, where he was one of the first to fall mortally wounded by a Zulu bullet.

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Meanwhile the two Williams had been hard pressed. Fourteen Zulus had fallen under their fire; but in one of the furious assaults, the door of the room they were in (an outer door which had been blocked) was burst open, and Joseph Williams with two patients was dragged out and cut to pieces. While this was going on, John Williams made a hole with his pick through the inner wall of the room, and now, with the other two patients, crawled into the ward where Henry Hook was. This room therefore contained eight sick men and the two privates. Meanwhile the Zulus, who had advanced against the front of the hospital under cover of the garden, were not idle, and though repulsed with great loss, kept up a persistent attack. At last by sheer force of numbers they drove the English to take refuge behind their second ram-

part, and swarming over the first line of defence, broke into the hospital through the front doors. Some set fire to the thatched roof which soon began to blaze; others rushed towards the ward in which the ten men were entrapped.

"Quick!" said Hook to Williams. "Make a hole with your pick into the next room, while I defend the doorway; it's our only chance!" A slender chance indeed, as Hook knew full well! As he spoke the Zulus were upon him. They advanced with fiendish yells to complete the work of massacre, hurling their assegais, one of which wounded Hook in the forehead.

And now commenced a struggle for life against time, fire, and overwhelming odds. Fortunately Hook kept quite cool, and at each shot a savage fell. Sometimes the foe came on so quickly that the man had no time to fire, and then the bayonet did good service. Seven men lay dead before the fatal doorway, but still the Zulus fearlessly pressed forward over the bodies of their comrades. Seizing the muzzle of the gun, even as its contents were about to be discharged into their naked breasts, they tried to wrest the weapon from Hook's grasp; the barrel grew so heated with constant use that it took the flesh off his blistered hand. Overhead, the blazing roof crackled fiercely as the flames gathered force, and the smoke mingled with the smoke of the gun. The ammunition was fast disappearing, and still Williams worked hard with the pick. The sick men were powerless to help. Was it possible for Hook to hold out?

At last the hole was made, and Williams managed to drag seven of the invalids through; the eighth, who had a broken leg which had not long been set, still remained. Hook seized him by the collar, and made

a rush for the opening. As he did so a Zulu bullet lodged in the man's coat, and it was only at the cost of breaking his leg a second time that Hook managed to drag him through.

The room in which they now found themselves had only an outside door, and this had been securely blocked; could they have got through it they would only have fallen into the hands of the Zulus. The one thing to be done was to pass from room to room of the burning house, and join the main body of the defenders. While Hook therefore undertook the now easier task of defending the hole instead of the door, Williams wielded the pick, and made a hole through the wall on the further side of the room, by which they all crawled into the next ward. This too had only an outer door which had been blocked, and another hole had accordingly to be made before they could pass into the farthest room.

On the opposite side of this room a small window was just discernible through the wreathing clouds of smoke, and by it they must escape, for they could not break through the wall which was an end one, and built, as has been said, of stone. There were two doors to this apartment, and outside the one that led through the inner wall, the Zulus could be seen brandishing their assegais as they came on to the attack. The sight of them, their horrid yells, the crackling of the blazing roof which threatened every instant to fall, the noise of the guns, the apparent hopelessness of their position, drove one of the patients, who was somewhat light-headed with fever, mad; making a rush for the door, he was after a fierce struggle seized and hacked to pieces outside. His death gave the others time to clamber through the window and drop to the ground; and the nine men were now so far safe that they were

clear of the burning hospital just as the ammunition was exhausted.

They had, however, only exchanged one form of danger for another. Unknown to them, the English had been driven behind the second line of defence, the single row of biscuit-boxes more than a hundred feet from the hospital. The intervening space was thick with the smoke of the guns; it was swept by Zulu bullets from the heights of the Oscarsburg; corpses covered the ground; assegais were flying in all directions; yet only by crossing this field of death could precarious shelter be reached.

Hook managed to hoist the broken-legged man on to his back. He was tall, and, powerless to help himself, hung like a sack, his feet dragging along the ground. The slow progress was frightful. An assegai hurled through the air struck the man, but fortunately stuck harmlessly in his over-coat. Great beads of sweat gathered on Hook's brow; his veins stood out like cords; his breath came in broken gasps; his legs tottered beneath him. One more supreme effort and he neared the barricade; he was seen, recognised, and helped inside, both rescuer and rescued unharmed by spear or bullet.

Faint and exhausted as Hook was, he had to turn to immediately, and fight shoulder to shoulder with his sorely pressed comrades for dear life.

Suddenly, there being no twilight in this region, night fell, and the enemy would have made short work of them, had not the flames from the burning hospital, the roof of which had by this time fallen in, lighted up the darkness, and rendered each Zulu warrior as he broke cover an easy target for the guns. The dead lay so thick as to form a kind of rampart round the beleaguered place, yet again and again with the utmost courage the enemy came on, climbing over the

bodies of their comrades, swarming over the defences, and seizing the rifles pointed at them. Six times they got inside the first line of defence, and six times were driven back by the bayonet, the little garrison sallying out and harassing their retreat. Before each attack the enemy always performed a war-dance, and then, having worked themselves into a frenzy, rushed fearlessly with devilish yells at the barricades. An attempt was made by them to fire the store-house, and one fellow was shot as he was in the act of applying a lighted torch to the roof.

Thus the fight raged without ceasing for eleven hours. Marvellous to say, the defenders had lost only seventeen men, while between three and four hundred Zulus had fallen. Suddenly, about three o'clock, the attack ceased, and the enemy retired in apparent discouragement. This short respite was made the most of by strengthening the defences. Two or three men climbed on to the roof of the store-house, and began to strip it off to prevent its being fired; but they had not made much progress, when they happened to catch sight of the Zulus stealthily returning to the attack. They at once gave the alarm, and the wearied soldiers, standing to their arms, prepared to renew the desperate struggle.

To remain on the roof was but to furnish a target for the enemy's guns; the men therefore descended one by one, and the last to leave, before he followed his comrades, cast a comprehensive glance around. In that clear atmosphere, as has been said, one can see a long distance, and the sight that met his eyes made his heart beat fast, and his cheek flush with excitement. "Hurrah!" he shouted joyfully, "hurrah! The army of Lord Chelmsford is in sight!" And sure enough, over the low hills eastward, though

still some miles distant, the English soldiers could be plainly seen advancing. The little garrison cheered lustily and turned again to the struggle with new hope. But it was soon seen that the Zulus also had got hold of the intelligence, and after some hesitation, they finally withdrew. Rorke's Drift was safe.

Messengers from Isandlana the day before had brought word to the Commander-in-Chief that an attack in force had been made on the camp, and he had returned in hot haste to find that the force left there had been practically annihilated. From thence he marched to Rorke's Drift full of the gloomiest forebodings with regard to its fate,—forebodings confirmed apparently by the column of smoke rising from the burning hospital. If Rorke's Drift had fallen, so probably had Helpmakaar, leaving Natal, and indeed South Africa, at the mercy of the Zulus. His army was exhausted by four and twenty hours' forced march; it was destitute of provisions, and almost entirely of ammunition. Lord Chelmsford was therefore distracted with anxiety, knowing that he stood in the greatest jeopardy.

And now through their field-glasses the officers saw some one on the roof of the store waving the English flag. Was it only a ruse of the enemy? Colonel (now Sir Baker) Russell, and a troop of mounted infantry dashed forward in advance, and crossed the Buffalo River warily, straining their eyes and ears for some sign which might allay their apprehensions. Then, as they came within hail, a ringing British cheer resolved all doubts. Soon the rest of the troops came up, and as the General rode round the smoking ruins and battered defences, saw the heaps of dead Zulus, and heard the thrilling story of the siege, he heartily thanked the brave handful of defenders, and enthusiastically

acknowledged that it was the most gallant action he had ever heard of.

Later on the same morning Private Hook was again busily engaged, this time in making coffee for his thirsty comrades. He was in his shirt and trousers, his braces hanging down behind; and, as he had had no opportunity to wash, his face and hands were still black with smoke and powder. Suddenly he received a peremptory order to appear before the General, and as there was no time to make himself respectable, he obeyed with a quaking heart, and was ushered into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief and the assembled officers.

Lord Chelmsford began to question him with regard to the defence of the hospital, but he was so overcome with confusion that it was with difficulty he could stammer forth a few words in reply. However, the whole story had been already told by the grateful broken-legged man and the other patients. The Commander-in-Chief

shook hands with him, and highly complimented him upon his bravery; and this so added to his confusion that he hardly knew whether he stood on his head or his heels. Nor did the matter end here; he was recommended for the Victoria Cross together with his comrade Private John Williams.¹ And so it came to pass that six months later, on August 3rd, 1879, before the assembled officers and in the presence of his fellow-soldiers, Hook was thanked for his share in the gallant defence of the hospital; and on the very scene of the exploit,—a rare occurrence—Sir Garnet Wolseley (as he then was) with his own hands pinned to his breast the bit of ribbon from which hung the most coveted of medals, bearing the simple inscription, *Private Henry Hook, January 22nd and 23rd, 1879.*

A. E. BONSER.

¹ Private John Williams received the Cross afterwards at Gibraltar.

ROSANNA.

SITTING by the fire we were, smoking our bits of pipes, just him and me together, when, of a sudden, he turns on me an' he says: "Da," he says, "it's about time I was thinking of taking a wife," says he.

"An' is that the way wid ye?" I says. "Troth, an' I'm thinking as much meself this long time. Sure it's scandalising discomfiture we're living in," I says, "ever since poor auld Maria went and died on us,—the Lord be merciful to her soul! Your poor mother,—the Lord be merciful to her!—she'd be like to tear the eyes out of them sluts of girls this minute,—the blessed saint in Heaven, that she is! Thru for ye, me boy, it's a wife we want, and who'd be the wan to look out but yourself, since it's the auld fellow I'm getting, entirely. And who'll it be?" says I, that innocent, niver suspecting he'd be so undutiful as to be making his choice unbeknownst to me,—let alone that same grand choice! "Who'll be it?" I axes him. "What would ye say to Miss Condren at the Cross Roads? It's thru she's a long nose of her own; but what's that? She's the rale auld family."

"What 'ud I say to Miss Condren?" cries he. "It's making game of me ye are, I think. What 'ud I say to Judy Condren?" says he, grinning at me wid all his white teeth an' thim clinched over his pipe. "Sure if I saw that long nose of hers poking about here,—'Take your snipe's beak out of this house,' that's what I'd say to her."

"Then it's one of them thriftless Roches ye've got in your mind," says

I; "not but what auld Roche is a dacent feller, an' the girls has fine figures of their own, I'm not denying. But it's not much fortune they'd be bringing a boy."

"Is it I," he cries, "take up wid one of them? Bedad, I'm surprised at ye for mintioning them at all! What would I be doing with such flithereens, streeling about wid their ribbins an' their feathers an' the impident airs of them?"

"Then it'll be Mary Cassidy, I'll be bound," says I.

"No such thing," says he; "she's been walking wid Jim Nolan this month past."

"Will it be Miss O'Donnell?" says I.

"It will not," says he; "I'd rather go single all me days."

"Well in the name of God," says I, "who is it to be, thin? May be it's a town-girl ye're set on after all, There's Miss Hinnegan at the hotel,—it's not the family connection I'd choose for ye, Johnny; the O'Moores have never wedded wid trade yet—but they do be sayin' it's rolling in gold she'll be when auld Hinnegan dies. She'll not say no to ye, Johnny. Throth, and I was noticing them were quare looks she was giving ye last Saturday after the pig-fair."

"An' what sort of looks would ye have her give anny wan wid them crass eyes of hers," says me young man, an' he takes his pipe out of his mouth an' bursts out laughing. "Sure, God help her, she can't look one way widout lookin' the other. She'd be the right sort to put things straight for us."

At that I bid him lave off his

moidering thricks, for I knew it was humbugging me, he was, an' not a bit of marrying on him. An' he never answered me back a word, but was spacheless, playing a chune on the stem of his pipe wid his fingers, an' puffing at it, an' it black out. An' thin he says: "It's not money we want wid a wife; ye're a warm man, father—an' it's not beholden to a slip of a girl we'd be,—you an' me."

"It's aisy talking that-a-way," says I, "but it 'ud be no use at all, at all, for a fine young feller like yourself to go taking up wid a body that hadn't enough to keep herself. It 'ud not be respectable," says I, "not what your father's son was rared up to."

"An' as for family," says he, kind of dreamy, as if he had not heard me, "isn't it the rale auld stock we are ourselves? O'Moores of Moorestown, discindints of Rory O'Moore,—king's blood," says he, "an' what's Roches an' Condrens, an' O'Donnells to that? It's no sort of use to try and ally ourselves wid thim as 'ill match us," says he; "an' why? Because they're not to be found,—that's why. We'll mate to plaze ourselves," he says, as bould as brass; "an' what we want is a little young crathur wid a heart full of love; a little weeshy, dawshy, coaxing bit of a thing wid eyes the colour of violets, that would swally ye'r heart alive and niver let it out again; an' a head full of curls that would drive a boy wild just to look at!"

"What sort of blasphemious talk is that out of ye?" cries I, interrupting him. "It's meself ye'll have wild in a minute or two," for I didn't fancy the looks of him, wid his head on one side an' a kind of silly smile on him. "What in the whole wide worrld's upon ye?" says I. "Spake out, man, or I'll drag the tongue out of yer jaws an' make you tell the thrut that-a-way."

He turns upon me wid his hands on his knees, an' his face the colour of the peonies in the garden beyant. "Da," he says, an' rasps his throat; "Father," he says, an' thin out he bursts. "You've no right," he says, "to be casting up at her thim rogues and vagabonds of parints of hers! Shure her mother isn't her mother at all, on'y her step-mother; 'an as for her father,—bad scan to him—he's the greatest bla'guard between this and Dublin. However, it's not fair," says he, "to be goin' on this way, for sure it's niver themselves they are, at all, but blind drunk everyday of the week, an' Sundays into the bargain. But as for herself, it's the purty little crathur she is, like an angel from heaven, her that's niver seen nothing but hell's wickedness since the day she was born. She doesn't rightly know how to set about anything yit, an' if she is a Protestant its on'y because she knows no better. She learnt no wickedness off anny of thim, an' troth it's a Catholic she'll be the minute she's told how."

"Tare an' ages," says I, "ye murdering villain, hold yer tongue! Hold yer tongue, you spawn of hell, an' tell me the name of her widout another word!"

He was white now from red he was before, but his impidance was beyond everything. "It's Rosanna Moriarty," he says.

Well, I let a screech,—I have a quick kind of temper, not a bad one, mind ye, but hasty-like. My poor mother,—God be merciful to her!—manny's the time she'd tell us of the day I nearly murdered her with the pitaty knife, an' I but seven years of age; an' the day I had me little sisther,—God be merciful to her, that's poor auld Maria, I mean—strangled wid her apron-strings for letting me little pet rabbits run away. Blue in the face she was, an' I pull-

ing at the strings as hard as I could ! We used to be kilt wid the laughing, talking of it. But I was always the rale good Catholic, an' sure me blood was up entirely. I was like to kill him dead that minute, break his head open on him, an' small blame to me. But I controlled meself ; wid a moighty effort I kep' calm. "Johnny O'Moore," I says, "ye black, onfilial, heathen scrawn of a bla'guard scamp, minton that name in my hearing again an' I'll have yer life, as sure as you stand there."

Wid that he says no more, an' I says no more, nor was the subject as much as remarked upon between us till the next time he had impidence enough to dare, an' that was the very week after.

What did that owdacious rogue of a Moriarty go for to do, but die on us all of a suddent in the Delicious Trimmings, as the Docthur called it, —a real roaring fit of drunkenness,—an' his limb of a wife, she takes to her heels an' off wid her out of the place, sorra a one knew where, an' the little schemer of a Rosanna left behind on our hands together wid the corpse an' a power of debts.

It was auld Jim Roche first gave us the news ; an' says he : "It's rale bad Rosanna is, the crathur ! Sure they can't get her away from the poor fella' at all, an' neither bite nor sup has crossed her lips this blessed day. It 'ud break your heart to see her, with them purty red curls of hers hanging every way, and them big black eyes of hers swollen up wid the crying. An' him the bitther bad father !"

An' then I see me fine young man start up from his corner an' off wid him widout a word.

Sure I knew the way it 'ud be. Someone would be offering to take in the girl out of charity, an' me fella' would have to be keeping up them

sperrits of hers an' consoling of her an' wiping away all them tears,—him as cute as a pet fox from the day he was weaned ! But there's two on us can be cute, thinks I, an' out of the place she goes, or my name's not Larry O'Moore. There's the workhouse for her, an' the likes of her, beyant in the town. She'll be fed, an' warmed, an' clothed dacenter there than ever she's been in her life, an' my money helping to do it into the bargain. But I'll not have her left here to be bringing disgrace into my family. So I just says a word to Jim Roche, an' then I took a bit of a stroll, an' wint here and there, an' dropt into this wan an' that, an' be jabers I gave them all the hint. There isn't wan but 'ud be afeard to fall out wid me for they, most of them, owes me a bit an' I've been a good friend to them in the bad times ; an', to tell the thrut, I'm plisanter as a friend than as an enemy.

Av course not a boy of them let on he understood what I was dhriving at : they wouldn't be that onpolite, an' I wouldn't have misdemeaned meself by speaking too plain ; but, lonnies, its aisy to say a good deal when you're saying nothin' at all, and when I came home, sure, I knew I had settled the young gintleman's nonsense for him, for as grand as he thought himself.

The auld cuckoo-clock had gone twelve (an' it's twenty minutes late regular) before Johnny came back that night. A rale warm Spring night it was, black and moist, an' all his curls were plastered down his cheeks wid the way he'd been stragvaging round.

I was sitting waiting for him, smoking me pipe wid a peaceful soul, for it was a good stroke of work I had done the day, an' so I kep telling meself, when in he bursts like a wild fella.

"Father," says he, "I've tauld ye

I wanted to marry Rosanna Moriarty ; an' I mean to marry her," he says.

"Och, listen to him," says I, scornful ; "sure it's wandering in his speech, he is !"

"Father," he says, rale earnest and eager, "I've always been a good son to you ; I've never been drunk nor contradictious, an' when other young men would have gone off an' seen the world, I've kep at home an' worked an' helped you. In the name of God," says he, pitiful-like, "do not drive me to be undutiful now ! Oh, father, it is a poor little innocent thing she is, an' it's alone and desolate she is, an' by heaven," he cries, "this is a hard cruel worrld ! There's not one of them 'll give her a shelter, or a crust this blessed night ; an' on'y for auld Kitty who's sittin' and wakin' the corpse, the poor crathur 'ud be alone wid the dead this minute—enough to drive her distracted entirely ! But give your consent to our wedding," he cries, "an' then it's who'll have her, I'll be bound. The cauld-hearted scoundrels as could shut their doors on her that way,—why, it's fighting for her they'll be then ! But I'll be even wid them yet, the whole lot of them, whatever black curse of cruelty has come over them, at all, at all."

I was puffing away at my pipe, an' for the life of me I could not but give an agreeable smile to meself, thinking it was the rale proper kind of respect I was held in all over the place ; not but that I knew there was not one of them as 'ud dare to go agin me.

When he sees me smile, he stops suddent and gives me a quare look. "Father," says he, "I see what you have been after. God forgive you," he says, "but it's a wicked man you are."

"Whisht, now, don't be goin' on," says I ; "you will live to thank me yet."

"An' what is to become of that poor young crathur," says he, quite quiet ; "have ye thought of that ? She cannot live alone in that auld tumble-down place, an' her that purty an' little, an' black Mac (divel take him !) wid his eye on her this many a day. What is to become of her, father ?"

"Let her go to the workhouse," says I ; "she need not fear black Mac there, for they keep them away from each other fast enough, the young boys an' the young girls, an' the auld boys an' the auld girls too. They will be coming, no doubt, to bury the father from the Union to-morrow ; let them take the daughter too ; it's the right place for her."

Wid that, he lets the awfulest oath ever ye heard. "She'll not go there," he says, "so long as I'm alive."

"May I ax what you intend to do, then ?" says I, very polite.

"I have tauld you already," says he ; "I intend to marry her."

"An' may I enquire what yez are going to live on then ? For I warn ye fair," says I, in a white rage,—for I seen by the obstinate look of him that he was set on his wickedness—"I warn ye," says I, "that across this thrashle ye will niver step once ye take up wid that Protestant slut of Moriarty's ; nor a penny of me money ye will never see, neither now nor when I am gone."

"Is that your last word ?" says he, an' stands up.

"It's me last word," says I, "as I'm a living man."

"Then, good-bye, father," says he.

"Good-bye," says I, "an' me curse upon you," says I, "my father's curse on the two of yez !"

Well, out he stamps widout as much as another word, an' I sits by the fire thinking, it's home again he'll be before I can turn round. Sure an I never thought he'd have thrown

me over that-a-way, an' him an' me always together from the time he was a babby. But the turf burnt itself white under my eyes, an' the dawn broke that cauld an' desolate into the room, but sorra a bit of him come back to me. An' for three days I heard no news of him, an' sure I was that dark an' down in meself not wan dared to speak to me. The fellers was afraid to tell me the thrut, an' to be plain wid ye, I was not, so to say, encouraging to conversation. Bedad, I would not let them think I cared a halfpenny what that scoundrel of a boy was up to, when he chose to go against his father that rate.

He niver came home to me, an' I axed no questions of nobody; but on the Thursday it was, Mrs. Malony (his Riverence's housekeeper, a contrary fidget of an auld woman she is) stops me just as I was passing the door. "Oh, Mr. O'Moore," she cries, in that mincing way of hers, "what is this I hear about Johnny?" she says. "Father O'Hara will be fit to be tied," she says, "when he comes back from visiting His Holiness at Rome."

"What may ye have heard, ma'am?" says I. "For it's little I know or want to know about him."

"Oh," she says, throwing up her eyes like an auld hen in a fit, "oh, Mr. O'Moore, sir, do not ax me; I couldn't defile my tongue by speaking of it."

"Well, an' that happens to come right," says I, "for I don't want to hear. Though if you can reconcile it to your conscience to be keeping the thrut from his own father, it is surprised at ye I am, Mrs. Malony, an' that's all I have got to say."

Sure, it was just itching the auld girl was to tell me the bad news. "Is it possible you don't know, Mr. O'Moore?" she says. "Oh, dear,

how can I bring meself to discourse of such a scandal! It is the real saint we all thought Mr. Johnny, an' him so good in the choir, an' so regular at the Stations. Och, the shame of it!" she says. "Father O'Hara will be leppin' mad, he will! But there's little shame about either of them," she says, "going about that brazen, an' buying things together,—set up house they have as bold as man an' wife,—the like was niver seen hereabouts before!—set up house in that ruinacious auld cabin of Moriarty's, an' him not a week dead yet. And she, the dirty Protestant,—now if she'd been a Catholic itself! Och, it's a terrible visitation to the place, an' the remarks of the folks, an' the illusions, an' the jokes,—it's shocking altogether! Could not ye speak to your son, now?"

"Mrs. Malony," says I, an' I niver turned a hair, "he is no longer anny son of mine, an' I will thank ye to remember it. I have cast him off," I says; "he is no O'Moore, at all, at all, to be bringing disgrace upon the name of them that has been kings in the land. An' as for that other," says I, "I'm wondering how ye have the face to mintion her to me!" Wid that I made her an iligant bow an' left her.

Well, that was the cruel, hard time for me; and as if they'd given each other the word, sure everyone in the place had something to say to me about them, wonst it was out that I knew their goings on. This boy told me wan thing, an' that boy would tell another, till it is distracted I was; an' sure did not one up to me an' says he: "Ye'd better let them be married off at wonst," says he, "an' save the shame of it."

I struck him prostrate for that same, for as auld as I am. "I will let them go to hell together," says I.

If only Father O'Hara had been

back home, but it's visiting His Holiness in Rome he was, an' not expected for another week.

Sunday was the rale disgraceful day. On my entry into the chapel, before I could as much as kneel down, I hears a kind of stir in the place behind me, an' I sees all them rows of Roche girls nudging each other and tossing their heads; an' there was a kind of titter among the boys, an' auld Biddy Flannagan, the crathur, who always kneels in the middle just before the rails, where she can have a good view of his Rivirence an' plenty of room to be rocking herself about, looks over her shoulder an' snorts like an auld say-pig, an' rolls her eyes that wild-like I thought she was struck wid an apple-complex. An' then what should I see but my young gentleman marching up the chapel, an' Miss Moriarty, if ye plaze, along side of him in a bran new black gown, an' a white sun bonnet,—he looking neither to right nor left, an' she watching him with them saucer eyes that had done all the mischief. An' when he salutes the altar, she gives a little dip beside him, the heathen! He kneels down at the end of the bench an' she inside; an' in a minute or two out comes little Father Jo, the curate from town beyant, who says Mass of a Sunday when Father O'Hara is away; an' glad I was to see him, for the cheeks was burning off of me. When he done the Gospel, an' he had off wid his vestment, an' come to the altar-steps to read out the notices, an' everyone was quiet listening to what he was going to say, if the first things he lets out is not the banns of marriage between John O'Connell O'Moore of Moorestown in this parish an' Rosanna Moriarty of Mount Pleasant in the same! Begorrah, the whole place was swimming round wid me. Spacheless I was, an' all I could do was just to look at

them, thinking it 'ud be a wonder if the auld flags would not open and swalley them up.

Himself was sitting like a lamb, niver stirring hand nor foot, his eyes fixed rale pious on the alther, as if butther would not melt in his mouth; an' she, wid her sun-bonnet tumbled off them red curls of hers, as rosy over the impident face of her as ye plaze, wid a kind of dimple coming an' going on one side of her cheek that was just bursting wid smiles as anny one could see.

At sight of them I don't know what came over me, but I gives a kind of bawl, and ups on me feet. "Your Rivirence," says I, "I forbid them banns."

An' Father Jo, who was rambling on quite aisy, stops as if he had been shot. "What's that?" says he, very sharp,—you could have heard a pin drop.

But my blood was up, an' the whole place looking at me. "I forbid them banns," I says; "an' if your Rivirence wants to know about the impidiment, sure, there she is, an' sorra a bit of spiritual relation either, but a rale Orange heretic, an' not a bit of shame on her, the dirty stree, shamming prayer beside the poor boy she has deluded entirely,—an' her breaking all the Commandments this minute. She'll not wed him, I'll have her know it."

"This is very onseemly," says Father Jo, as pink as a babby to the roots of his hair; "I cannot have this disturbance in the chapel," he says.

"But your Rivirence," says I, "didn't ye give it out this minute? 'If anyone is aware,' says you, and sure—"

"Whisht!" says he; "this is scandalising behaviour."

"An' it is that same, yer Rivirence," says I, "but that's no fault of mine."

"Sit down," says he; "I'll see ye after Mass in the vestry."

An' Johnny niver a word out of him, but sitting there like a statue. I sees her cruddle up to him like a child, an' now an' agin she shoots a look at me out of her eyes that was swalleying up her face,—too big was they entirely; and what wid one thing an' another, I felt that mad, that it's not a prayer I said that day.

Well, I gives Father Jo a bit o' me mind in the vestry; but not a ha'porth of good could I get out of him.

"Ye must speak to Father O'Hara," says he, "for I cannot interfere."

An' when I got out of the chapel, och, to hear them all talking! "What's the meaning of her coming to chapel wid him, and her a Protestant?" says one. "Why it's converting her he is," says another, and wid that they were all fit to die wid laughing. An' didn't that scrawn of hell, black Mac, catch up the pair of them on the road, an' out wid some of his impidence, an' did not Johnny an' he have the grandest set-to that ever was seen in these parts, an' did not Johnny give him such a pair of black eyes that the folks do be talking about it still? The finest shindy ever they saw, they tell me; but sure, I could not be taking pleasure out of anything wid the shame of the world upon me.

Well, on Tuesday evening as I was sitting down to me bit of a supper, on the stroke of ten o'clock, who should come tearing in upon me but Father O'Hara himself. It is the holy show he was with the grime an' the smuts of the railway on the pale face of him, an' his long white hair hanging wild-like over his eyes. "What is this I hear," he says, widout as much as reaching me his hand, "what is this I hear about Johnny?" I was right glad to tell him the story, but when I had finished I thought he was going to murthur me entirely. Rale wicked,

he was, an' I as innercent as the babe unborn.

"You onnatural man," says he, "an' can ye sit there and tell me in cold blood that you have drove these unfort'nit children into sin? Och, God help us all," he cries, "that I should have come home to this! I have been among yez forty years come Christmas an' I have had the grief of the world over yez all, God knows," he says; "an' manny an' manny a time I have seen yez break our Divine Master's holy commandments; manny a time, my poor flock, I have had to weep over yez and for yez. I have seen yez fighting, an' injuring, an' cheating each other, an' seen yez in jail an' in throuble, an' known in me sorrowful soul that the sentence of the law was just. When we had that terrible murthur here," he went on, "'tis fifteen year ago now; on'y for the grace of God an' His powerful consolation an' the sight of the poor sinner's beautiful pinitence, sure I must have died of the agony in me heart, for it is the heart of a father I have to yez all. But niver," he says, "niver before in all the days I have been among yez have anny of my children fell into such sin as this. An' to think it should be the child of me predelection, little Johnny," he cries, his voice breaking wid the sorrow, "him that was my pride an' my joy, him that your sainted wife, Laurence O'Moore, laid in me arms wid her last dying effort! Oh, man," he goes on, turning on me again, "I hold you responsible before the throne of God for all the guilt that lies on the souls of that poor boy an' girl to-night."

An' not a bit of reason wud he hear from me. Priests an' women is that-a-way where the young folks is concerned; they do be forgetting the Fourth Commandment altogether. I could not pacify him at all, at all.

"Come wid me," he says, "come this minute, an' let us seek these childer. Not another night will I consent to let them stray widout the Fold. Come, Laurence," he says, "in the name of your God, I command you; come and repair in so far as His mercy will permit the cruel wrong you have done."

Nothing would serve him but I must set out wid him into the night beyant that very instant; an' on'y that I was afeared for his sake, on account of the state he was in, an' him such an auld man an' so frail, sure I had niver have demeaned meself by going a step.

But out he runs me, an' down the lane, an' across the village,—thanks to goodness there was none about—an' up the bit of bog to the shanty, where Johnny had set up wid his light of love. The moon burst out of the clouds; there was a soft wind blowing round us, an' his Rivirence's face shone as pale as death wid all the white locks round it, an' him skimming along like a hare, so that I was hard set to keep up wid him.

Well, we soon come in sight of Mount Pleasant; there it stood in the moonlight, wid the thatch falling off the roof, an' the mud of the walls crumbling away, the miserablest, most God-forsaken hole of a place I ever see. An' as I thought of my on'y son disgracing himself by coming down to such a residence, I could not help it, but I let a curse on the pair of them.

His Rivirence whisks round an' lifts his hand, an' then he clutches me with one hand by the arm, an' points wid the other. "See yonder," he says, wid a kind of strangled whisper; "see yonder, you sinful man," an' he pointed to a black heap lying in the shade of the hovel across the door; an' then he motioned me back, so stern

I durst not disobey him, an' himself went forward up to it.

"Johnny, my poor child," he says,—his voice was like a cooing dove's—"Johnny, my poor child, what are ye lying out there for?"

An' Johnny, for Johnny it was sleeping like a tramp on the bare turf, he up like a shot, an' rubbed his eyes, an' stared at Father O'Hara like wan daft.

"Oh your Rivirence," says he, reproachful like, "sure you would not have me lying widin wid the poor little girl, an' the holy words not spoken over us yet!"

An' his Rivirence he beat his hands together, and fell upon the fella's neck and sobbed aloud. "I thank God," he cries, "I thank God!"

"Father O'Hara, is it you?" cries Johnny, that surprised and as if he had just waked out of a dream. "Oh, father, we have wanted ye sore, an' it's the cruel time we have had, an' it's the cruel things that people have said of us, an' she as innocent as the flowers of the field. Sure she does not know what they do be meaning. My heart's been fit to break," he says.

An' then his Rivirence let a shout for me. "Come here," he says, "Laurence O'Moore, an' bless your good son, an' give praise to the Father above that kep him an' his bride from sin, when his earthly father would have driven them into it. Come here an' tell him that ye have seen the hardness of your heart, an' repented. Tell him that he an' the good little girl he has chosen for his wife will be welcome to your hearth. An' in the meantime," he says, "Rosanna shall come to my house, an' Johnny, me boy, it's meself will give the wedding-feast."

An' after that what could I do?

COUNTRY NOTES.

VI.—THE COMMON.

IN the treacherous sunshine of an October afternoon a keen wind nips round the corners of the crooked cottages, blowing the chaff and the straw in the Inn-yard, scattering the tree's last leaves, and stirring the quiet pond into a little sea. In the middle of the Common, a chaos of furniture is strewn about carelessly; chairs, oleographs, and crockery, a four-posted bed, a pale-faced clock, a gruesome shepherdess, mattresses, tin kettles, a towel-horse, bead-mats, looking-glasses, fire-irons, three-legged tables, oilcloth, and, suspended on the towel-horse, a very old piece of what may once have been a Brussels carpet, worn by the tramp of many simple feet, and blowing about carelessly in the sharp air. There are groups of people gathered round these objects, little knots of old men grunting and smoking, vivacious matrons in aprons and without hats. The cottage-doors are all open, and the hens and donkeys look surprised and hurt at finding themselves temporarily ousted from their usual happy hunting-ground among the gorse-bushes. A waggon stands at the Inn-door laden with every description of simple furniture, from the top of which Mollie, very well wrapped-up, stoops to exchange what she would call the time of day with a highly complimentary ostler. There are children everywhere,—children inured to the cold winds and poor food, brown-legged, sturdy, and stolid, who have not a single particle of the sharpness of the London child, but only a cool, slow sense which is going to

stand them in much better stead some day. A baby is sleeping tranquilly with its infant head luxuriously resting on a grate. Everyone else is as excited as the rustic mind can be excited, and as bustling as it is possible persons should be who reach nearly always the four-score years of the Psalmist, and who have nothing to do in the time but to be born, marry, bear children, and die not more quietly than they have lived.

To-day is in fact Old Michaelmas Day, which means (because your English rustic is the most conservative man on the earth) that, in spite of calendars which nobody sees, and the decrees of Government which nobody cares about, the flittings, or the house-movings, always take place on this day, just as they took place on it in the time of these men's forefathers. The old Clerk, who is the centre of the knot of gaffers, takes his pipe from his mouth, to observe perfunctorily, but not without a touch of just pride, that this is the twenty-eighth house he'll have lived in (and all of 'em in the parish, he adds in parenthesis,) and if he's spared by t'Almighty he 'ud be glad if any one could tell him why he shouldn't see his twenty-ninth next year. An elderly gentleman, seated on someone else's mattress and thoughtfully shaking on to it the ashes of his pipe, says "Bray-vo Dicky," vaguely feeling Dick to be in some sort a hero; and adds on his own account that *his* sentiments is, that you get that tired of your own draughts and the way your

own chimbley smokes that to see how other people's does, is a bit of a change like. A girl, who has been talking rather vivaciously to another woman near, and who has her fair hair blown over her bright face by the wind, comes up at the moment to claim her mattress, and says cheerfully that *she's* only changing into next door because the rent's eightpence cheaper and she do hear that the rain don't come in so bad. She goes on answering questions, as she and old Dick tie up the mattress into something like a portable parcel, and says that she sent the children to school all the same (though they did have the mumps, to be sure,) because she couldn't manage to keep them at home. She is not yet three and twenty, and not yet perhaps free from the natural desires of her vigorous womanhood for a different home and children some day of her own; yet she accepts quite cheerfully her fate, which is to support the half-dozen little step-brothers and sisters who have no one but her left to look to in the world. After Dick and the elderly person (because the age of chivalry is not yet dead among a simple people) have taken the mattress into Nannie's new cottage, Nannie picks up the baby (who has been asleep in the grate) and carries him towards the house crowing and laughing at him, and then (because he is rather short-tempered in consequence of his being perforce nourished principally on green apples and captain's biscuits) hushing him finely upon her broad breast. The knot of men can see her presently through the open window of her new home nailing down a piece of carpet and singing quite cheerfully and unmusically to calm the baby's wrath; but when one of them (who might, perhaps, in different circumstances have married Nannie) strolls up with his pipe in his mouth to have a word with her, Nannie looks up

rather flushed from her occupation to say that she's that busy, John, as you must find sum'un else to talk to, and then goes on very steadily with her hammering and her singing as before.

The people outside to whom John returns (rather sheepishly somehow) are talkative enough. Everybody is moving house, it appears,—some persons under the agreeable delusion that the neighbour's floors will let in less water than their own; some apathetically, for no sort of reason and under no delusions at all; and a very large majority because, in a country place where there are so few excitements, it wouldn't do to miss any of them. In one corner there is a comparatively brisk exchange and mart going on,—an old man bartering a specious chair which cannot be sat on for a Dutch clock which will not go, and a rosy-cheeked girl, with a black shawl round her head and the wind blowing about her skirts, renouncing an encouraging oleograph of the Flood for a very small looking-glass with a very large crack across its face. Old Sally (who is a long sight too clever to be allus a-changing her house like t'other fools, she says,) sits with a good deal of comfort in the middle of the group on some one else's chair, lights a pipe under her old shawl and regards the proceedings around her with an eye perfectly shrewd, good-humoured, contemptuous, and cynical. She encourages a rustic David who for a very small *honorarium* (which he speaks of as "the price of a pot o' ale") is trying to sort the furniture a little and remove it to its right destinations, by addressing him as one o' them loons as make a lot o' fuss and don't do nothink; and when he suggests that he shall begin work by taking Sally's seat into its owner's house, Sally replies with perfect coolness, and puffing contentedly at the pipe, that he'd better for sure, and

take her on it too. Not far from her (she turns her clever old face to watch them for a minute) two little shock-headed boys play with an old sauce-pan with that complete delight in the present and carelessness for the future (they have not the slightest idea what roof, or if any roof, will cover them to-night) which makes a child for ever the best blessing of an anxious world.

A rickety cart drives into the Inn-yard behind them in a minute or two with a particularly gruff and laconic driver up in front and a very old couple (t'old Malletts, says someone), seated very close together at the back. It waits there while the driver refreshes himself, and some of the men on the Common bid the old people good day, and relapse into a rather strained sort of silence. This couple, in fact, are not going from a home to a home as other people are, but from a home to the House. They have struggled to keep out of it,—how long, God knows. They have clung (the woman especially, perhaps because her husband is many years her senior and has some of that apathy which is Heaven's blessing to the very old) to their little household-gods, the dreadful stuffed parrot, the grandfather-clock, and the little pictures of their long dead children done in the melancholy early days of photography. As the cart moves off again, going slowly down the bare road (the laconic driver briefly cursing the horse under his breath) past the Shop, the old Church, the White House red with dying leaves, and the Vicarage hidden by autumnal trees, the woman, whose rheumatic old hand rests upon her husband's knee, turns once to look back, as it were, for the last time upon the life she has left behind her. And some hard-fisted matron, who has been moving her property into the house next to Nannie's unaided, and who remembers t'old Malletts

as well to do as you nor me (which might indeed appear quite a doubtful sort of prosperity to some people) shakes her small Ned viciously (he has been playing marbles in perfect innocence on the Common) merely to relieve her feelings.

The thrifty Polly Tuck comes upon the scene at this moment, enterprisingly endeavouring to exchange a frying-pan with a large hole in it for a frying-pan with no hole at all, and saying with a great deal of brisk sense that *she* ain't going to have her furnitur' spoilt by changing it about from place to place, and if the brick floor she have now *do* let in water, why she makes Tuck cement up the holes when he comes in from work and make hisself useful that way. She goes off to look for Tuck in the Inn (where he is not, because he dare not be,) and then comes back to the Common to observe (with that subtle satisfaction always afforded by other persons' mistakes) the futile way in which most of the matrons go about their house-moving, and their innate stupidity in not working the few available husbands of the occasion twice as hard.

The business of the flitting is indeed by now pretty well advanced. The chests of drawers, tables, and other large objects (except the grandfatherly chair on which Sally still sits and smokes serenely) as well as all the oil-cloth and hearth-mats, have been removed from the Common to their various destinations. Nannie has got down her carpet, and one old gaffer may be observed seated very contentedly in his new kitchen, amid an awful confusion of objects, taking snuff and warming his old feet at a cheery fire made of those articles of his furniture which have fallen to pieces on the journey. Another old gentleman (who has gone into the cottage which most conveniently and

immediately adjoins the Inn) may be seen through his window nailing up upside down a pleasant print of the execution of Charles the First and saying to a matron outside (with his mouth full of nails and his hammer pointing at his bed-ridden wife in the corner) that *she* was took that bad, she was, in getting here that he almost put her down at the churchyard for good and all to save trouble; while the poor wife in the corner, far from resenting this remark, takes her alleged nearness to death as a comfortable compliment, and looks at her husband (who has been uncouth of speech and tender of heart all his life) now sticking up the memorial cards of deceased relatives ("to make the place look a bit cheerful afore we go to bed") with very kindly eyes.

Little Ben from the Shop, still in his white apron and with an air abnormally professional, joins the lessening group on the Common about this time (it is half-past four o'clock and a windy sun-setting) and recommends a patent draught-excluder, "what we have up at our place at thrupence the yard," only to be severely snubbed by a stout and outspoken old lady, who looks up rather apoplectic in complexion from a wrestle with a bundle of fire-irons to observe, "If there's any gal what can't stop up all the draughts as iver I heerd on with her flannel petticoat, she must be a ninny," and resumes her occupation. The old Doctor from the country town (he belongs to a simple age long prior to vagaries like antitoxins and serums and is actually believed to trust more to Providence than to himself,) comes along the straight road at this minute in his crazy phaeton with his reins lying comfortably on old Dobbin's back. He pulls up leisurely in front of the group on the Common, sociably tickles the legs of little marble-playing Ned

with his whip, asks what kind of flitting it's been, and is about to drive on in accordance with Dobbin's mildly expressed desire, when outspoken Eliza puts her old hand on the reins to say as *she's* been to see t'other chap (which means the other doctor, and makes his rival chuckle a little), and "*He* say, he do, as he don't give me a year, and as I've got no inside left." On which Eliza's former medical adviser, replying cheerfully that he wishes he could say the same thing of himself (and no doubt bearing her secession the more equably in that she is renowned for giving the profession more trouble and paying it fewer fees than any other old woman on record), shakes the reins a little and drives up to the squalid farm near the cottages, where a girl is flitting fast to a wider home. He sits by her for a while, perplexing his kind old heart a little perhaps with the problem of her poor life (she has been for many years a very patient sufferer for other people's sins) and watching, without seeing them, through the narrow window, Dobbin tethered to the gate, the thinning groups on the Common, the stormy sunset, and a faintly coming moon. And though his patient stirs once a little to say, "Ain't it moving-day, Doctor?"—and, again, "Feyther says as *he* can't never move with the likes o' me," before even he, thinking still, has driven away at the old horse's ambling trot, she has made a greater move,—for ever.

It is getting almost too dark now to see on the Common and the heaps of furniture are growing beautifully less. A neglected old dog sniffs about among them in vain hopes of a bone. Bessie, herself not more than a child, and with a couple of smaller children clinging to her forlorn skirts, comes out to look round, by way, as it were, of not being altogether left

out of the day's excitements. "You ain't changing, air you Bessie?" asks old Dick. "No," she answers in a helpless sort of tone, calls to the dog (which is not hers but which has some subtle sympathy perhaps with this other uncared-for creature), and drags homewards again slowly with one of the children toddling and crying unheeded at her side. Dick himself saying "Good-night, mate," in a general farewell to his companions, goes meditatively towards his cottage, a warm point of light in the blustery evening. The other men exchange a few inevitably laconic and critical remarks on Dick's character, before they disperse. Ben, still white-aproned and important, takes the road to the Shop. An old figure carries off the white-faced grandfatherly clock that won't go, and a very small girl, the red sky dying her poor frock gorgeously, drags the grate after her homewards. Sally, feeling the evening air cool, at last extinguishes her pipe with great leisureliness, and vacates the other person's chair. The hard-fisted matron hauls little Ned from his marbles and introduces him into his new home by the scruff of his neck. Outspoken Eliza, with the wind blowing her shawl about her rotund and determined person, wrestles again with the fire-irons, in spite of her absence of inside, and, this time, not in vain. Polly goes home cheerfully with her sound saucepan. An awful female voice summons a lingering couple of children into a cottage hard by. In her new home the bedridden wife has gone to sleep very quietly with her old husband going about the room on tip-toe, with a hammer in one hand and an almanac revealing

a pink-faced Prince of Wales in a Highland costume in the other. Nannie, who is well advanced in her arrangements, has put a bevy of little brothers and sisters to bed up-stairs, and is sitting by a very little fire in her new disordered kitchen with the baby quiet on her lap and some dream creeping, just for a minute and in spite of her strong self, into her eyes. The John, who might have been Nannie's John, is exchanging a little badinage over his new gate with a coy new neighbour. The old bachelor puts another chair-leg on his fire and goes to sleep by it. In their new House the old Malletts begin too their new world. The neglected dog has straggled to Bessie's kitchen and is asleep there, with one of Bessie's babies cradled against his shaggy coat and Bessie's poor hand, with that fellow-feeling for him in her worn heart, now and then stroking his head. Beyond a little rubbish consisting of a broken coal-scuttle, a couple of sacks, and a litter of wood, the Common is much as it was before the flittings began. The moon becomes bolder and the yellow of the sunset fades. The donkeys and chickens return cautiously to their preserves. A little voice cries a little in one of the cottages, and leaning by the opened doorway, the soft-faced mother hushes it against her breast. The latest bird pipes evensong. An unseen hand draws down a white blind over the window of that narrow room in the farm, while from Nannie's the light of a lamp shines out suddenly and steadily. Quietness settles down upon the land,—and the flittings are over.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

THE SIEGE OF DENBIGH.

(A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.)

That vast dominion, t' which were once assigned
 Noe bounds, but Neptune's waves, is now confined
 Within thy walls, brave fortresse ! which must bee
 Well styled the palace of Dame Loyaltie.

Hould out brave Denbigh that just fame,
 That after times may historize thy name,
 When this thy glorious epithet shall bee,
 Denbigh that saved England's monarchie.

FEW scenes I know of can equal the prospect from one or other of those numerous bold peaks which so effectually shelter the Vale of Clwyd from the east wind. From almost any of them you may see, spread out beneath you in most striking and satisfying completeness, this famous region all aglow with the richness and verdure that since time was has marked it as the garden of North Wales.

A wide wedge, it seems from here, of smooth and gracious and ornate fertility, thrust from the coast into the very heart of that tossing sea of hill and mountain which stretches upon all sides of it to the farthest limit of vision. The vale may be four miles across, and some five and twenty in length ; nor is there in its course any crook or bend, nor do the sea-breezes, surging inland, take any twist or turn, but beat full upon the crags of Eyarth which form its uttermost boundary. Across the valley, in striking contrast to its abundant and peaceful life, stretch the tremendous solitudes of the Hiraethog tableland. Upon the horizon the mountains of Carnarvon and Merioneth lift high to heaven their forty miles of rugged crests, while northward gleams the

shining surface of the Irish Sea. By any one whose sympathies range beyond the mere charm of landscape there is infinite satisfaction to be gathered here ; for as the eye travels inland from the coast, it is continually arrested by some outstanding landmark that has played in other days a much more than local part.

First there is Rhuddlan far away upon the sea-line, whose red ruins would be still more conspicuous if it were not for the load of ivy which covers their slow decay. Next, upon the high ridge at whose point the Clwyd and the Elwy mingle their waters, the sturdy tower of St. Asaph's old cathedral catches the sun, not in itself a grand fabric, it is true, but nevertheless occupying a site that has played as great a part, and certainly a stormier one, than that covered by many more splendid fanes. A few miles higher up, on a hill yet bolder and loftier than St. Asaph's and beneath a blue veil of smoke, the town of Denbigh clusters round its ancient keep. The towers and walls, which Edward the First here raised upon "the craggy hill in Rhos" for Henry de Lacy and his Anglo-Norman followers, still make a brave show.

Southward yet, only less proudly placed than Denbigh and not much less rich in story, Ruthin Castle dominates the extremity of the vale, recalling the sister colony, the long oppression of the Greys, and the vengeance of Glyndwr.

"As rich as Dyffryn Clwyd," says the Welsh farmer, even to the furthest ends of Carnarvon or Montgomery, when he wishes to praise some particular tract of pasture or cornland. Seldom, declared Dr. Johnson, had he seen so many elegant mansions within so small a radius as in the Vale of Clwyd. Mrs. Thrale, it will be remembered, was a Salusbury, the most ancient and distinguished family of that country, and the worthy Doctor's mild adventures among the Denbigh squires belong, I presume, to classic literature. The standard of rural architecture has no doubt altered considerably since the Doctor's day, but from the point upon which we are in fancy standing the amount of contiguous parkland, sprinkled with the remains of those ancient forests which flourished here till the Wars of the Roses, is even yet remarkable. Many a stream, looking from this great height like a silver thread, goes coursing through the rich lowland; nor do they there lapse, as might be expected, into reedy sluggishness, for they are not born amid haunts of coot and hern, but among wild uplands for the most part, where the silence is only broken by their own voice upon the rocks, the crow of a cock-grouse, or the plaintive trill of some nesting curlew. Thus even the Vale of Clwyd, with all its flatness and its richness, is still truly Welsh and musical with the sound of many hill-born streams. The trout leaps among its meadows and the salmon travels past its cornfields and water-wheels, and under its ivy-covered bridges, to black pools far off among

the mountains that he too often finds are neither so snug nor, unhappily, so safe for domestic purposes as his instinct had painted them.

It is of Denbigh town and castle, however, that I wish chiefly to speak in this paper, and to justify, if I can, the claims, it seems to me, to have upon the attention of the reader. Like Conway and Carnarvon, Denbigh was built, or rather, to be exact, rebuilt, under Edward the First by the original grantee Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln. We may well believe that he had the assistance of the famous architect De Elfreton, who was just then completing the two masterpieces aforesaid that have been the delight of so many generations. Like Conway and Carnarvon, Denbigh was surrounded by a walled town, and originally peopled by adventurers who lived not merely under the protection of the castle, but of those trade-privileges which made the position of a garrison, in what was practically a foreign and certainly an unfriendly country, more profitable even than it was invidious. Unlike those of the sea-coast towns, however, the Anglo-Norman settlers of Denbigh spread far out over the rich country round. In the former, strong, in fact all powerful, as they once were within the walls, their names have with scarcely an exception long since died out. But in the Vale of Clwyd a large proportion of the landed families, even so late as the last century, bore the Anglo-Norman names that filled the earliest burgess-rolls of Denbigh and Ruthin. Great havoc, it is true, has been made with them since the burly form of the great lexicographer rolled about their parlours. Though Thelwalls, Salusburys, Peakes, Dryhursts, Ashpools, Pigots, Dolbens, and many more have lapsed by name, there are still Heatons, Foulkes, Chambres and

a few others surviving from the ancient colony. For something of a parallel to this we must look across the Irish Channel; not to the castles, granges and forts whose inharmonious names so frequently commemorate the early fortunes of Cromwell's or William's settlers, but to the earlier invaders rather, the men that followed the Geraldines, Butlers, and De Burghs. If these Anglo-Cambrians did not, like the others, become more Welsh than the Welsh themselves, by the Tudor period they had become at least as much so.

But the achievement Denbigh most prides itself upon is somewhat enigmatically suggested in the lines with which I have headed this paper; and I should perhaps explain that the quaint and sanguine heroics of this old Royalist are meant to celebrate the fact that the capital of the Vale of Clwyd was the last spot in England or Wales to hold out for the King against the Parliament. Colonel William Salusbury was the chief hero of the siege of Denbigh, and no more fitting name, as has been already intimated, could be found in the whole country-side to figure in such a proud position. For the Salusburies alone of all the Anglo-Norman families in the Vale preceded both the Conquest and the castles, and have been quite the most illustrious.

Before coming to Denbigh's part in the Civil War, however, I must crave leave to say a few words about the state of North Wales at the opening of that memorable struggle. The royal castles, after two hundred years of peace, had by this time all fallen more or less into decay and become uninhabitable; and it is curious to note them busy once more with a stir and din of arms such as had not been heard since the Wars of the Roses, when desolation had been spread far and wide throughout

North Wales. "In the vales of the Clwyd and the Conway," says the precious chronicle of Sir John Wynne of Gwydir, "every door was aflame, every house burned to cold coals." Denbigh and other towns had been totally destroyed, though this was perhaps not so serious a matter in those days. At any rate by the time of Elizabeth it had again become one of the most flourishing towns in the Principality; "Nor," writes Sir John, "was there a Barony in England that had more gentlemen holding therefrom."

The favourite Leicester was inflicted on the inhabitants for some years, and his unbounded avarice made his reign there for long a bitter memory. Even his royal mistress lost patience with his proceedings, and a pretty scene is preserved to us, in which the great Queen is represented as literally dancing across the room in her rage and swearing, as we know she sometimes did, like a trooper.

When the war broke out the Welsh gentry, with their Celtic sentiments and conservative traditions, were almost unanimous for the King. But there were some notable exceptions, and the Parliamentary party found leaders even in Wales. Colonel Jones, who married Cromwell's sister and is numbered among the Regicides, was one of them; and his rude stone manor house of Maesygarnedd still shelters travellers through the savage passes of the Rhinog mountains.

Another was Sir Thomas Myddelton of Chirk, who combined great wealth with high social position, and was of a Denbighshire stock, only second perhaps to that of Salusbury. His father, however, had gone to London, made a fortune, become Lord Mayor, and purchased the old feudal barony on the Ceiriog, where his descendants dwell to this day in a historic castle filled with treasures of the past.

Chief of all, however, was Mytton of Halston, actually a Shropshire squire, but of a Vale of Clwyd colonial family. He was ancestor of that Jack Mytton of Halston and Dinas Mawddy who has won a spurious immortality by the eccentricities which distinguished a lamentably misspent life and the squandering of a great fortune. The fame which still preserves the memory of Cromwell's general is haply of a more deserved kind, though perhaps no Welshman of his day was more bitterly cursed. None, at any rate, were more busy and active than he throughout North Wales and the Marches. It was the increasing strength of his party in those regions that by 1643 caused all loyal eyes to be turned on Denbigh, as the stronghold which must ultimately be relied upon to stem the tide.

It was at this crisis that William Salusbury was commissioned by letters patent from the King to take command of the town and castle. The latter was entirely unprepared to accommodate a garrison, and the din of preparation under Old Blue-Stockings, as the townsmen called their energetic governor, sounded for weeks upon the rocky hill in Rhos. Hard by Ruthin was breathing defiance from behind as strong walls as any in Wales; and even old Rhuddlan, which had sheltered so many kings, was preparing to make a stout fight for this one. From the dark vaults and dilapidated state-rooms of Carnarvon, Beaumaris, and Conway workmen were driving the bats and owls that had so long been their sole tenants. No less a person than the Archbishop of York, exchanging his crozier for a sword, and as a Williams of Penrhyn and Cochwillan rather than as a high ecclesiastic, took command of Conway, a town that even at this day might well stand for

an illustration out of Froissart's Chronicles.

The first passage, however, between the combatants that took place at Denbigh was one of words, not of arms; and the incident is perhaps worth recalling as an example of the cleavage between friends and kinsmen and of their attitudes towards each other at that unhappy time.

Sir Thomas Myddelton, as I have said, was in arms for the Parliament. He had lately been occupied in the unpalatable task of pounding the walls of his own castle of Chirk, behind which the Royalists, having ejected the rightful owner, were firmly established. "Sir Thomas," says a contemporary letter, "is extreme melancholy since his last entertainment at his own house at Chirk Castle, where his chief engineer's brains were dashed out by a stone from the walls." A devout lady of the Roundhead persuasion even went so far as to compose a prayer suitable to the occasion, which has haply been preserved to us: "Oh hear us Good Lord!" runs this precious composition, "how long art Thou deaf? Why didst Thou suffer Thy servant Tobias to perish? [Tobias was the engineer]. Curse them, oh Lord, and cursed be that creature which was the cause of Tobias's death! Why didst Thou suffer that castle which was the seat of holiness to be possessed with profaneness and popery? Oh curse with an heavy curse the Great Devil of Shrewardine [Sir W. Vaughan] what doth torment Thy children, and let all the righteous and holy say *Amen!*"

The particular incident, however, with which Denbigh is at this period connected, is a somewhat premature summons to surrender sent by Myddelton to Salusbury. The two were old friends, kinsmen, and playfellows, and the Parliamentary leader, emphasising this, urges the other to deliver

up the castle and "prove himself a patriot and preserver of his country," signing himself "Your old true friend and kinsman." Salusbury, struggling to stifle his indignation, replies in sufficiently warm language, that to betray so great a trust as Denbigh would be abominable, and that life would be shorn of all further attraction if he should cease to be loyal to his master. Indeed he would never again account a man his friend who would suggest such a thing. Still he remains "Your true friend, so far as truth and loyalty will give me leave."

This, after all, was merely a demonstration. Salusbury had ample time to put Denbigh in a thorough state of defence, for it was not till the next year, 1644, after Naseby and Marston Moor had been lost, that the tide of battle set seriously towards the Welsh Marches. Then along the roads and lanes of the Vale of Clwyd went the tramp of hurrying feet, the jolting of waggons, the ambling of pack-horses. The small stone manor-houses of Tudor fashion that then thickly sprinkled the country could not be moved from the path of the accursed Roundhead; but their contents, their jewels and valuables, the Denbigh squires were determined to put out of reach of the psalm-singing marauders; and in the capacious depths of the castle towers Salusbury offered storage-room to all who asked it. Preparations also were made to transfer their families at the first sign of danger, and accommodation of the most cramped description within the town walls soon came into brisk demand. A considerable concourse indeed was already there: professional soldiers, cut off from their commands by the fortunes of war; clergymen driven from their benefices by force or conscience; refugees from distant garrisons that had marched out with honour; and, chief of all perhaps, the

loyal gentry of the neighbourhood who had enrolled for the King's service.

The castle itself, perched, as I have said, upon the crown of a rocky eminence, stands nearly five hundred feet above the plain below. From over its gateway the battered effigy of De Lacy still looks out towards the towers of Rhuddlan, the source in his day of feudal power and the fountain of all authority. Immediately beneath, and around the citadel, clustered the old town, the whole being encircled by massive walls materially strengthened by natural escarpments of precipitous rock. Below again, where the pleasantest inland town in North Wales now climbs up either side of a steep and wide street, stood in those days some scattered unprotected suburbs. From the castle towers, now packed with the valuables of half the county and provisions for two years the defenders, a numerous, efficient, and enthusiastic band, seemed justified in confidently awaiting any efforts of the enemy to dislodge them.

It was not, however, till Chester was hard pressed and the battle of Rowton Heath lost, that blood actually began to flow in the Vale of Clwyd. On September 25th, in this year 1645, the King himself arrived at Denbigh, leaving it two days afterwards on that circuitous route which eventually landed him in the hands of the Scotch. A great effort to relieve Chester, made by Sir William Vaughan (the great Devil of Shrewardine) with three thousand Welshmen, brought Denbigh for the first time within the zone of fire. Vaughan halted beneath the town, the road to Chester lying through a gorge in the Clwydian mountains. Mytton, however, was too quick for him and appeared suddenly in his front with a superior force. The two armies joined issue at once in full view of the spectators who

crowded the walls of the town and castle. The result was disastrous to the Royalists. Mytton's men were chiefly Londoners, those cockney battalions that had so effectually quashed the incipient ridicule of their enemies at Newbury and other bloody fields. Vaughan's ill-disciplined Welshmen were hopelessly beaten. Their infantry fell back within the sheltering walls of the town; but their cavalry were hunted for miles through the hilly country that stretches towards the Conway, the Roundheads pounding them with flying artillery, and skirmishing for two days and nights in lonely glens that had certainly never before been shaken by the sound of cannon. Six and eight pound shot, turned up by the plough, are still treasured in remote villages with fearsome names, and many a country church-yard bears brief evidence to the thoroughness of the pursuit.

It was in this autumn of 1645 that the troops of the Parliament began to invest Denbigh. In spite of the loyal ardour of those actually within its walls, one gets a glimpse of the cooling enthusiasm of North Wales generally, in a petition signed by five-and-twenty landowners of Carnarvon, Merioneth, and Anglesey. It complains bitterly of the cattle-trade with England being wholly stopped, of stock and provisions being seized for his Majesty's use, and suggests unmistakably that loyalty is being paid for at too high a price. William Salusbury, however, cared for none of these things, nor was he in any way dismayed as the net was being drawn closer round him, the weaker posts in the neighbourhood captured, and Mytton enabled to turn his almost undivided attentions to Denbigh.

Mytton also was an old friend of the Governor, and he, too, prefaced his artillery-fire by appeals to their

personal friendship. He assured Salusbury that the King had no army worth mentioning left in the field, and begged him to remember his country, his own safety, and that of his posterity. "If you please to make use of me to make your peace," said he, "rest assured you shall enjoy the best endeavour of your old friend and humble servant, Thos. Mytton."

Old Blue-Stockings answered instantly and warmly that he knew nothing for which he required forgiveness unless loyalty to the King was a crime. "Having received this house of the King not only by hand and seal, but by word of mouth," he declared he would hold it to the last extremity: "So I rest your poor kinsman and old playfellow to serve you."

Hereupon Mytton, having vainly tried to carry the place by assault, sat himself down in the meadows below to the much more promising task of starving out this nest of the malignants. His force amounted to four thousand men, and having been some six months in the neighbourhood had eaten the country almost bare. Money too was short in the Parliamentary coffers, and some of his men, he naïvely complains, are most unreasonable if they do not get their pay, particularly those from Lancashire.

In what is known as the Goblin, or Bloody Tower, lay the well, and great efforts were made to injure this, mounds and stages being built for the guns, that their fire should strike the masonry at a less oblique angle than the natural contour of the ground made otherwise necessary.

But it was not to be supposed that, however great the company of the besiegers, so goodly a collection of the scions of the three royal and fifteen noble tribes of North Wales, and of De Lacy's Normans, would be content to stand behind walls and be shot

at for six months without striking a blow. Many a gallant sally was made, and many a fierce fight fought in the suburbs without the wall and in the meadows towards Whitchurch and Llanrhaiadr. Yet once more Mytton wrote to Salusbury, urging him to stop the effusion of Christian blood, and pointing out that the estates of himself and his friend, if not their heads, would have eventually to pay for it. Salusbury, however, was quite beyond such arguments, and with a fine old-fashioned loyalty reiterated his promise to his master to hold the place till released from the obligation by royal command. "This Governor," says the Roundhead correspondence of the time, "is a very wilfull man. There are many gentry with him and riches. Their hearts are as the foundation of the castle itself, being of unpierceable rock."

So the two old friends and kinsmen set to work again, till at length the damage done by the artillery, the constant fighting outside the walls, and, worst of all, the impressment of everything needed by the two armies, began to weary even the loyal hearts among the burghers themselves. A petition signed by forty-seven of them was now addressed to Salusbury begging him to surrender the castle and put an end to their misery. It pointed out the number of men of unimpeachable valour who had surrendered other strongholds when resistance was no longer of service to the cause, and declared that, if he refused to do so, thousands of helpless people would for ever hold his once honoured name in bitter remembrance. The petition was presented by Simon Thelwall, his cousin.

The peppery old Governor was greatly incensed. He had devoted his own large estates to the party without a murmur, and in a document abruptly commencing "Cousin Thel-

wall," he replied with much contemptuous sarcasm, concluding with the remark that the word *King* was not once mentioned in their communication.

Twice more that summer General Mytton appealed to the stubborn Governor, out of regard for their ancient friendship, to consider the madness of further resistance; reminding him on the second occasion that the powerful castles of Carnarvon and Beaumaris in his rear had already surrendered. But the walls of Denbigh themselves were not more adamant than the fortitude of this stout Cavalier. It did not concern him in the least, he replied, what Carnarvon, Beaumaris, or the whole island of Anglesey had done; that was a matter between them and their consciences. He seemed somewhat touched, however, by his kinsman's genuine solicitude for him, and went so far as to say that, if surrender should unhappily become inevitable, he would sooner yield to Mytton than to any other Roundhead. Then, as if he had melted over much, he concludes: "But give me leave to tell you that the addition of new forces, be the consequence what it will, will but add to my honour, which is all I have left to care for. So I rest and so I am. There is a God that judgeth the earth."

In one of the many skirmishes that took place below the town occurred an incident worth noting. It so happened that from one of these encounters a Captain Wynne was brought back to the castle to die of his wounds. This young man was a grandson of Maurice Wynne of Gwydir and Catherine of Beraine, cousin to Queen Elizabeth and the most celebrated Welsh lady of that, or perhaps of any time. She had four husbands, the second and third proposing to her as she went and returned from the

funeral of her first. This sounds like a conundrum, but it is nothing of the kind. The lady accepted them both, giving the third a reversion, so to speak, on the life of the second. She eventually married and buried both in due order, to say nothing of yet another, Mr. Thelwall. Her descendants are so numerous among the gentry of the Principality that she is popularly known as Mam Cymru, or the Mother of Wales. But this is a digression. Young Wynne, as I have said, died of his wounds and expressed a desire to be buried in Llanrhaiadr churchyard, three miles from Denbigh beyond the enemies' lines. Of the negotiations we know nothing, but we do know that hostilities temporarily ceased, as the funeral train advanced along the road from the town to the bridge over the Ystryd; that the soldiers, who accompanied the bier, there halted, and, firing three volleys over it, delivered the body to a company of the enemy, who bore it reverently to the churchyard at Llanrhaiadr, where, with three more volleys from Roundhead muskets, it was consigned to a grave that is still marked by a stone slab on whose much-worn surface the inscription is still just legible.

While Denbigh through the summer of 1646, the hottest then on record, is suffering from disease, scarcity of water, and every horror of a siege except lack of actual food, I would ask permission to say something of another stout Welsh squire who immortalised himself by devotion to the King, namely, Sir John Owen of Clenenau.

We left Conway, it may be remembered, in the hands of Williams, the militant Archbishop of York, who, under the commission of the King and with promise of repayment, had put the town and castle in a state of defence; and to the vaults of the latter, as at Denbigh, the valuables of the neighbourhood had been entrusted.

In course of time a military governor was appointed over the town of Conway, no less a person than this same Sir John Owen, whose exploits in the field, if not upon a large scale, had been sufficiently energetic. The Archbishop, however, still claimed to rule over the castle, holding it, in some sort, as a pledge for the money he had advanced. This dual authority of a hot-headed cleric and a hot-headed soldier was not promising. Prince Rupert very soon recognised this, and Sir John was still more interested in coming to the same opinion. To be brief, they decided that, with or without the King's leave, the cleric must go. The latter indignantly refused; but Sir John, who was a man of deeds rather than of words, settled the matter by seizing the castle and summarily ejecting the poor prelate and his faction.

According to Williams, who wrote piteous letters of complaint to the King, Sir John added insult to injury by forcibly detaining the Bishop's little luxuries. He would not even send him enough of his own wine, "being sick, to make him some caudles, or even a little stale beer to make him possets, which the whole country conceived very barbarous." It was certainly very unpolitic of Sir John, and he paid for it. For when General Mytton, in this same summer of 1646, found an opportunity for crossing to Conway with a flying column, he encountered the Archbishop brooding over his grievances in the neighbourhood among his relations.

The wily prelate now saw his way to serve two masters and pay out one enemy. He made overtures to Mytton and suggested that, if the General would guarantee the safety of all the property in the tower and castle, he would assist him to capture the former. Mytton jumped at the offer, and a bargain was struck. The

Archbishop raised all his friends and retainers in the neighbourhood, and joining his forces to Mytton's, they carried the town by assault, his Grace himself being foremost in the fray and getting a wound in the neck. All the Irishmen found in the place were tied back to back in pairs and flung into the Conway, and everybody was happy, except doubtless Sir John up in the castle. The latter surrendered a few weeks afterwards, and Mytton, faithfully observing his promise to the Archbishop, delivered up all the valuables found therein to their owners. Thus the Archbishop came triumphantly out of the affair and of the war; nearly everyone had cause to bless him, except Sir John and the Irishmen at the bottom of the Conway. The cavalier gentry recovered their valuables, the citizens of Conway were relieved from a state of siege they were heartily sick of; while the Parliament was so pleased with its tardy ally that he was restored to all his privileges.

Poor Sir John, however, would not let well alone. After the whole of North Wales had submitted he raised a fresh body of men upon his own account, and took the field only to be captured at Carnarvon and sent prisoner to Denbigh. Here an attempt to surprise the castle in 1648 by sixty local cavaliers was attributed to Sir John's incurable malignancy, and he eventually found himself in London, arraigned upon trial for his life before the High Court of Justice. He was in good company, however, for the four other prisoners were the Duke of Hamilton and Lords Holland, Norwich, and Capel. Guizot waxes pathetic over the scene. "Sir John Owen," he writes, "was a simple Welsh gentleman, honest and courageous without any thought of ambition or personal advantage; an obscure martyr of the cause he had

embraced and utterly unconscious that there was any merit in his devotedness." The entire royalist party, the historian goes on to say, seemed represented and arraigned in the persons of these five men. When Bradshaw pronounced the sentence of death, Sir John Owen made a low bow to the court. On being asked what he meant by this, he replied that it was a very great honour for a poor gentleman of Wales to lose his head with such noble lords, and that he was afraid he would have been hanged. Great efforts were being made to save the lives of the four peers, but no one was there to say a word for the poor Welsh knight. Colonel Hutchinson was greatly touched and said to Ireton, who was sitting next him: "It grieves me much that while all are labouring to save the Lords, a gentleman that stands under the same condemnation should not find one friend to ask his life, and I am so moved by compassion that, if you will support me, I am resolved to speak for him who is a stranger and friendless." Ireton promised to do so, whereupon Hutchinson, taking the poor knight's petition, delivered it and spoke for him so nobly, and was so effectually supported by Ireton, that Sir John's life was spared by a majority of five votes. He retired to Carnarvonshire, and a brass plate over his vault in the rustic church of Penmorfa reminds us, without in this case any excess of eulogy, how much more he loved his honour and his king than his life, which he after all yielded up peacefully in his sixty-sixth year. His old manor of Clenenau, now a farm-house, still stands at the western base of the Snowdon mountains. Overlooking it is the high ridge where Shelley used to roam of nights till that encounter with the devil, or something else, so frightened him that he left Tremadoc too precipitately even to remember

his butcher and grocer. Shelley, I fear, not Sir John, is the presiding genius of this spot in the eye of the tourist. Poor Sir John!

Not much space is left to speak of the closing scene at Denbigh. The dry summer of 1646 had gone, and the springs and streams were once more flowing under the September rains. The garrison still held out, but their case was so hopeless and their position so isolated that the indomitable Salusbury was at last induced, under pressure from within and without, to make some compromise with his conscience. He would not give up his post, he had repeatedly declared, till the King his master commanded him to do so. The latter was now at Newcastle, and the Governor was with some difficulty persuaded to send a messenger to him explaining the condition of things. One of his numerous Thelwall cousins was entrusted with the mission and a letter. Even this, however, contained no request for a release, merely informing the King that Denbigh had now been besieged for a long time and was doing its best to hold out; but Thelwall, there is little doubt, made up verbally for any deficiency in written information on the part of his indomitable cousin. At any rate he brought back a letter full of gratitude and regrets for his personal impotence from Charles, coupled with a command to surrender the castle. The negotiations still seem to have lasted some time, so loth was Salusbury even now to abandon the post, and so determined in any case to get the best terms.

These he at last succeeded in exact-

ing. Though Mytton had long lost patience with his old friend and kinsman, it was not his policy at such a time to be too exacting. So the garrison marched out with flying colours, drums beating, matches alight at both ends, bullet in mouth, and all the rest of it, in the beginning of November. Only the old Governor remained behind to receive the Parliament men and hand over to them the castle in due form. This he appears to have done in anything but ceremonious fashion. For when the Roundheads, having entered the fortress, were assembled in the courtyard, Salusbury mounted the Goblin Tower, and from that lofty vantage-point inquired of his late enemies if there was anything more he could do for them. The officer in command reminded him that he had not yet received the key of the castle. "Here it is then," replied the uncompromising old Cavalier, flinging it down among them. "The world is yours; make it your dunghill."

With this gracious speech formally ended the great siege of Denbigh and at the same time the Civil War in North Wales. Salusbury, impoverished for his own life-time, retired to a small farm in the mountain parish of Llanfangel; but it is pleasant to think that Rûg, once the property of Owen Glendower, remained for many generations in the Salusbury family, and that Bachymbyd, within sight of the proud castle so valorously defended by the stout old Cavalier, is to this day enjoyed by his descendants.

A. G. BRADLEY.

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Contents.

	PAGE
I.—THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING; by CECIL LOWIS. Chapters XV.—XVII.	401
VII.—MY FIRST MOUNTAIN; by DR. HILLIER	416
III.—A GRANDMOTHER'S TALES	425
IV.—WORDS FOR MUSIC; by G. H. POWELL. . . .	436
V.—SPEAKER TREVOR'S DISGRACE; by JAMES SYKES	444
VI.—PRIVATE HOOK, V.C.; by A. E. BONSER . . .	452
VII.—ROSANNA	458
VIII.—COUNTRY NOTES; by S. G. TALLENTYRE. VI.—THE COMMON	466
IX.—THE SIEGE OF DENHIGH; by A. G. BRADLEY .	471

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his butcher and grocer. Shelley, I fear, not Sir John, is the presiding genius of this spot in the eye of the tourist. Poor Sir John!

Not much space is left to speak of the closing scene at Denbigh. The dry summer of 1646 had gone, and the springs and streams were once more flowing under the September rains. The garrison still held out, but their case was so hopeless and their position so isolated that the indomitable Salusbury was at last induced, under pressure from within and without, to make some compromise with his conscience. He would not give up his post, he had repeatedly declared, till the King his master commanded him to do so. The latter was now at Newcastle, and the Governor was with some difficulty persuaded to send a messenger to him explaining the condition of things. One of his numerous Thelwall cousins was entrusted with the mission and a letter. Even this, however, contained no request for a release, merely informing the King that Denbigh had now been besieged for a long time and was doing its best to hold out; but Thelwall, there is little doubt, made up verbally for any deficiency in written information on the part of his indomitable cousin. At any rate he brought back a letter full of gratitude and regrets for his personal impotence from Charles, coupled with a command to surrender the castle. The negotiations still seem to have lasted some time, so loth was Salusbury even now to abandon the post, and so determined in any case to get the best terms.

These he at last succeeded in exact-

ing. Though Mytton had long lost patience with his old friend and kinsman, it was not his policy at such a time to be too exacting. So the garrison marched out with flying colours, drums beating, matches alight at both ends, bullet in mouth, and all the rest of it, in the beginning of November. Only the old Governor remained behind to receive the Parliament men and hand over to them the castle in due form. This he appears to have done in anything but ceremonious fashion. For when the Roundheads, having entered the fortress, were assembled in the courtyard, Salusbury mounted the Goblin Tower, and from that lofty vantage-point inquired of his late enemies if there was anything more he could do for them. The officer in command reminded him that he had not yet received the key of the castle. "Here it is then," replied the uncompromising old Cavalier, flinging it down among them. "The world is yours; make it your dunghill."

With this gracious speech formally ended the great siege of Denbigh and at the same time the Civil War in North Wales. Salusbury, impoverished for his own life-time, retired to a small farm in the mountain parish of Llanfangel; but it is pleasant to think that Rûg, once the property of Owen Glendower, remained for many generations in the Salusbury family, and that Bachymbyd, within sight of the proud castle so valorously defended by the stout old Cavalier, is to this day enjoyed by his descendants.

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No. 468

October

1898

Contents

	PAGE
1.—The Treasury-Officer's Wooing ; by Cecil Lewis. Chapters XV.—XVII.	401
2.—My First Mountain ; by Dr. Hillier	416
3.—A Grandmother's Tale	425
4.—Words for Music ; by G. H. Powell	436
5.—Speaker Trevor's Disgrace ; by James Sykes	444
6.—Private Hook, V.C. ; by A. E. Bonser	452
7.—Rosanna	458
8.—Country Notes ; by S. G. Tallentyre. VI.—The Common	465
9.—The Siege of Denbigh ; by A. G. Bradley.	471

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